137/98

PIOUS MEMORIALS;

Or, the POWER of

RELIGION

Upon the Mind

In SICKNESS and at DEATH:

Exemplified in the Experience of many DIVINES and other EMINENT PERSONS at those Important Seasons.

Interspersed with what was most Remarkable in their LIVES.

By the Late

Mr RICHARD BURNHAM.

With a RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,

By the Reverend Mr HERVEY,

Author of the DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

—BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.
Rev. xiv. 13.

——————Heav'n owns her friends
On this side Death, and points them out to man;
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign use.
Night Thoughts, No. II.

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TO THE

READER.

RELIGION, or an affectionate and firm connection of the ſoul with God, is the higheſt improvement of the human mind, and the brighteſt ornament of the rational nature. It is the moſt indiſſoluble bond of civil ſociety, and the only foundation of happineſs to every individual Perſon.

The *Goſpel*, by which we have acceſs to the King immortal, inviſible, through the merits of *Jeſus Chriſt*; by which we are conformed to his amiable and holy image, through the operations of the bleſſed Spirit;—the Goſpel is, of all other religions, moſt exquiſitely adapted to compaſs thoſe deſirable ends.

This point hath often been demonſtrated with all the ſtrength of *argument*, and illuſtrated by every decoration of *eloquence*.—In the following ſheets, we are preſented with a *new* Proof of the ſame important truth; deduced from a topic *level* to every capacity, and from a ſcene in which all muſt, ſooner or later, be *perſonally* concerned.

Nothing ſtrikes the mind of a wiſe and attentive obſerver, ſo forcibly as *Fact:* Nothing hath ſo ſtrong a tendency to convince the judgment, and influence the conduct. In the Collection before us, we have a ſeries of indubitable and intereſting facts.—Here are *ſome* of the moſt *renowned*, *many* of the moſt *worthy* perſons, after a life of exemplary devotion and exalted virtue, bearing their dying teſtimony to the *excellency* of the Goſpel, and the *pleaſures* of Religion.—Perſons from different countries, of different denominations, and flouriſhing in diſtant periods of time:—Perſons in the moſt awful moments of their exiſtence; when hypocriſy drops the maſk; when worldly motives loſe their weight; and there remains no more temptation to deceive:—All theſe, uniting in the ſame ſentiments; all repoſing their confidence on the ſame GREAT MEDIATOR; all proclaiming the *dignity*, *efficacy*, and *glory* of the Evangelical ſyſtem, in a manner ſuperior to language.—Proclaiming it by a peace of conſcience, which the whole world cannot give; and a joy of heart, which tranſcends all deſcription.

Such a collection of Memoirs is, I think, a valuable addition to the evidences for Chriſtianity; a conſiderable aid to the intereſts of piety; and worthy, both of *frequent peruſal*, and *univerſal acceptance*.

A work of this nature, hath often appeared to me among the *deſiderata* of the cloſet. I have ſometimes

ſometimes wondered, that no ingenious pen hath attempted it; and always thought, that, when duly executed, it would bid fair for *extenſive uſefulneſs*. But I am glad to find myſelf anticipated in this opinion by a Writer*, whoſe words I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe, and whoſe judgment cannot be queſtioned:—'There is nothing in hiſ-'tory which is ſo improving to the reader, as 'thoſe accounts which we meet with of the 'deaths of eminent perſons, and of their beha-'viour in that dreadful ſeaſon†.'—*Here* is a large field, in which the reader may not barely glean a few *ears*, but gather his *ſheaves*, or reap a *harveſt* of that ſacred improvement, which our admired Critic mentions. *Here* is a multitude of thoſe moſt *diſtinguiſhed* and *animating* parts of hiſtory, traced through various ages of the church; from the heroic martyrdom of venerable *Ignatius*, to the peaceful exit of the pious and ingenious Doctor *Watts*.

Theſe hiſtories are not only unqueſtionably true, but of the moſt *unexceptionable* kind.—They are delivered in the very words of the author from whoſe writings they are extracted: So that we may depend upon a ſtrict *exactneſs* in point of authenticity, and ſhall be entertained with an agreeable *diverſity* in reference to ſtile. None of theſe accounts perſonate the romantic inſenſibility of the *Stoic*, or the brutal hardineſs of the *Sceptic*.

* Mr *Addiſon*. † *Spectator*, Vol. IV No. 289.

None of them exhibit the indecent levity of a *Petronius*, or the pitiable fluctuation of a *Socrates*. But all diſplay *true* fortitude, *rational* tranquility, and *well-grounded* hope; built upon the divine promiſes, ſupported by the divine Spirit, rendered ſtedfaſt and immoveable by a divine propitiation and righteouſneſs.

Here, the *Miniſter* of the *Goſpel* may furniſh himſelf with noble materials, to *enrich* and *enliven* his compoſitions for the pulpit. And I dare venture to foretel, that no part of his public addreſſes will be heard with a cloſer attention, or recollected with a ſweeter reliſh, than his pertinent application of the laſt ſayings of truly religious men.

Here, the *ſtrong* Chriſtian may view, not without a glow of gratitude, perhaps with a rapture of delight, the *inviolable faithfulneſs* of his divine Maſter: who never leaves nor forſakes his ſervants; no, not at that trying ſeaſon, which may moſt emphatically be ſtiled, *The time of need.*— He may view the *never-failing tenderneſs* and grace of that good Spirit; who opens the rich promiſes of ſcripture; applies the precious atonement of a Saviour; and *makes* the ſoldier of JESUS *always to triumph.*

Here, the *feeble*, *trembling* believer, may ſee imperfect creatures, men of like paſſions and of like infirmities with himſelf, looking death in the

the face with *intrepidity*. He may hear them addreſſing that ghaſtly monarch, in the triumphant language of the Apoſtle; *O Death, where is thy ſting!*—To hear and ſee this, will be a more effectual expedient to eſtabliſh his heart, more ſovereign to deliver him from the *bondage of fear*, than the moſt ſpirited exhortations, or the moſt ſage directions.

Should the *unbeliever* be ſo impartial, as to mark theſe diſciples of JESUS, and conſider the end of their converſation; he muſt ſurely acknowledge, both the *divine* origin, and *unequalled* energy of the glorious Goſpel. Since it adminiſters ſuch *ſtrong* conſolation, amidſt the pains of a mortal diſtemper, and the ruins of diſſolving nature.—Vain, inexpreſſibly vain and inſignificant, muſt every other ſcheme of ſalvation appear, which is deſtitute of an all-ſufficient Redeemer, and void of an almighty Comforter.

Should the *Libertine*, in a ſerious interval, approach theſe death-beds of the Juſt; he may behold the *genuine* fruits of faith unfeigned, and the *bleſſed* conſequences of vital holineſs.—And, *where* can he behold

A ſcene, ſo ſtrong to ſtrike, ſo ſweet to charm,
So great to raiſe, ſo heav'nly to inſpire,
So ſolid to ſupport fair Virtue's throne?

* *Night Thoughts*, No. II.

Or *how* can he behold all this, without feeling ſome pangs of *ſalutary* regret? without entering into himſelf, and forming ſome uſeful reflections? — 'Will my vicious gratifications cre-
'ate ſuch ſweet *compoſure*, ſuch humble *joy*,
'ſuch heavenly *hope*, at the laſt awful hour?
'Alas! will they not rather ſharpen the fatal ar-
'row; add poiſon to the point, and anguiſh, in-
'conceivable anguiſh, to the wound?'

There may be, and there doubtleſs is, a variety of treatiſes, written upon a variety of ſubjects, in which many people are no way intereſted. But the ſubject of *this* book appertains to *all*. It is appointed, and by an irrevocable decree, that *all* muſt die. *There is no diſcharge in this warfare*; no, not for the votaries of gaiety and indolence.—This conſideration, methinks, ſhould incline even the *gay* and *indolent* to obſerve what is tranſacted in the anti-chamber to thoſe apartments, where they themſelves muſt ſhortly lodge. And would they, from the enſuing narratives, make their obſervation, they might be led to entertain more *favourable* apprehenſions of our holy religion.—They would find, that, far from *embittering* life, it *ſweetens* death. Inſtead of damping the enjoyments of health, it ſoftens the bed of ſickneſs, and ſooths even the agonies of diſſolution.—Why then ſhould they be afraid of pure and undefiled religion? Why ſtand aloof,

why

why withdraw themſelves, from its benign invitations? Can *that* throw a gloom upon the delectable hills, which is able to gild and gladden the valley of darkneſs?

Some, perhaps, may be prompted by *curioſity* to caſt an eye upon this ſolemn and auguſt ſpectacle;—A multitude of rational beings, arrived on the very borders of the inviſible ſtate,—bidding a final adieu to time,——and juſt launching out into the abyſſes of eternity.——And, bleſſed be the divine Goodneſs, the ſpectacle is as *delightful* as it is *auguſt*. Their GOD, their GOD ſuſtains them in the greateſt extremity——*They overcome* the laſt enemy *through the blood of the Lamb*—Their diſcourſes ſavour of heaven—Their hopes are full of immortality.—And is not *this* a privilege devoutly to be wiſhed*? Who, that has the leaſt ſerioufneſs, or feels any concern for his true happineſs, can forbear crying out, on ſuch an occaſion,

* Even a *pagan* writer could not but diſcern the excellency of ſuch a bleſſing; and made it one of the *principal* ingredients which conſtitute happineſs.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile Fatum,
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis *avari.*

Virg. GEORG. Lib. II.

I wiſh, I could do juſtice to *Virgil*'s beautiful lines: But, though I dare not attempt a tranſlation, I will aſſure the unlearned reader, that no book in our language, none, at leaſt, that I am acquainted with, contains ſo copious an *exemplification* of their meaning, as the following pages afford. Here he may ſee, what the *charming Poet* ſo delicately deſcribes, but what the *poor Heathen* never knew where to find.

caſion, LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS †!

Life, take thy chance. But Oh, for ſuch an end! ‡

Upon the whole; I would perſuade myſelf, that THE PIOUS MEMORIALS may be *a word in ſeaſon*, a welcome and well-adapted addreſs to readers of *every* character;——may be a means, in the hand of providence, to awaken the *thoughtleſs*, and fix their attention upon important and everlaſting things;—may tend to reclaim the *diſſolute* from ruinous practices, and engage them in the purſuit of thoſe ſubſtantial acquiſitions, which will 'bring them peace at the laſt;'—may animate the *Chriſtian*, to freſh zeal and renewed activity, in the ſervice of our adorable IMMANUEL.—That each, while he is running his race, may be *inſpirited* to ſay, with the holy Apoſtle, *To me to live is* CHRIST; and each, when he hath finiſhed his courſe, may be *emboldened* to add, *To me to die is gain.*

With *this* aim the Narratives were collected; with *this* aim they are publiſhed. May the LORD of all power and might make them effectual to accompliſh, what is ſo laudably deſigned! *Then*, it will not be deemed a piece of officious impertinence, or preſuming boldneſs, for me to recommend them: It will rather be looked upon, as an act

† *Numb* xxiii. 10. ‡ *Night Thoughts*, No. II.

act of *friendſhip* to the deceaſed Author, and his diſtreſſed Widow;—as an effort of true, of chriſtian *benevolence* to my fellow-creatures;—and a proper expreſſion of my *gratitude* to the public, for that remarkable candour and indulgence, ſhewn to

Their Obliged, and

Very Humble Servant,

Weſton-Favel,
July 18, 1753.

JAMES HERVEY.

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PIOUS

PIOUS MEMORIALS, &c.

I. The Life and Death of IGNATIUS.

IGNATIUS ſaw Chriſt in the fleſh, being about twelve years old at his crucifixion. — He was paſtor of the church at *Antioch*, next after the Apoſtle *Peter*.

For reproving idolatry ſharply before *Trajan*, he was delivered to ten ſoldiers, to be carried to *Rome*. —'From *Syria*, ſaid he, till I came to *Rome*, I had 'a battle with beaſts, as well by ſea as by land, 'night and day, being bound among ten cruel leo-'pards;' (ſo he called the ten ſoldiers that kept him) 'whom, the more benefits they received at my 'hands, became ſo much the worſe to me. But I, 'being exerciſed, and now accuſtomed to their in-'jurious treatment, am taught every day, more and 'more, to bear the croſs: yet hereby am I not 'juſtified. Would to God, I were once come to 'the beaſts that are prepared for me; which I wiſh

'to fall upon me with all their fury; and which 'likewiſe I will provoke, to the end that, without 'delay, they may devour me, and not abſtain from 'me, as they have from ſome others; whom, 'through fear, they have left untouched: and if 'they ſhall be backward to it, I will compel them 'to fall upon me. Pardon me, I pray you: I 'know well how much this will avail me. Now do 'I begin to be a diſciple of my maſter Chriſt:— 'neither regard I things viſible, provided I may 'gain Chriſt.——

'Let fire, croſs, breaking of bones, dividing of 'members, cruſhing of body, and all the torments 'that man and the devil can invent, fall upon me, 'provided I may enjoy my Lord Jeſus Chriſt,' *&c.*

When his martyrdom was near, he ſaid: 'I am 'God's corn: when the wild beaſts have ground me 'to powder with their teeth, I ſhall be his white 'bread.' His uſual ſaying was, 'My love is cru-'cified;' meaning either Chriſt, the object of his love, or that his affections were crucified to the world, *Gal.* vi. 14.

He ſaw Chriſt after his reſurrection, as himſelf writes in one of his Epiſtles; 'Truly, ſays he, I did 'ſee Him after his reſurrection in the fleſh, and do 'believe that it is He.'

He ſuffered martyrdom in the eleventh year of *Trajan*, at *Rome*, *Anno Chriſti* 3.

II. POLYCARP.

POLYCARP was a diſciple of St *John*, and Biſhop of *Smyrna*. Three days before he was apprehended, having retired after prayer to reſt; and being fallen aſleep, he ſaw, in a viſion by night, the pillow under his head ſet on fire, and ſuddenly conſumed

conſumed to aſhes: which matter, when he awoke, he interpreted to thoſe about him to be a preſage, that his life was near at an end, and that his body would be burnt for the teſtimony of Chriſt.

Paſſing many things concerning him, we ſhall come immediately to the account of his martyrdom.

The Proconſul urged him ſaying, *Swear; and I will let thee go: blaſpheme and defy Chriſt; and thou ſhalt be ſafe.* To whom *Polycarp* anſwered,—'Four-'ſcore and ſix years have I ſerved Chriſt; neither hath 'he ever offended me in any thing; and how then 'can I revile my King, who hath thus kept me?" —*Then*, ſaid the Proconſul, *I have wild beaſts to devour thee, unleſs thou repenteſt.* — *Polycarp* anſwered,—'Bring them out; for we have determined 'with ourſelves not to repent; not to turn from 'the better to the worſe. 'Tis more fit for you to 'turn from evil to that which is good and juſt.'— *I will*, ſaid the Proconſul, *tame thee with fire, if thou ſetteſt nought by the wild beaſts, and will not repent.*—To which *Polycarp* replied,—'You threaten 'me with fire, which laſts but an hour, and is 'quickly quenched; but thou art ignorant of the 'everlaſting fire at the day of judgment, and of 'thoſe endleſs torments which are reſerved for the 'wicked. But why make you all theſe delays? Ap-'point me to what death you pleaſe.'

The pile being prepared, when they would have nailed him to the ſtake, he ſaid,—'Nay, let me be 'even as I am; for He who gave me ſtrength to 'come to this fire, will alſo give me patience to 'abide in it, without your faſtening my body with 'nails.'

When they bound him he prayed thus;—'O Fa-'ther of thy well-beloved and bleſſed Son Jeſus 'Chriſt, through whom we have known thee, O 'God of angels, powers, and of every living crea-'ture, and of juſt men who live in thy preſence; I

'thank thee, that thou haſt graciouſly vouchſafed, 'this day and this hour, to allot me a portion in the 'number of Martyrs; that I ſhould drink of the 'cup of Chriſt, for the reſurrection to everlaſting 'life, both of body and ſoul, through the opera-'tion of the Holy Spirit; among whom I ſhall this 'day be received into thy ſight as an acceptable ſa-'crifice: And as thou haſt prepared and revealed 'this beforehand, ſo thou haſt now accompliſhed 'and fulfilled it, O thou moſt true God, which 'canſt not lye. Wherefore, for all theſe things I 'praiſe thee, I bleſs thee, I glorify thee, through 'the everlaſting Biſhop and Shepherd of our ſouls, 'Chriſt Jeſus; to whom with thee and the Holy 'Ghoſt, be all honour and glory world without end. '*Amen.*'

In the midſt of the flames he made the following excellent prayer:

'O God, the Father of thy beloved Son Jeſus 'Chriſt, thro' whom we have received the know-'ledge of thee; O God, the Creator of all things, 'upon thee I call; thee I confeſs to be the true God; 'thee I glorify: O Lord, receive me, and make me 'a companion of the reſurrection of the ſaints, thro' 'the merits of our great High Prieſt, thy beloved 'Son Jeſus Chriſt; to whom with the Father, and 'God the Holy Ghoſt, be honour and glory for 'ever. *Amen.*'

He ſuffered in the ſeventh year of *Verus*, A. D. 170. Aged 86; and was a Biſhop about 63 years.

III. PROSPER.

PROSPER was born in *Aquitain*, and was Biſhop of *Rhegium* in *France*. He was a ſcho-lar of St *Auguſtine*, who learnedly confuted the *Pe-*

lagian

lagian hereſy.—He uſed to ſay,—'The life to come 'is bleſſed eternity, and eternal bleſſedneſs: certain 'ſecurity, ſecure quietneſs, quiet joy, eternal fe-'licity, is there.'

He behaved as a father to all ages and ſexes in the city, and flouriſhed there as Biſhop twenty years.—Upon his death-bed, ſpeaking to many of his people, who ſorely wept, he ſaid,—'The life which I 'have enjoyed, was but given me, and that on con-'dition I ſhould render it again, not grudgingly, but 'gladly. For me to ſtay longer here, may ſeem 'better for you; but for me it is better to be diſ-'ſolved, *&c.*' And ſo, praying, and lifting up his hands to God before them all, he departed, A.D.466.

IV. FULGENTIUS.

FULGENTIUS being at *Rome*, and obſerving the glory of the *Roman* nobility, the triumphant pomp of King *Theodoric*, and the univerſal ſplendor and gaity of that city, was ſo far from being impreſſed in favour of what he ſaw, that raiſing up his thoughts to heavenly joys, he ſaid to ſome of his friends that accompanied him,—'How beau-'tiful muſt the celeſtial *Jeruſalem* be, ſince terreſ-'trial *Rome* is ſo glittering? If ſuch honour be 'given to lovers of vanity, what glory ſhall be im-'parted to the ſaints, who are lovers and followers 'of truth!'

In his ſickneſs he often cried out,—'O Lord, give 'me patience and pardon.' The Phyſicians adviſ-'ing him to make uſe of a bath, he aſked them,—'Can baths bring it to paſs, that the man who hath 'accompliſhed his days ſhall not die?'

After praying for his people, that God would provide a Paſtor for them after his own heart, he libe-

rally distributed money to the widows and orphans. Soon after which, in the midst of prayer, this blessed servant of God, and famous Doctor of the church, died; Aged 65. A. D. 529.

V. BEDE.

HE was an *English Saxon*, famous for learning and piety.

In his last sickness he comforted himself with the words of the Apostle, *Heb.* xii. 6. *Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.* He said likewise,—'The time is come, 'if my Creator pleaseth, that, being freed from the 'flesh, I shall go to Him who made me; who made 'me when I was not, and out of nothing. I have 'lived long; the time of my dissolution is at hand; 'and my soul desireth to see my Saviour Christ in his 'glory.'

He died, A. D. 735, Aged 70.

VI. The Sufferings and Death of JOHN HUSS.

WHEN he was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a tripple crown of paper, with painted devils on it; which, when he saw, he said,—'My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a 'crown of thorns: Why should not I, then, for his 'sake, wear this light crown, be it never so igno-'minious? Truly, I will do it, and that willingly.'

When it was set upon his head, the Bishops said, —*Now we commit thy soul to the devil.* 'But I, said '*John Huss*, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, do 'commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus 'Christ;

'Chriſt; to thee I commend my ſpirit, which thou 'haſt redeemed.'

As he lifted up his head in prayer, the crown of paper fell off; but a Soldier, taking it up, ſaid,—*Let us put it on again that he may be burnt with his maſters the devils, whom he hath ſerved.*

When he aroſe from his knees, he ſaid,—'Lord 'Jeſus Chriſt, aſſiſt and help me, that with a con-'ſtant and patient mind, by thy moſt gracious ſuc-'cour, I may bear and ſuffer this cruel and ignomi-'nious death; to which I am condemned for preach-'ing thy moſt holy goſpel.' And as they tied his 'neck with a chain to the ſtake, he ſaid, with a ſmile, —'That he willingly received the chain for Jeſus 'Chriſt's ſake; who, he knew, was bound with a 'far worſe.'

When the fire was kindled, he ſung with a loud voice,—'Jeſus Chriſt, the Son of the living God, 'have mercy upon me.'

He told the people at his death,—'That out of 'the aſhes of the *Gooſe* (for ſo *Huſs* in the *Bohemian* 'language ſignifies) an hundred years after, God 'would raiſe up a *Swan* in *Germany*, whoſe ſinging 'would affright all thoſe vultures,' (meaning the Po-piſh Clergy:) which was exactly fulfilled in *Luther*; (ſignifying *Swan*) juſt an hundred years after.

He ſuffered, A. D. 1415. *Clark*'s *Lives*.

VII. The Death of JEROM of PRAGUE.

WHEN *Jerom* was condemned, he ſaid,—'I, after my death, will leave a remorſe in 'your conſciences, and a nail in your hearts. I 'here cite you all to anſwer to me before the moſt 'high and juſt Judge within an hundred years.'

When he was brought out for execution, he was preſented with a large paper cap, with painted devils on it; which, when he beheld, throwing away his hood, he took and put it on his head, ſaying,—'Our 'Lord Jeſus Chriſt, when he ſuffered death for me, 'a moſt wretched ſinner, wore a crown of thorns on 'his head; and I, for his ſake, willingly wear this 'cap.'

As he went to the place of execution, he ſung ſome hymns; and being come to it (the place where *John Huſs* was burnt) he kneeled down, and prayed fervently. He was bound to the image of *John Huſs*, and ſo fire was ſet on him, which he endured with admirable fortitude; for ſtanding at the ſtake bound, and the executioner kindling fire behind him, he bade him kindle it before his face;—'For, ſaid he, 'if I had been afraid of it, I had not come to this 'place; having had ſo many opportunities offered 'me to eſcape it.' At the giving up the ghoſt, he ſaid,—'*Hanc animam in flammis offero, Chriſte, tibi:* 'This ſoul of mine, in flames of fire, O Chriſt, I 'offer to thee.' He died A.D. 1416.

VIII. HULDERICUS ZUINGLIUS.

ZUINGLIUS was born in *Switzerland* of godly parents, who bringing him up to learning, he became an eminent Divine, and a great Reformer. It was the cuſtom of the *Switzers*, that their chief Preacher (and ſuch was *Zuinglius*) ſhould go out with them to battle. About fourteen days before the engagement in which he fell, he foretold in a ſermon his own death.

Zuinglius in the battle was thrice brought to the ground, and thrice he got up again. The fourth time, being wounded with a ſpear, he fell on his knees

knees and ſaid,—'Well, they can kill the body; but 'they cannot kill the ſoul.'

As the enemy's ſoldiers were plundering the ſlain, they found *Zuinglius* alive, lying upon his back, his arms folded, and his eyes lift up to heaven: Thereupon they aſked him, if he would have a Prieſt to confeſs to, which he refuſed. Then they adviſed him to call on St *Mary*, which he alſo refuſed, ſtill looking up to heaven. On this, one of them ſlew him outright: And when his body was known, the enemy condemned it to be cut into four parts and burnt. A. D. 1531. Aged 44. *Clark*'s *Lives*.

IX. The Sickneſs and Death of OECOLAMPADIUS.

OECOLAMPADIUS fell ſick about the time that *Zuinglius* was ſo unhappily ſlain; his grief for whoſe death made his ſickneſs much ſorer. He uſed means for his recovery, yet he ſaid, his diſeaſe was mortal. He ſpent much of his time in divine meditations, and ſpoke to the following effect to the Miniſters of *Baſil* who viſited him.

'Oh, my brethren, the Lord is come; he is come; 'he is now calling me away, *&c.* I deſired to ſpeak 'with you, in order to encourage you to continue 'faithful followers of Chriſt; to perſevere in purity 'of doctrine, and in lives conformable to the word 'of God. Chriſt will take care for the defence of 'his church; therefore *let your light ſo ſhine before 'men, that they may ſee your good works*, &c. Con-'tinue in love unfeigned: Walk as in God's pre-'ſence: Adorn your doctrine with holineſs of life. 'A cloud is ariſing; a tempeſt is coming, and ſome 'will fall off; but it becomes you to ſtand faſt, and 'God will aſſiſt you. For myſelf, I regard not the

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'aſperſions that are caſt upon me. I bleſs God, I 'ſhall, with a clear conſcience, ſtand before the tri-'bunal of Chriſt. I have not ſeduced the church of 'Chriſt, as ſome affirm; but I leave you all wit-'neſſes, that at my laſt gaſp I am the ſame that for-'merly I was.'

On the fifteenth day of his ſickneſs he called for his children, took them by the hand, and ſtroked them on the head; and though the eldeſt was but three years old, yet he ſaid to them,—'Come, my 'three children, ſee that you love God.' Then ſpeaking to his wife and kindred, he deſired them to take care that his children might be brought up in the fear of God, and then commanded them to be taken away.

The Miniſter continued with him that night: And a friend of his coming in to ſee him, *Oecolampadius* aſked him,—'What news?' His friend anſwered, *None*.—'But, ſaith he, I'll tell you ſome news; I 'ſhall preſently be with my Lord Chriſt.' Being aſked if the light offended him, he laid his hand on his breaſt and ſaid,—'Here is abundance of light.'

The next morning he prayed earneſtly in the words of the fifty firſt Pſalm, which he repeated from the beginning to the end; and preſently after, ſaying, —'O Chriſt, ſave me;' he fell aſleep in the Lord, A.D. 1531, Aged 51.

He was a learned man, and wrote Commentaries on great part of the Old and New Teſtament.

X. Mr THOMAS BILNEY.

HE was brought up at the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he became a great proficient in all the liberal ſciences.

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He compared the Prieſts and Friars to the Phyſicians, upon whom the woman, vexed twelve years with a bloody iſſue, ſpent all that ſhe had, and found no help, but was ſtill worſe and worſe; till at laſt ſhe came to Chriſt, and was healed by him.—'O, ſaid 'he, the mighty power of the Moſt High! which I 'alſo, a miſerable ſinner, have often taſted and felt; 'whereas before, I ſpent all I had upon thoſe igno-'rant Phyſicians, inſomuch that I had little ſtrength 'left in me. But, at laſt, I heard of Jeſus; and that 'was when the New Teſtament was tranſlated by '*Eraſmus*; for at that time I knew not what it 'meant. But looking into the New Teſtament, by 'God's ſpecial providence, I met with thoſe words 'of the Apoſtle St *Paul*, *This is a true ſaying, and 'worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into 'the world to ſave ſinners, whereof I am the chief.* 'O moſt ſweet and comfortable ſentence to my ſoul! 'This one ſentence, through God's inſtruction and 'inward working, did ſo exhilarate my heart, which 'before was wounded with the guilt of my ſins, and 'almoſt in deſpair, that immediately I found won-'derful comfort and quietneſs in my ſoul; ſo that 'my bruiſed bones leaped for joy. After this, the 'Scriptures became ſweeter to me than the honey 'and the honey-comb: For by them I learned, that 'all my travels, faſtings, watchings, redemption of 'maſſes, and pardons, without faith in Chriſt, were 'but, as St *Auguſtine* calls them, A haſty running 'out of the right way; and as fig-leaves, which 'could not cover *Adam*'s nakedneſs. Theſe things 'I preached, and for theſe things was caſt into pri-'ſon and condemned.'

The day before he ſuffered, he was obſerved by his friends to be very chearful, and to eat his food with a joyful heart; which highly rejoiced them.—'O, ſaid he, I imitate thoſe, who having a ruinous 'houſe to dwell in, yet beſtow coſt on it as long as 'they

'they may hold it up.' On his going to the ſtake, he ſaid,—'I am ſailing with the mariner through a 'boiſterous ſea, but ſhortly ſhall be in the haven: 'Help me with your prayers.' He was told of the heat of the fire, but withal of the comforts of God's Spirit: Whereupon, putting his finger into the flame of a candle, as he had done often before,—'I feel, 'ſaid he, by experience, the fire is hot; yet I am per-'ſuaded by God's holy word, and by the experience 'of ſome ſpoken of in it, that in the flame they 'felt no heat, and in the fire no conſumption: And 'I believe, that though the ſtubble of my body ſhall 'be waſted, yet my ſoul ſhall thereby be purged, 'and that after ſhort pain will be joy unſpeakable;' citing *Iſaiah* xliii. 1, 2.

While the flames were partly drove from him by the wind, which made him the longer in burning; he, holding up his hands, cried ſometimes *Jeſus*, ſometimes *Credo*. He ſuffered A. D. 1531.

XI. Mr JAMES BAINHAM.

HIS father, a Knight in *Gloceſterſhire*, brought him up in good learning. He afterwards ſtudied the law, and became an excellent Lawyer; and, which is far better, he became alſo an excellent Chriſtian; he was a viſitor of priſoners, and a counſellor to the widows and fatherleſs in their diſtreſs: And this profeſſion and practice of religion ſoon expoſed him to Popiſh malice and cruelty.

Being arreſted, he was carried firſt to Sir *Thomas More* at *Chelſea*, then Lord Chancellor of *England*, who laboured both by frowns and flatteries to draw him from the truth. But when thoſe things prevailed not, he cauſed him to be bound and whipt at a tree in his garden, and then ſent him to the *Tower*. And

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a while after, Sir *Thomas* cauſed him to be ſo cruelly racked, that he was lamed by it, becauſe he would not accuſe his acquaintance of the *Temple*, nor diſcover where his books lay. Soon after, his wife was impriſoned, and his goods confiſcated.

He was afterwards carried before *Stokeſly*, Biſhop of *London*, and examined upon ſundry articles, to which he made clear and reſolute anſwers, not declining the truth in any particular.

The next time he was brought before the Biſhop, who uſed every alluring word to gain him; poor Mr *Bainham*, from a deſire of life, and fear of death, began to waver, and at laſt ſigned the abjuration oath, which began with the following words, *I voluntarily, as a true penitent perſon, return from my hereſies, and utterly abjure them*, &c. Upon his ſubſcribing this abjuration, the Chancellor fined him twenty pounds to the King; injoining him for penance, to go before the croſs in proceſſion, to bear a faggot, *&c.* after which he was to return to priſon, and there wait the Biſhop's determination. And after a while he was diſmiſſed, and returned home.

But it pleaſed God, within a month after, ſo to ſhew him his ſin, that he greatly bewailed his abjuration; and could never be quiet in his mind and conſcience, till he had declared and lamented his fall to all his acquaintance, and aſked God and all the world forgiveneſs before a congregation of the faithful, which met privately in a warehouſe in *Bow Lane*. Alſo on the following Lord's Day, he went to St *Auſtin*'s church with an *Engliſh* New Teſtament in his hand, and ſtanding up there, before all the people confeſſed openly, with abundance of tears, that he had denied God; and prayed all the people to forgive him, and to be warned by his fall, not to do the like.—'For, ſaid he, if I ſhould not return to the 'truth, this word of God (holding up the New Teſ-'tament) would damn me, both body and ſoul, in

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'the day of judgment.'—And therefore he intreated them all, rather to die preſently, than do as he had done; for he would not feel ſuch a hell in his conſcience again for all the good in the world.

He likewiſe wrote letters to the ſame effect, to the Biſhop, and to others; ſoon after which he was again apprehended.

After all proceedings a ſecond time againſt him, he remained conſtant in the truth; and therefore the definitive ſentence was pronounced upon him, and he was delivered to Sir *Richard Greſham*, Sheriff of *London*, by whom he was ſent to *Newgate*; and afterwards, being carried into *Smithfield*, he was there burnt, *April* 30, A. D. 1532.

During his impriſonment, he was cruelly handled. For about a fortnight he lay in the Biſhop's coal-houſe, in the ſtocks, with irons upon his legs; then was he carried to the Lord Chancellor's, and there chained to a poſt two nights; then he was carried to *Fulham*, where he was cruelly handled for a week together; and then to the *Tower*, where for a fortnight together he was ſcourged with whips, to force him to recant his opinions.

But let us remember the illuſtrious inſtance we have of the power of faith and godlineſs: For when he was in the midſt of the flames, which had half conſumed his arms and legs, he ſaid aloud,—O ye 'Papiſts, ye look for miracles, and here now you 'may ſee a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more 'pain than if I were in a bed of down, but it is to 'me a bed of roſes.'

XII. THOMAS CROMWEL, Earl of *Eſſex*.

THOMAS CROMWEL was born at *Putney* in *Surry*. His father was a Smith, and therefore could beſtow no great coſt on his education. Notwithſtanding

withſtanding which, his abilities became at length very eminent, and his wiſdom and faithfulneſs ſo conſpicuous in ſeveral employments, that his Prince raiſed him to very high preferment. But at length he fell a ſacrifice to the fury of the Papiſts.

When he came upon the ſcaffold on *Tower-Hill*, he ſpake thus to the people; — 'I am come hither to 'die, and not to purge myſelf, as ſome perhaps may 'expect that I ſhould and will; for if I ſhould ſo do, 'I were a very wretch. I am by the law condemned 'to die; and I thank my Lord God that hath ap-'pointed me this death for mine offences; for I have 'lived a ſinner, and offended my Lord God, for 'which I aſk him hearty forgiveneſs. 'Tis unknown 'to many of you, that I was a great traveller; and 'being but of mean parentage, was called to high 'eſtate. And now I have offended my Prince, for 'which I heartily aſk him forgiveneſs, beſeeching 'you to pray with me to Almighty God, that he 'will forgive me, *&c.* And once again I deſire you 'to pray for me, that ſo long as life remaineth in 'this fleſh, I may waver nothing in my faith.'

Then kneeling down, he prayed thus: — 'O Lord 'Jeſus, which art the only health of all men living, 'and the everlaſting life of them which die in thee, 'I, wretched ſinner, do ſubmit myſelf wholly to 'thy bleſſed will; and being ſure that that thing can-'not periſh which is committed to thy mercy, wil-'lingly now I leave this frail and wicked fleſh, in 'ſure hope that thou wilt in better wiſe reſtore it 'to me again at the laſt day, in the reſurrection of 'the juſt. I beſeech thee, moſt merciful Lord Je-'ſus Chriſt, that thou wilt, by thy grace, make 'ſtrong my ſoul againſt all temptations; and defend 'me with the buckler of thy mercy againſt all the 'aſſaults of the Devil. I ſee and know, that there 'is in myſelf no hope of ſalvation; but all my con-'fidence, hope, and truſt, are in thy moſt merci-

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'ful goodneſs. I have no merits or good works 'that I may alledge before thee. Of ſins and evil 'works, alas, I ſee a great heap. But yet, through 'thy mercy, I truſt to be in the number of them to 'whom thou wilt not impute their ſins, but wilt 'take and accept me for righteous and juſt, and 'make me an inheritor of thy everlaſting kingdom. 'Thou, merciful Lord, wert born for my ſake, 'didſt ſuffer hunger and thirſt for my ſake, didſt 'teach, pray, and faſt for my ſake; all thy holy 'actions and works thou wroughteſt for my ſake; 'thou ſufferedſt moſt grievous pains and torments 'for my ſake; finally, thou gaveſt thy moſt preci-'ous blood to be ſhed upon the croſs for my ſake. 'Now, moſt merciful Saviour, let all theſe things 'profit me, that thou haſt freely done for me; who 'haſt alſo given thyſelf for me. Let thy blood 'cleanſe and waſh away the ſpots and defilements of 'my ſins. Let thy righteouſneſs hide and cover my 'unrighteouſneſs. Let the merits and paſſion of 'thy blood-ſhedding be ſatisfactory for my ſins.— 'Give me, Lord, thy grace, that my faith waver 'not, but be firm and conſtant to the end; that my 'hope in thy mercy, and life everlaſting, may not 'decay; that love wax not cold in me; finally, 'that the weakneſs of my fleſh be not overcome 'with the fear of death. Grant, O moſt merciful 'Father, that when death ſhall ſhut up the eyes of 'my body, the eyes of my ſoul may ſtill behold and 'look upon thee; and when death hath taken away 'the uſe of my tongue, my heart may cry and ſay 'unto thee,—*Lord, into thy hands I commend my ſoul*; '*Lord Jeſus, receive my ſoul.* Amen.'

Having ended his prayer, he made a godly exhortation to thoſe that were about him on the ſcaffold; and ſo quietly commended his ſpirit into the hands of God, A. D. 1541.

Cromwel's

Cromwel's firſt ſtep to advancement was in the ſervice of Cardinal *Woolſey*. After *Woolſey*'s diſgrace, *Cromwel* was recommended to the King, and in ſeveral inſtances gave proofs of much wiſdom, courage, and faithfulneſs, inſomuch that he became the King's great favourite; who firſt knighted him, then made him Maſter of his Jewel-Houſe, then one of the Privy Council, then Maſter of the Rolls, then Knight of the Garter; and laſtly Earl of *Eſſex*, Great Chamberlain of *England*, and Vicegerent to repreſent his perſon.

Cromwel's firſt action at Court, which ingratiated him into the King's favour, was his repreſenting to the King the Biſhops oath to the Pope at their Conſecration; whereby he made it appear to the King, that his Princely Authority was abuſed by the Pope and his own Clergy. He alſo ſhewed him how he might gain from the Clergy of *England* great part of their wealth, if he pleaſed to take the opportunity now offered him. The King giving good ear to this, and liking his advice, aſked him, If he could ſtand by what he told him?—'Yes, ſaid he, I can avouch 'it to be certain;' and thereupon ſhewed the King the Biſhops oath. This was ſo pleaſing to him, that preſently he admitted *Cromwel* into his ſervice; and taking his ring off his finger, he ſent him with it to the Biſhops in Convocation. *Cromwel*, coming boldly into the Convocation-Houſe, placed himſelf among them, and made an oration; wherein he declared to them the authority of a King, and the duty of ſubjects, eſpecially of Biſhops and Church-men, under the public Laws;—'which Laws, ſaid he, you have 'all tranſgreſſed, and have highly offended by de-'rogating from the King's Royal Eſtate; and by 'ſo doing you have fallen under a *Præmunire*, as 'you have conſented to the Power Legantine; as 'alſo have taken this oath to the Pope, contrary to 'your fealty to the King; to whom therefore you

'have forfeited all your goods, chattels, lands, poſ-
'ſeſſions, and all the livings you have.'

The Biſhops, hearing this, were much amazed, and began to excuſe and deny the fact; but *Cromwel*, ſhewing them the copy of the oath which they had taken to the Pope at their Conſecration, they could deny the matter no longer, but fell to intreaty; and after a ſhort debate among themſelves, were content to give a very great ſum to free themſelves from the *Præmunire*.

After this, the King conferred the honours on *Cromwel* before mentioned. Nor did his honours make him grow proud, or remiſs in his duty, but he was rather quickned thereby to apply himſelf more abundantly for the good both of Church and State. He ſoon perſuaded the King to ſuppreſs thoſe Synagogues of Antichriſt, the Monaſteries and Abbies in *England*; places that were full of all manner of abominations (as appeared to the King's Commiſſioners upon examination) ſo horrible, ſo incredible, and ſo full of ſtench before the face of God and man.

Biſhop *Cranmer* and he were two eminent inſtruments in carrying on the reformation; and they carried it as far as the circumſtances of affairs then would admit. He was at length, through the ſubtilty of *Gardner* and others, accuſed of Hereſy, and of ſpeaking againſt the King: But the truth was, the King was weary of his Queen, the Lady *Ann Bullen*, a virtuous and religious Lady; to whom he had been married but a few months, before he ſet his wanton affections upon the Lady *Katharine Howard*, whom *Cromwel* laboured to diſſuade him from; and therefore he was to be taken out of the way. But the King, not long after, repented this haſte, wiſhing he had his *Cromwel* alive again.

XIII. LEO JUDAE.

LEO JUDAE ſending for the Paſtors and Profeſſors of *Zurick*, made before them a confeſſion of his faith, concerning God, the Scriptures, and the perſon and offices of Chriſt; concluding,—'To this, my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, my 'hope, and my ſalvation, I wholly offer up my ſoul 'and body. I caſt myſelf wholly upon his mercy 'and grace.'

He left to poſterity Annotations on many parts of the Old and New Teſtament. He died A. D. 1542.

XIV. MARTIN BUCER.

HE was born at *Seleſtade* in *Alſace*, and converted under *Luther*. On a perſecution of the Proteſtant Divines abroad, *Bucer* and *P. Fagius* were invited by *Thomas Cranmer*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, to come into *England*; which invitation they accepted, and came A. D. 1549. The Biſhop provided them houſes at *Cambridge*, where they might be employed in the interpretation of the Scriptures.

During *Bucer*'s laſt ſickneſs, he ſpent his time wholly in heavenly meditations, and prayed God to keep *England* from thoſe ſins which had brought upon *Germany* ſo much miſery. Mr *John Bradford*, going to preach, told him, that he would remember him in his prayers; whereupon *Bucer* weeping, ſaid,—'Caſt me not off, O my God, in my old age, 'now when my ſtrength faileth me;' adding,—'He

'hath afflicted me ſore, but he will never caſt me 'off.'

And being admoniſhed to arm himſelf againſt the temptations of Satan, he anſwered,—'I am wholly 'Chriſt's, and the Devil hath nothing to do with 'me: God forbid, that I ſhould not now have ex-'perience of the ſweet conſolations in Chriſt.'

And ſo, with ſweet and heavenly ejaculations, he reſigned his ſpirit into the hands of God at *Cambridge*, *February* 27, A. D. 1551.

Theſe two champions for the Goſpel, *Bucer* and *Fagius*, died within a ſhort time of each other; for *Fagius* ended his days joyfully at the ſame place, *November* 13, A. D. 1550, Aged 45, but not without ſuſpicion of poiſon.

In Queen *Mary*'s time, being both condemned of Hereſy, their bodies were digged up, and together with their books, were burnt.

Cardinal *Contarene*, on his return out of *Germany* from the Diſputation at *Ratisbon*, being aſked his judgment of the *German* Divines, anſwered,—'They 'have, among others, *Martin Bucer*, endowed with 'that excellency of learning, both in Theology and 'Philoſophy; and beſides, of that ſubtilty and hap-'pineſs in diſputation, that he only may be ſet 'againſt all our learned men.'

XV. The Life and Death of MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER was born at *Iſleben*, in the Earldom of *Mansfield*, in *Germany*, A. D. 1483, of good parents.

This great man was raiſed up by the ſpecial Providence of God to oppoſe the dreadful errors of Popery,

pery, at a time when the greateſt part of Chriſtendom was overrun with them.

The day before his death, he dined and ſupped with his friends, diſcourſing with them of divers matters; and, among other things, gave his opinion, that in heaven we ſhall know one another. After ſupper, the pain in his breaſt increaſing, he retired to prayer, and went to bed and ſlept. But about midnight, being awakened with the pain, and perceiving that his life was near an end, he ſaid, — 'I pray God to preſerve the doctrine of his Goſpel 'among us; for the Pope and the Council of *Trent* 'have grievous things in hand:' After which he thus prayed; — 'O heavenly Father, my gracious God, 'and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, thou God of 'all conſolation, I give thee hearty thanks, that thou 'haſt revealed to me thy Son Jeſus Chriſt, whom I 'believe, whom I profeſs, whom I love, whom I 'glorify, and whom the Pope, and the rout of the 'wicked, perſecute and diſhonour.—I beſeeeh thee, 'Lord Jeſus Chriſt, receive my ſoul. O my heavenly Father, though I be taken out of this life, 'and muſt lay down this frail body; yet I certainly 'know, that I ſhall live with thee eternally, and 'that I cannot be taken out of thy hands. *God ſo 'loved the world*, &c. Lord, I render up my ſpirit 'into thy hands, and come to thee. Lord, into thy 'hands I commend my ſpirit: Thou, O God of 'truth haſt redeemed me.'

And then, as one falling aſleep, and without any bodily pain (as far as appeared) he departed this life *February* 18, A. D. 1546.

The following was his laſt Will, concerning his wife with child, and his young ſon:—'O Lord God, 'I thank thee that thou wouldſt have me live a poor 'and indigent perſon upon earth. I have neither 'houſe, nor land, nor poſſeſſion, nor money to leave. 'Thou, Lord, haſt given me wife and children;

'them, O Lord, I give back to thee: Nouriſh, 'inſtruct, and keep them, O thou Father of or-'phans, and Judge of the widow. As thou haſt 'done to me, ſo do to them.'

When he was near death, *Juſtus*, *Jonas*, and *Cœlius* ſaid to him,—'Reverend Father, Do you die in 'the conſtant profeſſion of that doctrine of Chriſt 'which you have hitherto preached?' To which he anſwered, 'Yes;' which was the laſt word he uttered.

He uſed to ſay,—'That three things make a Di-'vine; Meditation, Prayer, and Temptation; and 'that three things were to be done by a Miniſter of 'the goſpel; Firſt, To read the Bible over and over; 'Secondly, To pray earneſtly; Thirdly, Always to 'be a learner.' He ſaid,—'They were the beſt 'Preachers, who ſpake as to babes in Chriſt, in an 'ordinary ſtrain, popularly, and moſt plainly.'

He declared,—'That in the cauſe of God, he was 'content to undergo the hatred and violence of the 'whole world.'

When he was ſent for by the Emperor, *Charles* V. who promiſed him ſafe conduct, many of his friends would have diſſuaded him from going, on account of the extreme danger thereof; as it was to a public diſpute with his Popiſh adverſaries: He anſwered,—'That theſe diſcouragements were caſt in his way 'by Satan, who knew that by his profeſſion of the 'truth in ſo illuſtrious a place, his kingdom would 'be ſhaken; and therefore (ſaid he) if I knew that 'there were as many Devils in *Worms* as tiles on the 'houſes, yet would I go thither,' *&c.* His friend *Melancthon*, knowing the rage of the Papiſts, was much troubled, and gave himſelf wholly up to grief, ſighs, and tears. Whereupon *Luther* writ to him thus:—'In private conflicts, I am weak, and you are 'ſtrong; but in public conflicts, you are found weak, 'and I ſtrong. I am aſſured that our cauſe is juſt 'and true: If we fall, Chriſt, the Lord and Ruler of

" all

'all the world, falleth with us. And ſuppoſe he 'fall; I had rather fall with Chriſt, than ſtand with 'Cæſar. I extremely diſlike your exceſſive cares, 'with which you ſay you are almoſt conſumed:— 'That theſe reign ſo much in your heart, is not from 'the greatneſs of the danger, but the greatneſs of 'your incredulity. If the cauſe be bad, let us re-'voke it, and fly back; if it be good, why do we 'make God a liar, who hath made us ſo great pro-'miſes? *Caſt thy care upon the Lord*, &c. *Be of good 'comfort, I have overcome the world.* If Chriſt be 'the Conqueror of the world, why ſhould we fear 'it as if it would overcome us?'

One ſaith of him,—'That *Luther*, a poor Frier, 'ſhould be able to ſtand againſt the Pope, was a 'great miracle; that he ſhould prevail againſt the 'Pope, was a greater; and that after all, he ſhould 'die in peace, having ſo many enemies, was the 'greateſt of all.' He would by no means endure any ſhould be called after his name;—'For (ſaid he) 'the doctrine which I teach is none of mine; nei-'ther did I die for any man; neither would *Paul* '(1 *Cor.* iii. 4, *&c.*) indure ſuch a thing. Beſides, 'we are all Chriſtians, and profeſs the doctrine of 'Chriſt: And as the Papiſts uſe to do ſo, calling 'themſelves *Pontificians*, we ought not to imitate 'them.'

See his Life at large in *Clark*'s *Lives of the Fathers.*

XVI. Mr GEORGE WISHEART.

HE was born in *Scotland*, and brought up at a Grammar School; from whence he went to the Univerſity: After which he travelled into ſeveral

countries, and at laſt came to *Cambridge*, where he was admitted into *Bennet* College.

His dying teſtimony was contained in the following prayer. —'O immortal God, how long wilt thou 'ſuffer the ungodly to exerciſe their fury upon thy 'ſervants, which do further thy word in this world? 'whereas the ungodly, on the contrary, ſeek to de-'ſtroy the truth, whereby thou haſt revealed thyſelf 'to the world, *&c.* O Lord, we know certainly 'that thy true ſervants muſt needs ſuffer, for thy 'name's ſake, perſecutions, afflictions, and troubles 'in this preſent world; yet we deſire that thou 'wouldſt preſerve and defend thy church, which 'thou haſt choſen before the foundation of the 'world; and give thy people grace to hear thy 'word, and to be thy true ſervants in this preſent 'life.'

When he was going to the ſtake, two Friers met him, who would have perſuaded him to pray to our Lady in their language, to mediate for him: To whom he meekly ſaid,—'Ceaſe; tempt me not, I 'intreat you.' And ſo, with a rope about his neck, and a chain about his middle, he was led to the ſtake; where, falling upon his knees, he thrice repeated the following words:—'O thou Saviour of the world, 'have mercy upon me. Father of heaven, I com-'mend my ſpirit into thy holy hands.'

Then turning to the people, he ſaid,—'Chriſtian 'brethren and ſiſters, I beſeech you be not offended 'at the word of God for the torments which you 'ſee prepared for me: I exhort you, that you love 'the word of God for your ſalvation, and ſuffer pa-'tiently, and with a comfortable heart, for the 'word's ſake, which is your undoubted ſalvation 'and everlaſting comfort. I pray you alſo, ſhew 'my brethren and ſiſters, which have often heard 'me, that they ceaſe not to learn the word of God, 'which I taught them, according to the meaſure of

'grace

'grace given to me, for no perſecution or trouble in 'this world whatſoever; and ſhew them, that the 'doctrine is no old wife's fable, but the truth of 'God; for if I had taught mens doctrine, I had had 'greater thanks from men: But for the word of 'God's ſake I now ſuffer, not ſorrowfully, but with 'a glad heart and mind. For this cauſe I was ſent 'into the world, that I ſhould ſuffer this fire for 'Chriſt's ſake. Behold my face, you ſhall not ſee 'me change my countenance: I fear not the fire. If 'perſecution come to you for the word's ſake, I pray 'you, *fear not them that can kill the body, and have 'no power to kill the ſoul*, &c.'

Then he prayed for them that accuſed him, ſaying, —'I beſeech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them 'that have of ignorance, or of an evil mind, forged 'lies of me: I forgive them with all my heart. I 'beſeech Chriſt to forgive them that have condemned 'me this day ignorantly.'

Then, turning to the people again, he ſaid,—'I 'beſeech you, brethren, exhort your Prelates to 'learn the word of God, that they may be aſhamed 'to do evil, and learn to do good; or elſe there ſhall 'come upon them the wrath of God, which they 'ſhall not eſchew.'

Then the Executioner, upon his knees, ſaid,— 'Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not the cauſe 'of your death:' And he, calling him to him, kiſſed his cheeks, ſaying,—'Lo, here is a token that I for-'give thee: My heart, do thine office.'

And ſo he was tied to the ſtake, and the fire kindled.

The Captain of the Caſtle going near him, bade him be of good courage, and prayed him to beg for him the pardon of his ſin; to whom Mr *Wisheart* ſaid,—'This fire torments my body, but no whit 'abates my ſpirits.'

Then

Then looking towards Cardinal *Beton*, who was at a high window, feaſting his eyes on the execution, he ſaid,—'He, who in high ſtate from that high 'place, feeds his eyes with my torments, within few 'days ſhall be hanged out at the ſame window, to 'be ſeen with as much ignominy as he now leans 'there with pride;' which came exactly to paſs.—And then, his breath being ſtopped, he was conſumed by the fire, A. D. 1546.

When he was in *Scotland* he preached in *Roſſe*, and then in *Dundee*, where, with great admiration of all that heard him, he went over the Epiſtle to the *Romans*. At the inſtigation of Cardinal *Beton* one *Robert Miſle*, a principal man at *Dundee*, and formerly a profeſſor of religion, prohibited his preaching; forbidding him to trouble their town any more, for he would not ſuffer it: And this was ſpoken to him in the public place: Whereupon he muſed a ſpace, with his eyes lift up to heaven; and afterwards, looking ſorrowfully on the ſpeaker and people, he ſaid,—'God is my witneſs, that I never 'minded your trouble, but your comfort; yea, your 'trouble is more dolorous to me than it is to your-'ſelves: But I am aſſured, to refuſe God's Word, 'and to chaſe from you his Meſſenger, ſhall not pre-'ſerve you from trouble, but ſhall bring you into 'it. For God ſhall ſend you Miniſters that ſhall 'neither fear burning nor baniſhment. I have of-'fered you the word of ſalvation. With the hazard 'of my life I have remained among you: Now ye 'yourſelves refuſe me; and I muſt leave my inno-'cence to be declared by my God. If it be long 'proſperous with you, I am not led by the Spirit of 'Truth: But if unlooked for trouble come upon 'you, acknowledge the cauſe, and turn to God, who 'is gracious and merciful. But if you turn not at 'the firſt warning, he will viſit you with fire and 'ſword.' And then he came down from the pulpit.

After

After this he went into the *Weſt Country*, where he made offers of God's word, which was gladly received by many; till the Biſhop of *Glaſgow*, at the inſtigation of the Cardinal, came with his train to the town of *Aire* to reſiſt *Wisheart*, and would needs have the church himſelf to preach in. Some oppoſed it; but *Wisheart* ſaid,—'Let him alone; his 'ſermon will not do much hurt. Let us go to the '*Market Croſs*.'

And ſo they did; where he made ſo notable a ſermon, that his very enemies themſelves were confounded.

Wisheart remained with the Gentlemen in *Kyle*, preaching ſometimes in one place, ſometimes in another; but coming to *Macklene*, he was by force kept out of the church. Some would have broken in; upon which he ſaid to one of them,—'Brother, Je'ſus Chriſt is as mighty in the fields as in the church; 'and himſelf often preached in the deſart, at the ſea 'ſide, and other places. The like word of peace 'God ſends by me: The blood of none ſhall be ſhed 'this day for the preaching of it.'

Then going into the fields, he ſtood upon a bank, where he ſtayed in preaching to the people above three hours; and God wrought ſo wonderfully by that ſermon, that one of the moſt wicked men in all the country, the Laird of *Shield*, was converted by it; his eyes flowing with ſuch abundance of tears, that all men wondred at it.

Preſently news was brought to *Wiſheart*, that the Plague was broke out in *Dundee*; which began within four days after he was prohibited to preach there, and raged ſo extremely, that it is almoſt beyond credit how many died in twenty four hours ſpace. This being related to him, he would needs, notwithſtanding the importunity of his friends to detain him, go thither; ſaying,—'They are now in 'trouble, and need comfort. Perhaps this hand of

'God

'God will make them now to magnify and reverence 'the word of God, which before they lightly 'esteemed.'

There he was with joy received by the godly. He chose the *Eastgate* for the place of his preaching; so that the healthy were within, and the sick without the gate. His text was *Psalm* cvii. 30. *He sent his word, and healed them*, &c. By which sermon he so raised up the hearts of those that heard him, that they regarded not death. He spared not to visit them that lay in the greatest extremity, and to comfort them.

While he was thus ingaged in labours of love to the bodies as well as the souls of these poor afflicted people, the Devil stirred up the Cardinal, who corrupted a desperare Popish Priest, called *John Weighton*, to slay him. And on a day, the sermon being ended, and the people departed, the Priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs, with a naked dagger in his hand under his gown. But Mr *Wisheart* having a sharp piercing eye, and seeing the Priest as he came down, said to him, — 'My friend, what 'would you have?' And immediately clapping his hand upon the dagger, took it from him.

The Priest, being terrified, fell down upon his knees, confessed his intention, and craved pardon. A noise being hereupon raised, and it coming to the ears of those who were sick, they cried, — 'Deliver 'the traitor to us, or we will take him by force;' and they burst in at the gate. But *Wisheart*, taking the Priest in his arms, said, — 'Whatsoever hurts 'him shall hurt me; for he hath done me no mis-'chief, but much good, by teaching me more heed-'fulness for the time to come.'—And so he appeased them, and saved the Priest's life.

Soon after, the Cardinal again conspired his death, causing a letter to be sent to him as if it had been from his familiar friend, the Laird of *Kinnur*; where-

in

in he was desired, with all possible speed to come to him, for that he was taken with a sudden sickness. In the mean time, the Cardinal had provided sixty men armed, to lie in wait within a mile and an half of *Montrose*, in order to murder him as he passed that way.

The letter coming to *Wisheart*'s hands by a boy, who also brought him a horse for the journey; *Wisheart*, accompanied by some honest men his friends, set forwards; but suddenly stopping by the way, and musing a space, he returned back, which they wondring at, asked him the cause; to whom he said,—'I will not go. I am forbidden of God. I am assured there is treason. Let some of you go to yonder place, and tell me what you find.' Which doing, they made the discovery; and hastily returning, they told Mr *Wisheart:* Whereupon he said;—'I know that I shall end my life by that bloodthirsty man's hands; but it will not be in this manner.'

The time approaching when he should meet the Gentlemen at *Edinburgh*, he took his leave and departed. By the way he lodged with a faithful brother, called *James Watson*, of *Inner Gowry*. In the night time he got up, and went into a yard; which two men hearing, they privately followed him.—There he walked in an alley for some space, breathing forth many deep groans: Then he fell upon his knees, and his groans increased: Then he fell upon his face; when those that watched him heard him lamenting and praying: And thus he continued near an hour. Then getting up, he went to his bed again. Those who attended him, making as though they were ignorant of all, came and asked him where he had been; but he would not answer them. The next day they importuned him to tell them, saying;—'Be plain with us, for we heard your mourning, and saw your gestures.' Then he, with a dejected countenance,

countenance, ſaid,—'I had rather you had been in 'your beds.' But they ſtill preſſing upon him to know ſomething, he ſaid;—'I will tell you: I am 'aſſured that my warfare is near at an end; and 'therefore pray to God with me, that I ſhrink not 'when the battle waxeth moſt hot.'

When they heard this they fell a weeping, ſaying,—'This is a ſmall comfort to us.' Then ſaid he, 'God ſhall ſend you comfort after me. This realm 'ſhall be illuminated with the light of Chriſt's goſ-'pel as clearly as any realm ſince the days of the 'Apoſtles. The houſe of God ſhall be built in it; 'yea, it ſhall not lack, in deſpite of all enemies, 'the top-ſtone; neither will it be long before this be 'accompliſhed. Many ſhall not ſuffer after me, be-'fore the glory of God ſhall appear and triumph, in 'deſpite of Satan. But alas, if the people ſhall af-'terwards prove unthankful, then fearful and ter-'rible will the plagues be that ſhall follow.'

He preached afterwards at *Leith*, *Branſtone*, *Languedine*, *Ormiſtone*, and *Ineresk*; where he had a great confluence of people.

Afterwards he preached in divers other places, the people much flocking after him; and he, in all his ſermons, foretelling the ſhortneſs of time that he had to travel, and the near approach of his death.

Being come to *Haddington*, his auditory began much to decreaſe, which was thought to happen through the influence of Earl *Bothwel*, who moved to oppoſe him at the inſtigation of the Cardinal. Preſently after, as he was going to church, he received a letter from the *Weſt Country* Gentlemen; and having read it, he called *John Knox*, who had diligently waited upon him ſince he came into *Lothain*; to whom he ſaid,—'That he was weary of the world, 'becauſe he ſaw that men began to be weary of 'God: For (ſaid he) the Gentlemen of the *Weſt* have

'ſent

'ſent me word, that they cannot keep their meeting 'at *Edinburgh*.'

John Knox wondring that he ſhould enter into conference about theſe things immediately before his ſermon, contrary to his cuſtom, ſaid to him,—'Sir, 'ſermon time approaches; I will leave you for the 'preſent to your meditations.'

Mr *Wiſheart*'s ſad countenance declared the grief of his mind. At laſt he went into the pulpit; and his auditory being very ſmall, he began in this manner:—'O Lord, how long ſhall it be that thy holy 'word ſhall be deſpiſed, and men ſhall not regard 'their own ſalvation? I have heard of thee, O '*Haddington*, that in thee there uſed to be two or 'three thouſand perſons at a vain and wicked play; 'and now, to hear the Meſſenger of the eternal 'God, of all the pariſh can ſcarce be numbred one 'hundred preſent. Sore and fearful ſhall be the 'plagues that ſhall enſue upon this thy contempt. 'With fire and ſword ſhalt thou be plagued; yea, 'thou *Haddington* in ſpecial, ſtrangers ſhall poſſeſs 'thee; and you, the preſent inhabitants, ſhall ei-'ther in bondage ſerve your enemies, or elſe you 'ſhall be chaſed from your own habitations; and 'that becauſe you have not known, nor will know, 'the time of your viſitation.'

This prophecy was accompliſhed not long after; *Haddington* being in great part burnt aud ſpoiled by the *Engliſh*, and afterward ſeized by *French* troops.

In ſome little time after, Mr *Wiſheart* was apprehended and ſeized by Earl *Bothwel*; who, contrary to his oaths and promiſes, did, at the inſtigation of the Queen, reſign him up to the bloody Cardinal, who haſtned his deſtruction.

But God left not the death of this holy man long unrevenged; for the people did generally cry out of the cruelty uſed againſt him; eſpecially *John Leſley*, brother to the Earl of *Rothes*, and *Norman Leſley* his

his couſin, fell heavily upon the Cardinal for it. But the Cardinal thought himſelf ſtrong enough for all *Scotland*, expreſſing great contempt for thoſe he called Heretics, and ſaying,—'Is not the Lord Go-'vernor mine? Witneſs his eldeſt ſon for a pledge 'at my table. Have not I the Queen at my devo-'tion? Is not *France* my friend? Why ſhould I 'fear any danger?' Yet he had laid a deſign to cut off ſuch as he feared and hated, which was diſcovered after his death by letters and memorials found about him. He kept himſelf, for his greater ſecurity, in his caſtle; and on Friday night there came to the town of St *Andrews*, *Norman Leſley*, *William Kircaldy*, *John Leſley*, and ſome others. On Saturday, marching with eighteen men, they took the caſtle. The Cardinal, hearing a noiſe, roſe from his adulterous bed; Mrs *Mary Ogleby*, who had been with him all night, having left him a little before.

Being told that *Norman Leſley* had taken his caſtle, he attempted to eſcape by the poſtern; but finding that to be kept, he returned to his chamber; and, with the help of his Chamberlain, fell to barricading the door with cheſts, and the like. Then came up *John Leſley*, and bade him open the door. The Cardinal aſked, Who was there? He was anſwered, *John Leſley*. The Cardinal ſaid,—'I will have *Nor-'man*, for he is my friend.'—'Content yourſelf '(ſaid the other) with thoſe that are here.' And ſo they fell to breaking open the door.

In the mean time, the Cardinal hid a box of gold under ſome coals in a corner. Then he aſked them, —'Will you ſave my life?' *John Leſley* anſwered, 'It may be we will.—'Nay (ſaid the Cardinal) 'ſwear to me by God's wounds that you will, and 'then I will open the door.'—'Then (ſaid *John*) 'that which was ſaid is unſaid:' And ſo he called for fire to burn down the door. Whereupon the door

door was opened, and the Cardinal ſat him down in his chair, crying,—'I am a Prieſt, I am a Prieſt, 'ye will not ſlay me.' Then *John Leſley* and another ſtruck him once or twice; but Mr *James Melvin*, a man that had been very familiar with *Wisheart*, and of a modeſt and gentle nature, perceiving them both to be in choler, plucked them back, ſaying,—'This work and judgment of God, tho' 'it be ſecret, ought to be done with great gravity.' And ſo, preſenting him the point of his ſword, he ſaid,—'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but 'eſpecially of ſhedding the blood of that notable in-'ſtrument of God, Maſter *George Wiſheart*; who, 'though he was conſumed by the fire before men, 'yet it cries for vengeance upon thee.' And he thruſt him through the body; who, falling down, ſpake never a word, but,—'I am a Prieſt, I am a 'Prieſt; fy, fy, all is gone!'

The death of this tyrant was grievous to the Queen-Mother, with whom he had too much familiarity, as with many other women; as alſo to the Romaniſts. But the people of God were freed from their fears in great meaſure thereby.

The immature death of this bloody man was not only a bright diſplay of the righteous judgment of God, but an exact fulfilment of the prophecy of the holy Mr *Wiſheart*: For when the Cardinal was ſlain, the Provoſt, raiſing the town, came to the caſtle gates, crying,—'What have you done with 'my Lord Cardinal? Where is my Lord Cardinal?' To whom they within anſwered,—'Return to your 'houſes, for he hath received his reward, and will 'trouble the world no more.'. But they, ſtill crying,—'We will never depart till we ſee him.'

Then did the *Leſleys* hang him out at that window, to ſhew that he was dead; and ſo the people departed.

XVII. GASPER CRUCIGER.

HE was born at *Leipſick* in *Miſnia*; and was a man of great learning and piety.

In his ſickneſs he called to him his two young daughters, and cauſed them to repeat their prayers before him, and then himſelf prayed:—'O God, I 'call upon thee in confidence of thy Son; though 'with a faint faith, yet with ſome faith: And I am 'encouraged ſo to do, for I ſee him in glory whom 'I have followed in grace.

'Beſides God's love, nothing is ſure;
'And that for ever doth endure.'

He died *November* 16. A.D. 1548. Aged 45.

He was very dear to *Luther*, and very helpful to him in his tranſlation of the Bible, *&c.*

XVIII. The Sufferings and death of GASPER COLINIUS, or COLIGNI.

GASPER COLINIUS was great Admiral of *France*, and was ſlain in the *Pariſian* Maſſacre, *Auguſt* 24, 1572.

As a prelude to the maſſacre, three bullets were diſcharged on the Admiral through a lattice window, as he was coming from court: One of them brake the fore-finger of his right hand, and the other two pierced his left arm.

The Admiral ſhewed a great deal of Chriſtian courage when the Surgeon cut off his finger, and lanced his wounds: For the operation put him to ſuch pain, that

that his friends about him ſhed tears; but he ſaid, —'My friends, why do you weep? I judge my-
'ſelf happy that I bear theſe wounds for the cauſe of
'my God. Theſe wounds are God's bleſſings. The
'ſmart indeed is troubleſome; but I acknowledge
'the will of my Lord God in it: And I bleſs his
'Majeſty, who hath been pleaſed thus to honour
'me, and to lay any pain upon me for his holy
'name's ſake. Let us beg of him that he will en-
'able me to perſevere to the end.'

His Chaplain, Monſieur *Merlin*, telling him that the afflictions and calamities which happen to God's children, uſe to quicken them to prayer; the Admiral, with an audible voice and fervent ſoul, poured out this prayer to God.

'O Lord God, and my heavenly Father, have
'mercy upon me for thy tender mercy's ſake. Re-
'member not againſt me my former iniquities, nei-
'ther charge me with the ſins of my youth. If thou,
'Lord, ſhouldſt ſtrictly mark what is done amiſs,
'or ſhouldſt impute to us our breach of covenant,
'what fleſh could ſtand before thee, or endure thine
'anger! As for me, diſclaiming all falſe gods and
'worſhip, I only call upon thee, the eternal Father
'of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and worſhip thee alone.
'For Chriſt's ſake, I beſeech thee to beſtow thy holy
'Spirit upon me, and to give me the grace of pa-
'tience. I only truſt in thy mercy. All my hope
'and confidence is placed in that alone. Whether
'thou pleaſeſt to inflict preſent death upon me, or
'to ſpare my life to do thee further ſervice; behold,
'Lord, I am prepared to ſubmit to thy will in ei-
'ther: Not doubting, but if thou ſhalt pleaſe to in-
'flict death upon me, thou wilt preſently admit me
'into thy everlaſting kingdom. But if, Lord, thou
'ſhalt ſuffer me to live longer here, grant, O moſt
'heavenly Father, that I may paſs all the remainder

'of my days in advancing thy glory, and in obſerv-
'ing and ſticking cloſe to thy true religion. *Amen.*'

Soon after the Admiral had been thus wounded, the King and the Queen-Mother viſited him; when the Admiral dealt very freely and faithfully with the King, repreſenting to him with Chriſtian zeal and indignation, the many abominations and outrages which were committed with impunity. The King deſired him not to be ſo earneſt in the matter, as he would by that means render his condition the more dangerous; and, with the greateſt diſſimulation, profeſſed the higheſt regard for him, and the greateſt abhorrence of that murderous aſſault upon him; ſaying,—'I ſwear by God's death, that I will ſo puniſh
'for this wicked deed, that the memory of it ſhall
'go down to the lateſt poſterity.'

The King ordered the Admiral to be removed to the caſtle, under the colour of concern for his ſafety; and that the Catholics ſhould remove from all the places round about, in order to make room for the Proteſtants to be near him in caſe of farther danger.

All this while the helliſh plot had been laid, to have all the Proteſtants at *Paris* murdered together. For in the middle of the night of the 23d of *Auguſt*, the Queen-Mother, fearing the King's wavering temper, who was ſo ſenſibly ſtruck with horror at the deſign, as to appear ſomewhat irreſolute about it, reproved him for cowardice; and told him, he would by his delays loſe a fair opportunity, offered him from God, for the utter extirpation of his enemies. The King, rouſed by the awakening charge of cowardice, immediately ordered the plot into execution; and the Queen-Mother, inſtantly laying hold of the order, directed the little bell in St *Germain*'s to be rung an hour before day-light of the 24th, the day of *Bartholomew*, and the Lord's day, as a ſignal for falling on the Proteſtants.

When

When the good Admiral was appriſed of it by his ſervant, who told him there was no reſiſting, he ſaid, —'I have prepared myſelf for death a good while 'ago. Shift you for yourſelves, if poſſibly you 'can; ſince your endeavours to help me would be 'in vain. I commend my ſoul into God's hands.' And it was obſerved, that the Admiral's countenance was no more troubled, than if no danger had been at hand.

Thuanus relates his words thus.—'I perceive what 'is doing. I was never afraid of death; and I am 'ready to undergo it patiently, as I have long ſince 'prepared myſelf for it. I bleſs God I ſhall die in 'the Lord, through whoſe grace I am elected to a 'hope of everlaſting life. I now need no longer any 'help of man. You therefore, my friends, get you 'hence as ſoon as you can; leſt you be involved in 'my calamity, and your wives hereafter ſay, that I 'was the cauſe of your deſtruction. The preſence 'of God, to whoſe goodneſs I commend my ſoul, 'which will preſently fly out of my body, is abun-'dantly ſufficient for me.'

Then all his company gat into an upper room, and crept out at a window upon the tiles; and, by the benefit of the night, ſome eſcaped.

One *Beheme*, a *German*, was the firſt that entered the chamber; who, ſeeing the Admiral ſeated, ſaid, —'Are not you the Admiral?'—'I am (ſaid he) but 'you, young man, ſhould have regard to my hoary 'head and old age.' But *Beheme*, exchanging no more words, ſtruck him with his ſword, and was the firſt who embrued his hands in the Admiral's blood.

Then *Coſſin*, *Atinius*, and the reſt, followed, and ſlew him by many wounds. This *Atinius* reported afterwards, that he never ſaw a man, in ſuch imminent danger, bear out death with ſo great a conſtancy.

The Duke of *Guiſe* ordered his body to be thrown out at the window, that the people might be aſſured it was he. His head was cut off, and ſent to the King and Queen-Mother; who got it embalmed, and ſent it as a preſent to the Pope. His body was dragged about the ſtreets for three days together.

Such was the end of this brave man, who was the firſt Nobleman in all *France* that profeſſed himſelf a Proteſtant, and a defender of the Proteſtant cauſe.

XIX. King EDWARD VI.

THIS excellent Prince was the ſon of King *Henry* VIII. and Queen *Jane Seymour*, who was delivered of him at *Hampton-Court*, *October* 12, 1537. but not without the opening of her body, of which ſhe died four days after.

In the time of this good King's illneſs, Dr *Ridley*, in a ſermon before him, much commended works of charity; and ſhewed, that as they were injoined on all men, ſo eſpecially on thoſe in high ſtations. The ſame day, after dinner, the King ſent for the Doctor into his gallery, made him ſit in a chair by him, and would not ſuffer him to be uncovered. Then, after thanking the Doctor for his ſermon, he repeated the chief heads of it, and added,—'I took 'myſelf to be chiefly touched by your diſcourſe; 'for as in the kingdom I am next under God, ſo 'muſt I moſt nearly approach to him in goodneſs 'and mercy. As our miſeries ſtand moſt in need of 'help from him, ſo are we the greateſt debtors: 'And therefore, as you have given me this general 'exhortation, direct me, I intreat you, by what 'particular act I may beſt diſcharge my duty.'

About

About three hours before his death, with his eyes cloſed, and judging that none heard him, he offered up the following prayer.

'Lord God, deliver me out of this miſerable and 'wretched life, and take me among thy choſen: 'Howbeit, not my will but thy will be done. Lord, 'I commit my ſpirit to thee. O Lord, thou knoweſt 'how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet for 'thy choſens ſake, ſend me life and health, that I 'may truly ſerve thee. O my Lord God, bleſs thy 'people, and ſave thy inheritance. O Lord God, 'ſave thy choſen people of *England*. O my Lord 'God, defend this realm from Papiſtry, and main-'tain thy true religion, that I and my people may 'praiſe thy holy name, for thy ſon Jeſus Chriſt his 'ſake.'

Then turning his face, and ſeeing ſome near him, he ſaid,—'Are you ſo nigh? I thought you had 'been farther off.'

His laſt words were,—'I am faint. Lord have 'mercy upon me, and take my ſpirit.' Thus died this bleſſed King, our young *Joſias*, *July* 6, 1553. Aged 17.

Mr *Bradford*, the Martyr, ſaid of this excellent Prince,—'That he judged him to be the holieſt and 'godlieſt man in the realm of *England*.'

The following inſtances (and there are many other of the like nature in his hiſtory) ſhew his love and zeal for the Proteſtant religion.

An inſurrection being made in the *Weſt* in favour of Popery, and certain articles being ſent by the rebels to the King, he ſent them a full anſwer; from which we have taken the following paragraph.

'Aſſure yourſelves, that we make account of no-'thing under heaven ſo much as this;—To have our 'laws obeyed; and this cauſe of God, which we 'have taken in hand, to be thoroughly maintained; 'from which we will never remove a hair's breadth,

'nor in this give place to any creature living, much 'leſs to any ſubject; but therein will we venture our 'own royal perſon, our crown, treaſure, realm, and 'all our eſtate; whereof we aſſure you of our high 'honour.'

In the beginning of his reign, *Charles* I. Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Spain*, having requeſted that leave might be given to the Lady *Mary* (afterwards Queen *Mary*) to have maſs ſaid in her houſe; and the council having ſent the Biſhops *Cranmer* and *Ridley* to the King, to intreat him, for certain ſtate reaſons, to grant it: The King, having heard all they could ſay on the matter, gave them ſuch grave and ſound anſwers, ſupported by Scripture, againſt any ſuch permiſſion, that the Biſhops could not reply. However they continued to preſs him not to diſoblige the Emperor, as ſuch a ſtep might have very bad conſequences. The King bade them be ſatisfied, and told them,—'He was reſolved rather to 'loſe his life, and all that he had, than agree to that 'which he knew with certainty to be againſt the 'truth.' Notwithſtanding which, the Biſhops continuing their inſtances, the King at length burſt into tears, witneſſing his tenderneſs for the truth, and his zeal for the faithful defence of it, by much weeping; which the Biſhops no ſooner ſaw, than they wept as faſt as he, took leave, and withdrew. And, in their return, meeting with Mr *Cheek*, who had a very great ſhare in the King's education, Archbiſhop *Cranmer* took him by the hand, and ſaid;—'Ah, Mr *Cheek*, you may be glad all the days of 'your life that you have ſuch a ſcholar; for he hath 'more divinity in his little finger than we have in 'our whole bodies.'

XX. Dr ROWLAND TAYLOR.

HE was a great Divine, and Rector of *Hadley* in *Suffolk*, where Mr *Thomas Bilney* had been a Preacher.

In the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign, ſome Papiſts got one of their Prieſts to go and ſay maſs in *Hadley* church, guarding him with drawn ſwords. The Doctor, who was then in his ſtudy, hearing the bell toll, went to the church; where finding the Prieſt in Popiſh veſtments, ready to begin maſs, he ſaid to him,—'Thou Devil, Who made thee ſo bold 'as to enter into this church, to profane and defile 'it with this abominable idolatry? I command thee, 'thou Popiſh wolf, in the name of God, to depart 'hence, and not to preſume thus to poiſon Chriſt's 'flock.' On this, one *Foſter*, a ring-leader in the buſineſs, abuſed the Doctor; and, with the aſſiſtance of ſome that were armed, forced him out of the church.

Soon after, *Gardiner*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, ſent for him to *London:* On which, his friends adviſing him to flee, as he had otherwiſe nothing to expect but impriſonment and death; he anſwered,—'I 'know my cauſe to be ſo good and righteous, and 'the truth ſo ſtrong on my ſide, that I will, by 'God's grace, go and appear before them, and to 'their beards will reſiſt their falſe doings: For I be-'lieve that I ſhall never be able to do God ſo good 'ſervice as now; and that I ſhall never have ſo 'glorious a calling, nor ſo great a mercy of God 'proffered me, as I have now. Wherefore pray for 'me; and I doubt not but God will give me 'ſtrength, and his holy Spirit, ſo as that all my ad-'verſaries ſhall be aſhamed of their doings.'

When

When he came to Biſhop *Gardiner*, the Biſhop received him with very ill language, aſking him,—'How he durſt look him in the face; and if he 'knew who he (*Gardiner*) was?'—Yes, replied the Doctor; 'I know who you are, Dr *Stephen Gardiner*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, and Lord Chancellor; 'and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I ſhould 'be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear you not 'God, the Lord of us all? How dare you look 'any Chriſtian man in the face, ſince you have for-'ſaken the truth, denied Chriſt, and done contrary 'to your oath and writing? With what face will 'you appear before Chriſt's judgment-ſeat, and an-'ſwer to your oath againſt Popery in King *Henry* 'VIII. his time; and in the reign of King *Edward* 'VI. when you both ſpoke and writ againſt it?'

Being thruſt into priſon, he lay there almoſt two years; and told his friends ſoon after his commitment,—'That God had graciouſly provided for him, 'by ſending him thither; where he found ſuch an 'Angel of God as Mr *Bradford*, for his companion 'to comfort him.' When he was condemned, he told the Biſhops,—'That God, the righteous Judge, 'would require his blood at their hands; and that 'the proudeſt of them all would repent of their re-'ceiving Antichriſt again, and of their tyranny 'againſt the flock of Chriſt.'

He was burnt at *Hadley* in 1555, and in his way thither was as pleaſant as if he was going to a wedding. The Sheriff of *Eſſex*, in his journey, laboured hard to win him over to Popery: On which occaſion the Doctor ſaid,—'I perceive I have been deceived 'myſelf, and am like to deceive a great many at '*Hadley* of their expectation?' The Sheriff, hoping theſe words referred to a recantation, deſired him to explain himſelf; and the Doctor did ſo, by ſaying,—'I am a man of a very great carcaſe, which, I 'hoped, would have been buried in *Hadley* church-'yard;

'yard; but I ſee I am deceived: And there are a 'great number of worms there, which ſhould have 'had jolly feeding upon this carrion. But now both 'I and they ſhall be deceived of our expectation.' The Sheriff was aſtoniſhed at ſuch an inſtance of fortitude in the porch of ſo ſhocking a death.

Within two miles of *Hadley* he deſired to alight, and being accordingly ſet down, he expreſſed himſelf with great chearfulneſs; ſaying,—'He was very 'well, never better;' to which he added,—'God 'be praiſed, I am now almoſt at home, and have 'not paſt two ſtiles to go over, before I am at my 'Father's houſe.'

When he was come to the place where he ſuffered, he was not permitted to ſpeak to the people, who greatly lamented his death.—'Thanks be to God, '(ſaid he, when near the ſtake) I am even at home.' Yet this he ventured to the people, notwithſtanding the prohibition: —'I have preached (ſaid he) the 'goſpel, and am now to ſeal the truth of it with my 'blood.' On which he was cruelly treated by ſome in the crowd; one of them throwing a faggot at him, which ſo broke his face, that the blood ran down: To whom the Doctor ſaid,—'Friend, I have harm 'enough: What need of that?'

Being faſtened to the ſtake in a pitch barrel, and the fire being kindled, he held up his hands and ſaid,—'O merciful Father of heaven, for Jeſus 'Chriſt's ſake, my Saviour, receive my ſoul into thy 'hands.' And then he ſtood quite ſtill, not moving at all, till one with a halbert ſtruck out his brains.

XXI. Dr RIDLEY.

HE was born in *Northumberland*, and became Maſter of *Pembroke-Hall*. He was converted by reading *Bertram*'s book on the Sacrament, *&c.* and much confirmed by conference with Dr *Cranmer* and *Peter Martyr*. King *Edward* VI. made him Biſhop of *London*.

In the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign, he was among the firſt, who, for the faith of the goſpel were impriſoned in the *Tower*; from whence he was ſent to *Oxford* with *Cranmer* and *Latimer*, and there kept with them in the common goal; till after ſome time, being ſeparated from them, he was committed to the cuſtody of one *Iriſh*, with whom he remained till the day of his martyrdom, which was *October* 16, 1555.

In a letter of his, to *Latimer* in priſon, is the following paſſage:—'I pray you, good Father, let me 'have ſomething more from you to comfort me; 'for except the Lord aſſiſt me in his ſervice, I ſhall 'play but the part of a white-liver'd Knight. But 'he can make a coward, in his cauſe, to fight like 'a man.'

In a letter to Mr *Bradford* he writ thus:—'As far 'as *London* is from *Oxford*, yet thence we have re- 'ceived both meat, money, and ſhirts, not only 'from our acquaintance, but from ſome ſtrangers 'alſo. I know for whoſe ſake they do it.'

Again;—'Ever ſince I heard of our dear brother '*Rogers* his ſtout confeſſion and departing, bleſſed 'be God for it, I have never felt any heavineſs in 'my heart, as ſometimes I did before.'

Again;—'Bleſſed be God, notwithſtanding our 'hard reſtraint, and the evil reports raiſed of us, we

'are

'are joyful in God: And all our care is, and ſhall 'be by God's grace, to pleaſe and ſerve him; from 'whom we expect, after theſe temporary and mo- 'mentary miſeries, to have eternal joy and perpetual 'felicity with *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*.

'As yet never a learned man, ſcholar, or other, 'hath viſited us ſince our coming to *Bocardo*, which 'now may be called the college of *Quondams*; for 'we be no fewer than three: And I dare ſay, every 'one is well contented with his portion; which is our 'heavenly Father's good and gracious gift. Fare- 'wel. We ſhall, by the grace of God, one day 'meet, and be happy together; which day aſſuredly 'approacheth. God grant it may ſhortly come.'

The night before he ſuffered, he had his beard ſhaved, and his feet waſhed; and invited Mrs *Iriſh*, his hoſteſs, and the others about him, to his wedding. Mrs *Iriſh*, on this, falling into tears, he ſaid, —'O Mrs *Iriſh*, I ſee now that you love me not; 'for in that you weep, it appears that you will not 'be at my marriage, nor are therewith content. I 'ſee you are not ſo much my friend as I thought. 'But quiet yourſelf. Though my breakfaſt be 'ſomewhat ſharp and painful, yet I am ſure my ſup- 'per ſhall be more pleaſant.'

His brother offering himſelf to ſit up with him, he would not permit any ſuch thing; but ſaid,—'I 'intend to go to bed, and ſleep as quietly as ever I 'did in my life.'

The next morning he came out in a fair black gown, faced with foins, and with a tippet of velvet. And looking behind him, he ſaw Mr *Latimer* coming forward: On which he ſaid to him,—'O, are you 'there?'—'Yea (ſaid *Latimer*) have after, as faſt as 'I can follow.'

Being come to the ſtake, he lift up his eyes and hands towards heaven; and then, with a chearful countenance,

countenance, he ran to Mr *Latimer*, and ſaid, (embracing and kiſſing him)—'Be of good heart, brother; for God will either aſſwage the violence of the flame, or give us ſtrength to bear it.'

He then returned to the ſtake; and falling upon his knees, kiſſed it, and prayed fervently. After which, ſetting himſelf to ſpeak to the ſpectators, ſome perſons ran to him, and ſtopped his mouth with their hands. Being afterwards ſtripped, he ſtood on a ſtone near the ſtake, and offered up the following prayer.—'O heavenly Father, I give thee hearty thanks for that thou haſt called me to be a profeſſor of thee, even unto death. I beſeech thee, Lord God, have mercy on this realm of *England*, and deliver it from all its enemies.'

As a Smith was knocking in the ſtaple which held the chain, he ſaid to him,—'Good fellow, knock it in hard; for the fleſh will have its courſe.' And when he ſaw the flame approaching him, he cried with a loud voice, —'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my ſpirit. Lord receive my ſoul.'

This good Biſhop, once croſſing the *Thames*, there aroſe on a ſudden ſuch a ſtorm of wind, that the others in the boat were affrighted, looking for nothing but drowning: —'Take heart (ſaid he) for this boat carries a Biſhop that muſt be burnt, and not drowned.'

XXII. Dr HUGH LATIMER.

HE was born at *Kirkeſſon* in *Leiceſterſhire*, and was a zealous Papiſt, till, by the will of God, and the endeavours of Mr *Thomas Bilney*, he was brought to the true knowledge of Chriſt. After which, he became a zealous Preacher of the goſpel.

He was made, by King *Henry* VIII. Biſhop of *Worceſter*. And it being the cuſtom on New Year's Day

Day for the Biſhops to preſent ſomething, by way of New Year's Gift, to the King; *Latimer*, at that time preſented him with the New Teſtament, wrapped in a napkin, with the following words on it by way of motto,—*Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.*

Seeing, on the coming out of the Six Articles, that he could not hold his biſhopric with a good conſcience, he voluntarily reſigned it. And when he put off his rochet in his chamber, being among his friends, he rejoiced, and ſaid,—'He felt his ſhoul-'ders lighter, by being diſcharged of ſo heavy a 'burden.' This was in the year 1539, after which, he retired to his parſonage at *Weſt Kingſton* in *Wiltſhire*, not far from *Briſtol*.

But neither then would the Popiſh Biſhops let him alone, but perſecuted him till they got him laid up in the *Tower*; and there he remained till *Edward* VI. came to the crown: When being reſtored, he returned to his work, and was a faithful and painful Preacher through all that reign; preaching twice every Lord's-day, though much above ſixty years of age. He was uſually at his ſtudy, both Summer and Winter, by two o' clock in the morning.

He foreſaw and foretold all the plagues under which *England* ſuffered in the reign of Queen *Mary*; predicting, concerning himſelf, that his preaching the goſpel would coſt him his life.

In the beginning of that reign, a Purſuivant was ſent to bring him to *London*, of which he had notice ſix hours before the Purſuivant arrived. But inſtead of fleeing, he prepared for his journey to *London*. And when the Purſuivant was come, he ſaid to him, —'My friend, you are welcome. I go as willingly 'to *London* to give an account of my faith, as ever 'I went to any place in the world. And I doubt 'not, but as the Lord made me worthy formerly to 'preach the word before two excellent Princes, he

'will

'will now enable me to bear witneſs to the truth 'before the third, either to her eternal comfort or 'diſcomfort.' As he rode on this occaſion through *Smithfield*, he ſaid,—'That *Smithfield* had groaned 'for him a long time.'

Being brought before the Council, he was, after many mocks and ſcorns, committed to the *Tower*; where the Lords ſo animated and ſtrengthened him, that he not only patiently endured the hardſhips of his impriſonment, but deſpiſed and laughed at the inſults of his enemies. Being there kept in the winter ſeaſon, old and infirm as he was, without a fire, he ſaid to the Lieutenant,—'You think I ſhall burn, 'but except you let me have a fire, I ſhall deceive 'your expectations; for I am here like to be ſtarved 'with cold.'

He particularly prayed for three things. One was, — That as God had appointed him to be a Preacher of his word, he would give him grace ſo to ſtand to it, as that he might give his heart's blood for it. Another was, That God of his mercy would reſtore his goſpel to *England*; again, again reſtore it; which laſt words he often repeated in his prayer with very great freedom and ardor. And the third was, That the Lord would preſerve the Princeſs *Elizabeth*, and make her a comfort to the whole realm of *England*. And the Lord moſt graciouſly granted all theſe requeſts. He and Dr *Ridley* were burnt together.

When he was come to the ſtake, with an amiable countenance, in which was the very picture of comfort; he lift up his eyes towards heaven, and ſaid,—*God is faithful, who will not ſuffer us to be tempted above that which we are able.* When the fire was brought, he ſaid to Dr *Ridley*,—'Be of good comfort, 'brother, and play the man: We ſhall this day light 'ſuch a candle, by God's grace, in *England*, as, I 'truſt, ſhall never be put out.' When the fire was kindled,

kindled, he cried,—'O Father of heaven, receive my ſoul.'

When his body was wrapped in the flames, and began to ſink, the blood guſhed out from his heart in ſuch abundance, that one would have thought the whole maſs of it had been there, for the occaſion, collected together; to the great aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators.

In a letter to King *Henry* VIII. he writ thus:—'Gracious King, Remember yourſelf. Have pity 'upon your ſoul; and think, that the day is even at 'hand, when you ſhall give an account for your 'office, and of the blood which hath been ſhed with 'your ſword. In the which day, that your Grace 'may ſtand ſtedfaſt, and have your *quietus eſt* ſealed 'with the blood of our Saviour Chriſt, which will 'only ſerve at that day, is my daily prayer, *&c.*

XXIII. Mr JOHN PHILPOT.

HE was the ſon of a Knight, and born in *Hampſhire*. He was educated at *New College* in *Oxford*; was a great ſcholar; a zealous Preacher; and, through all the reign of King *Edward* VI. Archdeacon of *Wincheſter*. Queen *Mary*, in the beginning of her reign, ſummoning a Convocation to determine in matters of religion; he ſtood up as a member of it, in vindication of the faith of the goſpel. Soon after which he was thruſt into priſon, where he lay a year and an half before he was examined. After examination, which was managed by captious queſtions, he was committed to the Biſhop of *London*'s coal-houſe; adjoining to which, was a little blind houſe, in which were a pair of ſtocks both for hands and feet.—'But, thanks be to God (ſaid he) 'I have not played on thoſe organs yet.'

He was afterwards ſet before the Biſhop; who, among other things, aſked him,—'Why he and the 'reſt were ſo merry in priſon, rejoicing and ſinging; '*exultantes* (ſaid he) *in rebus peſſimis*, rejoicing in 'your naughtineſs?' Adding,—'You do not well 'in this. You ſhould rather lament and be ſorry.' To this Mr *Philpot* replied:—'My Lord, the mirth 'we make, is only the ſinging of certain pſalms. 'And we are inſtructed by St *Paul* to *rejoice in the 'Lord*; *ſinging together in pſalms and hymns.* And 'as we are in a dark and comfortleſs place, we ſo-'lace ourſelves by ſinging pſalms; leſt, as *Solomon* 'ſays, *ſorrow ſhould eat up our hearts.* Therefore, 'I truſt, your Lordſhip will not be angry, ſeeing 'the Apoſtle ſays, *If any man be of an upright mind*, 'let him ſing. And we do declare that we are of an 'upright mind to God, though we be in miſery: 'ſo we ſolace ourſelves by ſinging.'

'After other diſcourſe (ſaith he, in the account 'of the matter, drawn up by himſelf) I was carried 'again to my Lord's coal-houſe; where I, and my 'ſix fellow-priſoners, are as chearful in the ſtraw, 'we thank God, as others are in their beds of down.'

A few days after this, he was called before *Bonner*, and the Biſhops of *Bath*, *Worceſter*, and *Glouceſter*; when the Biſhop of *Worceſter* ſaid,—'Before we be-'gin to ſpeak to him, 'tis beſt that we call to God 'for grace; and pray that God would open his heart 'that he may conceive the truth.' Whereupon Mr '*Philpot* fell on his knees, and prayed thus:

'Almighty God, who art the giver of all wiſdom 'and underſtanding; I beſeech thee, of thine infinite 'goodneſs and mercy in Jeſus Chriſt, to give me, a 'moſt vile ſinner in thy ſight, the ſpirit of wiſdom 'to ſpeak and make anſwer in thy cauſe; that it 'may be to the contentation of the hearers before 'whom I ſtand, as alſo to my better underſtanding, 'if I be deceived in any thing.'

'Nay,

'Nay, my Lord of *Worceſter*, (ſaid *Bonner*) you 'did not well to exhort him to make any prayer; 'for this is a thing they take a ſingular pride in, 'that they can often make their own prayers; in 'which they glory much. And in this point they 'are like certain arrant heretics, of whom *Pliny* 'ſpeaks, that they ſung — *ante lucanos hymnos*,— 'praiſes to God before the dawning of the day.'

Then ſaid Mr *Philpot*;—'My Lord, God make 'me, and all you here preſent, ſuch heretics as they 'were; for they were godly Chriſtians, with whom 'the tyrants of the world were offended, for their 'Chriſtian practices and well-doing.'

He was, at length, ſet alone in the ſtocks; concerning which he writ thus:—'God be praiſed, that 'he hath thought me worthy to ſuffer any thing for 'his name's ſake. Better is it to ſit in the ſtocks 'in this world, than to ſit in the ſtocks of a damnable 'conſcience.'

At laſt, being condemned as an heretic, he ſaid,— 'I thank God, I am an heretic out of your curſed 'church: But I am no heretic before God.'

When he was ſent to *Newgate*, he ſaid to the people as he went along,—'Ah, good people, bleſſed 'be God for this day.' And when notice was given him, the night before he ſuffered, that he was to be burnt the next day, he ſaid,—'I am ready. God 'grant me ſtrength, and a joyful reſurrection.' He then went into his chamber, and poured out his ſpirit to the Lord in prayer; giving him hearty thanks for accounting him worthy to ſuffer for his truth. As he was going into *Smithfield*, the way being very dirty, two officers took him up, in order to bear him through the dirt; on which he merrily ſaid,—'What! 'will you make a Pope of me?' When he was come into *Smithfield*, he kneeled down, and ſaid,—'I will 'pay my vows in thee, O *Smithfield*.' Being come to the ſtake, he kiſſed it and ſaid,—'Shall I diſdain

'to ſuffer at this ſtake, when my Lord and Saviour 'refuſed not to ſuffer a moſt vile death for me?' And when the fire was kindled, with great meekneſs and comfort he gave up his ſpirit to God.

His letters were many, and greatly for the comfort of penitent ſinners; his arguments being chiefly gathered from the following conſiderations:

1. The inſtances of God's mercy on penitents.

2. God can pardon more than we can ſin; and will pardon him, who, with hope of mercy, is ſorry for his ſin.

3. God lets his people ſee the evil of their ſins, and fall into ſorrow for them, to the end they ſhould experience his ſuper-abounding grace. He brings to hell, to the end that with greater joy he may lift up to heaven.

4. Satan's tempting you, and your own ſtrife againſt ſin, are jointly an evidence of your being a child of God; whom the enemy may cauſe to fall unwarily into ſin, but he ſhall never overcome you. For God ſo permits, only to try your faith. He ſees your reſiſtance, is pleaſed with it, and will never forſake you. *The juſt man falls ſeven times a day*; yet he riſeth again. Rejoice in this, that your temptation and ſorrow ſhall add to your glory.

The following is a paſſage in one of Mr *Philpot*'s letters to the Lady *Vane*:—'The world wonders we 'can be merry in ſuch extreme miſery; but our 'God is omnipotent, who turns miſery into fe-'licity. Believe me, dear ſiſter, there is no ſuch 'joy in the world, as the people of Chriſt have under 'the croſs. I ſpeak by experience: Therefore be-'lieve me, and fear nothing that the world can do; 'for when they impriſon our bodies, they ſet at liber-'ty our ſouls; when they kill us, they ſend us to 'everlaſting life. And what greater glory can there 'be, than to be made conformable to our head, 'Chriſt; and we are made ſo by afflictions. This is

'the

'the way, though it be but narrow, which is full of 'the peace of God, and leadeth to eternal bliſs.'

In another letter to the ſame Lady, he writ thus:—'I, that am under the croſs, have felt more true 'joy and conſolation in it, than ever I did by any 'benefit that God hath given me in all my life be-'fore: For the more the world hates, the nigher 'God is to us; and there is no joy but in God.'

'Pray inſtantly, (ſaid he farther) that this joy may 'never be taken from us; for it paſſeth all the de-'lights of this world. This is the peace of God 'which paſſeth all underſtanding, and therefore can-'not faint either in fire or water.'

XXIV. Mr JOHN HOOPER.

HE fell under the rage of the Popiſh party in the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign. After ſeveral months impriſonment and cruel uſage, he was condemned to the flames, and ſent from *London* to *Glouceſter* to be burnt. At *Glouceſter*, Sir *Henry Kingſton* came to him; and telling him that life was ſweet, and death bitter; he anſwered,—'The death 'to come is more bitter, and the life to come more 'ſweet. I am come hither to end this life, and ſuf-'fer death, becauſe I will not gainſay the truth I 'have here formerly taught you.'

Being come to the place where he was to ſuffer, he prayed about half an hour; of which prayer the following words were a part:

'Lord, I am hell; but thou art heaven; thou art 'a gracious and merciful Redeemer. Have mercy 'therefore upon me, a moſt miſerable and wretched 'offender, after thy great mercy, and according to 'thy ineſtimable goodneſs. Thou art aſcended into 'heaven; receive me to be a partaker of thy joys 'there, where thou ſitteſt in equal glory with thy

'Father. For well thou knoweſt wherefore I am 'come hither to ſuffer, and why the wicked do per-'ſecute thy poor ſervant; not for my ſins and tranſ-'greſſions committed againſt thee, but becauſe I 'will not allow of their wicked doings, to the con-'taminating of thy blood, and the denial of the know-'ledge of thy truth; wherein it did pleaſe thee, by 'thy Holy Spirit, to inſtruct me. With as much 'diligence as a poor wretch might, being thereto 'called, I have ſet forth thy glory. Thou well ſeeſt, 'O Lord my God, what terrible torments and cruel 'pains are prepared for thy poor creature; even ſuch, 'Lord, as, without thy ſtrength, no one is able to 'bear, or patiently to paſs. But that which is im-'poſſible with man, is poſſible with thee: Therefore 'ſtrengthen me, of thy goodneſs, that in the fire I 'break not the rules of patience; or elſe aſſwage the 'terror of the pains, as ſhall ſeem fitteſt for thy 'glory.'

Having a box with a pardon in it ſet before him, he cried,—'If you love my ſoul, away with it; if 'you love my ſoul, away with it.'

When the iron-work was brought to faſten him to the ſtake, he took an iron hoop and put it about his waſte; and bidding them take away the reſt, ſaid, —'I doubt not but God will give me ſtrength to 'abide the extremity of the fire without binding.'

The fire being kindled, and the wind blowing away the flame, he was at firſt but ſcorched. On which more faggots being laid to him, the fire was ſo ſuppreſſed, that his lower parts were burnt, while his upper were ſcarcely touched: During which he prayed mildly, and as one that felt no pain; ſaying, —'O Jeſus, thou ſon of *David*, have mercy on me, 'and receive my ſoul.' Then wiping his eyes with his hands, he ſaid,—'For God's love, let me have more fire.'

The

The fire being kindled again, it burnt more violently; yet he was alive a great while in it. The laſt words he uttered were,—'Lord Jeſus, receive 'my ſpirit.' A. D. 1555.

In one of the letters he writ while he was in priſon, is the following paſſage:—'Impriſonment is painful; but liberty on evil conditions is worſe. The 'priſon ſtinks; yet not ſo much as ſweet houſes 'where the fear of God is wanting. I muſt be alone 'and ſolitary: 'Tis better ſo to be, and have God 'with me, than to be in company with the wicked. 'Loſs of goods is great; but loſs of grace and God's 'favour is greater. I ſhall die by the hands of cruel 'men; but he is bleſſed that loſeth his life, and find-'eth life eternal. There is neither felicity nor ad-'verſity of this world that is great, if it be weighed 'with the joys and pains of the world to come.'

In the reign of King *Edward* VI. when he was made Biſhop, there was much controverſy between him, Dr *Cranmer*, and Dr *Ridley*, about the cap and rochet, *&c.* But when, in Queen *Mary*'s reign, they were all impriſoned for the faith, Dr *Ridley* writ to him in the following manner.

'My dear brother, Foraſmuch as I underſtand by 'your works that we thoroughly agree in thoſe 'things which are the grounds and ſubſtantial points 'of our religion, againſt which the world ſo furi-'ouſly rageth in theſe days; however formerly, in 'certain bye matters and circumſtances of religion, 'your wiſdom and my ſimplicity have a little jarred, 'each of us following the abundance of his own 'ſenſe and judgement; now, I ſay, be aſſured, that 'even with my whole heart (God is my witneſs) in 'the bowels of Chriſt, I love you in the truth, and 'for the truth's ſake; which abideth in us, and ſhall, 'by the grace of God, abide for ever.'

XXV. Mr JOHN BRADFORD.

HE was born in *Lancaſhire*, was a good ſcholar in his youth, and ſervant to Lord *Harrington*: After which ſervice he went to *Cambridge*; where, after one year's reſidence, he was made Maſter of Arts, and Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*. He was ordained by Biſhop *Ridley*, and obtained a Prebend in St *Paul*'s. At *Cambridge* he became acquainted with the learned *Bucer*; who highly valued him, and adviſed him to enter into the miniſtry: But he modeſtly declining it, as not having due abilities, *Bucer* ſaid to him, — 'If thou haſt not fine manchet, give the 'people barley bread, or ſuch as thou haſt.' He was a Preacher at St *Paul*'s three years; ſharply reproving ſin on one hand, and ſweetly preaching Chriſt crucified on the other.

His piety, humility, and inoffenſive behaviour to all, could not exempt him from Popiſh fury. He was thruſt into priſon, and condemned to die.

The night before he was removed to *Newgate*, he dreamed that chains were brought for him to the *Counter*, and that the next day he ſhould be carried to *Newgate*, and on the day following be burnt in *Smithfield*; which accordingly came to paſs. For the next day in the afternoon, the Keeper's wife ran into his chamber, and ſaid, — 'O Mr *Bradford*, I 'bring you heavy news; for to morrow you muſt 'be burnt: Your chain is now a buying, and pre-'ſently you muſt go to *Newgate*.' On this Mr *Bradford* put off his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, ſaid,— 'I thank God for it: I have looked for 'this a long time. It comes not now to me ſuddenly, 'but as a thing waited for every day and hour. The 'Lord make me worthy of it!'

The

The morning of the day on which he was burnt, as he was putting on his cloaths, he made ſuch a prayer, with alluſion to the wedding garment, as was greatly admired by ſome about him. And the priſoners, to all of whom he had been profitable, were in tears on their parting with him.

While he was a priſoner, he was often examined by the Biſhops; who offering him life if he would recant, he anſwered;—'Life, with God's diſpleaſure, 'is worſe than death; and death, in his true favour, 'is true life.'

When he was come to the place in *Smithfield* where he was to ſuffer, and where was a young man who was to ſuffer with him, he fell on his face and prayed. After which, he took a faggot and kiſſed it, and the ſtake likewiſe. Then, having put off his cloaths, he ſtood by the ſtake, and lifting up his eyes and hands towards heaven, ſaid;—'O *England, England*, 'repent of thy ſins, repent of thy ſins; beware of 'idolatry; beware of antichriſts; take heed they do 'not deceive thee.'

After which, turning his head to the young man, he ſaid; —'Be of good comfort, brother, for we 'ſhall ſup with the Lord this night.' He then embraced the reeds, and ſaid, — *Strait is the way, and narrow is the gate, that leadeth to eternal ſalvation; and few there be that find it.* After which he was faſtned to the ſtake and burnt. A. D. 1555.

He was ſo charitable to the poor, that, in a hard time, he ſold his rings and jewels, in order to relieve thoſe who were in want; and was ſo humble, under a ſenſe of his corruptions, that he ſubſcribed ſome of his letters from priſon in the following words:—'The 'moſt miſerable, hard-hearted, unthankful ſinner, '*John Bradford.*'—'A very painted hypocrite, *John* '*Bradford.*'—'The ſinful *John Bradford.*'

In

In a letter to his mother and brethren, he writ thus: — 'I am now in priſon; and, I thank God, am 'ready with my life and blood to ſeal thoſe truths 'which I have preached to you, if God ſhall ac-'count me worthy of that honour: For it is a ſpe-'cial benefit of God, to ſuffer for his name and goſ-'pel, as now I do: I heartily thank him for it; and 'am ſure that I ſhall be a partaker of his glory. *If 'we ſuffer with him, we ſhall alſo reign with him.* 'Therefore be not faint-hearted, but rather rejoice; 'at leaſt for my ſake, who am now in the highway 'to heaven; for through many afflictions we muſt 'enter into that kingdom. Now will God make 'known who are his. The wheat is ſo far from be-'ing hurt by the wind, that thereby 'tis cleanſed, 'and better known to be wheat. Gold, when 'tis 'caſt into the fire, is made more precious; and ſo 'are God's children by the croſs of afflictions.—God's 'children are now chaſtened, that they may not be 'condemned with the world. And no marvel if 'God's hand lies ſo heavy upon us; for lately, as 'there was never more knowledge, ſo never leſs 'godly living. Malice, covetouſneſs, and uncleanneſs, were common every where; with ſwearing, 'drunkenneſs and idleneſs, And therefore all this 'evil is come upon us, *&c.* Yea, I myſelf, ſerved 'not his truth as I ſhould; and therefore God thus 'puniſheth me; nay, in puniſhing, he bleſſeth me. 'And I thank him more for this priſon, than for any 'parlour; yea, than for any pleaſure that ever I had; 'for in it I find God, my ſweet and good God, al-'ways.'

And, in another place, thus:

'Let us repent, and be heartily ſorry, that we 'have ſo carnally, ſo hypocritically, ſo covetouſly, 'ſo vain-glorioufly profeſſed the goſpel.

XXVI. Mr

XXVI. Mr LAURENCE SAUNDERS.

HE deſcended from a family of note; was brought up at *Eton-School*; and from thence was choſen for *King*'s *College* in *Cambridge*. He became an able and powerful Preacher of the goſpel; and was ſo active and zealous in his oppoſition to Popery, that *Bonner* and *Gardiner* ſoon looked out for him, ſoon got him into their hands, and paſſed the unrighteous ſentence of death upon him in its crueleſt form.—'Carry away (ſaid *Gardiner*) this fool to priſon.—'I 'thank God (replied Mr *Saunders*) that at laſt he 'hath given me a place of reſt, where I may pray 'for your converſion.'

From the priſon he writ to his wife in the following words:—'I am merry, and, I truſt, I ſhall be 'merry, maugre the teeth of all the Devils in hell. 'Riches I have none to endow you with; but that 'treaſure of taſting how ſweet Chriſt is to hungry 'conſciences, whereof, I thank my Chriſt, I do feel 'part; that I bequeath to you, and to the reſt of 'my beloved in Chriſt.'

When life was promiſed him, if he would recant, he anſwered, —'I love my life and liberty, if I 'could enjoy them without the hurt of my conſcience; 'but, by God's grace, I will abide the utmoſt extremity that man can do againſt me, rather than do 'any thing againſt my own conſcience.' And when *Gardiner* threatned him with death, he ſaid;—'Welcome be it; whatſoever the will of the Lord be, 'either life or death: And I tell you truly, I have 'learned to die. But I exhort you to beware of 'ſhedding innocent blood. Truly it will cry aloud 'againſt you.'

He

He was ſent to, and burnt at *Coventry*. And, being come near the ſtake, he went chearfully up to, and kiſſed it, ſaying,—'Welcome the croſs of Chriſt. 'Welcome everlaſting life.'

Dr *Pendleton* and Mr *Saunders* meeting together, in the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign, and ſpeaking of the perſecution which would likely ariſe, with regard to which Mr *Saunders* diſcovered much weakneſs and fear; *Pendleton*, on the other hand, boaſted of his reſolution, that he would endure the ſevereſt treatment, before he would forſake Jeſus Chriſt, and the truth which he had profeſſed. Yet not long after, poor, feeble, faint-hearted *Saunders*, through the power and goodneſs of God, ſealed the truth with his blood, while proud *Pendleton* played the apoſtate, and turned Papiſt.

XXVII. Dr FARRER, Biſhop of St *David*'s.

TO a Gentleman who lamented his death, and the painfulneſs of it, he ſaid,—'If you ſee me 'once ſtir in the fire, believe not my doctrine.' And accordingly he ſtood, without moving, in the midſt of the flame; till one *Richard Gravel*, with a ſtaff, ſtruck him down. He was burned *March* 30, 1555.

XXVIII. Dr THOMAS CRANMER.

THOMAS CRANMER was a Gentleman by birth, of a very ancient family, born at *Arſelacthon* in *Nottinghamſhire*, and educated at *Cambridge*.

He

He was made Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* by King *Henry* VIII. when his enemies endeavoured by all means to bring him under the King's diſpleaſure.

He was very charitable, and of a gentle diſpoſition; ſo ready to forgive and forget wrongs, that it grew into a proverb:—'Do my Lord of *Canterbury* a 'ſhrewd turn, and he will be your friend as long as 'you live.'

He vigorouſly oppoſed the ſix bloody articles. The whole weight of reforming religion lay upon him. Notwithſtanding his many enemies, yet it pleaſed God ſo to over-rule the King's heart, that he would never remove him from his favour. And in King *Edward* VI. his days, he continued in his place, and much helped forward the work of reformation.

But in the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign, it appeared that he was a principal object of the Queen's hatred. Before he was committed to the *Tower*, ſome of his friends would have perſuaded him to flee, and to reſerve himſelf for better times. But he anſwered reſolutely,—'If I were accuſed of theft, mur-'der, or of any other wickedneſs, perhaps I might 'more eaſily be perſuaded to flee: But now I ſee 'that I muſt be queſtioned, not for my faithfulneſs 'towards men, but for my faith towards God, and 'concerning the truth of the holy ſcriptures, againſt 'Papiſts; and therefore, I will rather loſe my life 'in the defence of the truth, than, by fleeing out of 'the kingdom, deſert ſuch a cauſe.'

From the *Tower* he was removed to *Oxford*, where he was called before the Pope's Delegate, and the Queen's Commiſſioners. To the latter he did obeiſance, but to the Pope's Delegate he would do none: And he made a worthy confeſſion of his faith before them.

When they proceeded to degrade him, he pulled out an appeal from the Pope to the next General Council; but his death being determined, his appeal was rejected.

When

When he was come back into priſon, he deſired to eat; for he had eat nothing that day, nor the day before: On which occaſion he ſaid,—'I was before 'ſomewhat troubled; but now, I thank God, my 'heart is quiet.'

He had not one penny in his purſe to help himſelf with; but the Lord ſtirred up a Gentleman's heart to give him ſome money, for which the generous man had like to have come into great trouble.

He was kept in priſon almoſt three years; and the Doctors in *Oxford* laboured, by many ſubtle tricks, to draw him to a recantation; removing him to the houſe of the Dean of *Chriſt-Church*, where he had dainty fare, recreations, and what elſe might entice him from Chriſt to the world. They promiſed him life, the Queen's favour, his former dignity, and what not; if he would but with his hand ſubſcribe to a few words by way of recantation; which, if he refuſed, they told him there was no hope of pardon.

With many ſuch allurements and flatteries, they at laſt prevailed with him to ſubſcribe as they deſired. After which, he had neither quiet in his conſcience, nor any outward help from his adverſaries. For the Queen, though greatly pleaſed with his recantation, yet preſently reſolved on his death; appointing the time of his execution, and the perſons that ſhould ſee it performed: But of this he had no notice, till the morning he was to ſuffer.

From priſon he was brought to St *Mary*'s church; when Dr *Cole*, by the Queen's order, preached; and, in his ſermon, he affirmed,—'That God was ſo in-'cenſed for the ſlaughter of Sir *Thomas More*, and 'Doctor *Fiſher*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, who were be-'headed in the reign of King *Henry* VIII. that he 'would not be appeaſed by any other ſacrifice than 'that of *Cranmer*.'

During his ſermon, *Cranmer* ſtood on a ſtage before him; and many were greatly affected by ſeeing him,

him, who had lived in ſo great honour and favour, ſtand there in a ragged gown, ill-favoured cloaths, an old cap, and expoſed to the contempt of all men.

Cole, in his ſermon, ſhewed for what Doctor *Cranmer* was condemned; encouraged him to take his death patiently, and expreſſed his joy at *Cranmer's* converſion to Popery.

The ſermon being ended, *Cranmer* intreated the people to pray for him, that God would pardon his ſin, eſpecially his recantation, which moſt of all troubled his conſcience; and which, he ſaid, was contrary to the truth which he thought in his heart; and written for fear of death, and on the hope of life: —'And that hand of mine (ſaid he) which hath written contrary to my heart, ſhall firſt be puniſhed.'

On this, the Popiſh Doctors were ſo enraged, that they cauſed him to be pulled down from the ſtage, and his mouth to be ſtopped, that he might ſpeak no more to the people.

He was burnt at the place where *Ridley* and *Latimer* had ſuffered. When he was brought to it, he kneeled down and prayed, and then put off his cloaths.

When the fire was kindled, and came near him, he ſtretched out his right hand, which had ſubſcribed, and held it ſtedfaſtly in the fire (ſaving that once he wiped his face with it) that all might ſee his hand burned, before his body was touched with the fire. When the fire came to his body, he endured it patiently and ſteadily, moving no more than the ſtake he was bound to. As long as he could ſpeak, he repeated,—'Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit.' A.D. 1556. Aged 72.

XXIX. The Son of ROBERT AGUIRE.

WHEN at *Liſle*, in *French Flanders*, he ſuffered with his father for the truth, in the year 1556, he cried out at the ſtake:—'Behold mil-'lions of angels about us, and heaven opened to 'receive us!'

And when the fire was kindled, he fixed his eyes on the heavens, and ſaid to his father; —'Yet a 'very little while, and we ſhall enter into the hea-'venly manſion.'

Fleming's Fulfilling of the Scripture, Page 400.

XXX. Mr PHILIP MELANCTHON.

HE was born at *Bretta*, in the *Lower Palatinate*, A.D. 1497. and was eminent for learning and piety.

In the beginning of his ſickneſs he ſaid,—'I de-'ſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.'

When his intimate friend, *Camerarius*, took leave of him, commending him to God, *Melanctbon* ſaid, —'Jeſus Chriſt, the Son of God, who ſitteth at the 'right hand of his Father, and giveth gifts to men, 'preſerve you and yours, and us all.'

Being very ſick, he cried,—'O Lord, make an 'end.'

The Paſtors and Deacons of the church viſiting him, he ſaid to them; —'Through the goodneſs of 'God, I have no domeſtic grief to diſquiet me. As 'for my nephews and neices, who ſtand here before 'me, and whom I love very dearly; this is my com-'fort concerning them, that they have godly parents.'

Having received letters from his friends at *Francfort* Mart, concerning the perſecution of ſome godly men in *France*, he ſaid, —'That his bodily diſeaſe

'was

'was not comparable to the grief of his mind for his 'godly friends, and for the miſeries of the church.'

Raiſing himſelf up in his bed, he ſaid,—'That 'God had brought into his mind again that ſpeech 'of *Paul*, *If God be for us, who can be againſt us?*' Then the Paſtors and Deacons, by turns, read to him *Pſalm* xxiv, *Iſa.* liii, *John* xvii. After which he ſaid; —'I often think upon the ſaying of St *John*; *The* 'world received him not: But to thoſe that received 'him, to them gave he power to become the ſons of 'God; even to them that believe in his name.'

After this he prayed ſecretly; and being at length aſked by his ſon-in-law, if he would have any thing; he anſwered, —'Nothing but heaven; therefore 'trouble me no more with ſpeaking to me.' And ſo he gave up the ghoſt, Aged 63, A. D. 1560.

When he was firſt converted, he thought it impoſſible for his hearers to withſtand the evidence of the truth in the miniſtry of the goſpel: But after preaching a while, he complained, —'That old '*Adam* was too hard for young *Melancthon*.'

XXXI. Mr JOHN CALVIN.

MR *John Calvin* was born at *Noviodune*, a city of *France*, *June* 6, 1509. His father's name was *Gerrard Calvin*; his mother's, *Joan Franca*.—Both of them were of good repute.

He was firſt inſtructed in the reformed religion by his kinſman, *Peter Robert Olevitane*; on which, he gave himſelf to the ſtudy of the ſacred ſcriptures; and began to abominate, and withdraw himſelf from the ſuperſtitious ſervices of the church of *Rome*.

I ſhould exceed all proper bounds, were I to ſet down here ſo much as the principal points of this great man's life and labours. I ſhall, therefore, only

give ſome account of the ſweet and peaceable cloſe of his life.

On the 19th of *December*, 1562. (being the Lord's day) *Calvin*, being in bed, ſaid to ſeveral perſons about him; —'I know not what the matter is; but I 'thought, laſt night, I heard drums beating very 'loud, and I could not perſuade myſelf but it was 'ſo. Let us therefore go to prayer; for ſurely 'ſome great buſineſs is in hand.'

And, on that very day, a great battle was fought between the *Guiſians* and the Proteſtants, not far from *Paris*; news whereof was brought to *Geneva* a few days after.

In 1564 he had a complication of diſeaſes upon him; yet no one heard him utter a word unbecoming a Chriſtian. All he uſed to ſay was, lifting up his eyes to heaven,—'How long, Lord?' And theſe words he often uttered in his health, then he ſpake of the calamities of his brethren; which always more afflicted him than his own.

When his friends would have diſſuaded him, in his ſickneſs, from dictating, but eſpecially from writing himſelf, he anſwered,—'What, would you have me 'idle when my Lord comes?'

March 10. When all the Miniſters of *Geneva* came to ſee him, they found him ſitting at his little table, where he uſed to write and meditate. As ſoon as he ſaw them, rubbing his forehead with his hand, as he uſed to do when he meditated; with a chearful countenance, he ſaid,—'I give you hearty thanks, my 'dear brethren, for the great concern you have ſhewn 'for me; and I hope, within theſe fifteen days (when 'they were to meet about church cenſures) I ſhall be 'preſent at your Conſiſtory: For then, I believe, 'God will declare what he hath determined concern-'ing me, and will receive me to himſelf.'

March 27. He was carried in his chair to the gate of the Senate-Houſe; from whence, being ſupported by

by two perſons, he walked into the aſſembly, preſented to the Senators a new Rector for the ſchool; and, with his head uncovered, returned them thanks for all their former favours; and, particularly, for the great concern they had ſhewn for him in his ſickneſs:—'For I perceive (ſaid he) this is the laſt time 'that I ſhall appear in this place.' Which words he could ſcarcely utter, his voice failing him: And then while many tears were ſhed on both ſides, he took his leave.

April 2. Though he was very weak, yet he would be carried to the church in his chair; where, after ſermon, he received the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper from *Beza*'s hands; and, with a chearful countenance, though weak voice, ſung the Pſalm with the congregation; ſhewing, even in a dying countenance, ſigns of much inward joy.

April 25. He made his will, a part of which I ſhall here inſert, as it farther evidences the power of religion in him. Being now ſo weak that he could not write, he dictated to *Peter Shenalot*, Notary of *Geneva*, in the following manner.—'I, *John Calvin*, 'Miniſter of the word of God in the church of *Ge*-'*neva*, being ſo oppreſſed and afflicted with divers 'diſeaſes, that I conclude the Lord God hath ap-'pointed ſhortly to take me out of this world; 'therefore have determined to make my laſt Will 'and Teſtament in this form following:

'Firſt, I give thanks to God, that, taking pity 'on me, whom he created and placed in this world, 'he hath delivered me out of the deep darkneſs of 'idolatry, into which I was plunged; and hath 'brought me into the light of his goſpel, and made 'me a partaker of the doctrine of ſalvation, whereof 'I was moſt unworthy. And he hath not only 'gently and graciouſly borne with my faults and 'ſins, for which I deſerved to be rejected of him, 'and caſt out, but hath treated me with ſuch meek-

'neſs and mildneſs, that he hath vouchſafed to uſe 'my labours in preaching and publiſhing the truth 'of his goſpel. And I witneſs and declare, that I 'intend to paſs the remainder of my life in the ſame 'faith and religion which he hath delivered to me 'by his goſpel; and not to ſeek any other aid, or 'refuge for ſalvation, than his free adoption; in 'which alone ſalvation reſteth. And, with my 'whole heart, I embrace the mercy which he hath 'uſed towards me for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake; recom-'penſing my faults with the merit of his death and 'paſſion, that ſatisfaction might be made, by this 'means, for all my ſins and crimes, and the remem-'brance of them be blotted out. I witneſs alſo and 'declare, that I humbly beg of him, that being 'waſhed and cleanſed in the blood of that higheſt 'Redeemer, ſhed for the ſins of mankind, I may 'ſtand at his judgment-ſeat, under the image of 'my Redeemer.'

'Alſo I declare, that I have diligently endeavour-'ed, according to the meaſure of grace received, and 'the bounty which God hath uſed towards me, that 'I might preach his word holily and purely, as well 'in ſermons as in commentaries, and other writings; 'and interpret his holy ſcripture faithfully.

'But, alas! that ſtudy and zeal of mine (if wor-'thily ſo to be called) have been ſo remiſs and lan-'guiſhing, that, I confeſs, innumerable things have 'been wanting in me to the well performing of my 'duty. And, unleſs the immeaſurable bounty of 'God had been preſent, my ſtudies had been vain 'and vaniſhing. For which cauſes, I witneſs and 'declare, that I hope for no other help for ſalvation 'than this only; that ſeeing God is the Father of 'mercy, I truſt he hath ſhewed himſelf a Father to 'me, who acknowledge myſelf a miſerable ſinner.'

'As for other things, after my departure out of 'this life, I would have my body committed to the

'earth,

'earth, in that order and manner which is uſual in 'this church and city, till the bleſſed day of reſur-'rection cometh, &c.'

To the four Syndics, and all the Magiſtrates, who in a body honoured him with a viſit before his death, he ſpoke to the following effect:

'Honoured Sirs, I give you great thanks that 'you have done me this honour, having not de-'ſerved it from you; and that you have ſo often 'borne with my infirmities: Which, to me, hath 'always been an argument of your ſingular goodneſs 'for me.

'Touching the doctrine you have heard from me, 'I take God to witneſs, that I have not raſhly and 'ungroundedly, but carefully and purely taught the 'word of God intruſted to me; whoſe wrath I ſhould 'otherwiſe now perceive hanging over me. But I 'am certainly aſſured, that my labours in teaching 'it have not been diſpleaſing to him.

'And I teſtify this the more willingly, both be-'fore God and yourſelves; becauſe I doubt not but 'the Devil, according to his cuſtom, will raiſe up 'wicked, light, and giddy-headed people, to cor-'rupt the ſincere doctrine which you have heard 'from me.'

Then, conſidering the immeaſurable benefits which God had conferred on that city, he ſaid;—'I am a 'very good witneſs, out of how many great dangers 'the hand of God hath delivered you: Moreover, 'you ſee in what eſtate you now are. Therefore, 'whether your affairs be proſperous or adverſe, let 'this thing be always before your eyes, that God is 'he alone that eſtabliſheth kingdoms and cities; and 'therefore will be worſhipped by mortal men.'

And, continuing his diſcourſe, he ſhewed them at large, the danger of pride and ſecurity; the great dangers they were alſo in from errors in judgment, and corruptions in practice.

Then he prayed to God for the increaſe of his gifts and bleſſings upon them, and for the ſafety and welfare of the commonwealth. After which, giving his hand to each of them, they took their leave; departing full of ſorrow, and with many tears, as from their common father.

April 28. The Miniſters of *Geneva* being with him, he ſpake thus to them: — 'Brethren, after my de-'ceaſe, ſtand faſt in this work of the Lord, and be 'not diſcouraged; for the Lord will preſerve this 'church and commonwealth againſt the threatnings 'of the enemies. When I came firſt to this city, 'the goſpel indeed was preached, but the manage-'ment of things, with reſpect to it, was very trouble-'ſome: Many conceiving, that Chriſtianity was no-'thing more than the demoliſhing of images. And 'there were not a few wicked perſons, from whom 'I ſuffered many things. But the Lord our God 'ſo confirmed and ſtrengthened me, who am not 'naturally bold, that I gave not place to any of their 'attempts. I profeſs, brethren, that I have lived 'with you in true love and ſincere charity; and thus 'I now depart from you. If you have found me 'any way pettiſh under my diſeaſe, I crave your 'pardon; and give you very great thanks, that you 'have ſo borne, on your part, the burden impoſed 'on me in the time of my ſickneſs.'

Having thus ſpoken, he gave his hand to each of them, who then took their leave, ſorrowing and weeping.

A while after, *Calvin* hearing that *Viret*, who was eighty years of age, and ſickly, was on his journey to viſit him, writ thus to ſtay him:

'Farewel, my beſt and ſincereſt brother: And 'ſeeing God will have you to out-live me in this 'world, live mindful of our friendſhip; for as it has 'been profitable to the church of God here, ſo the 'fruit of it tarrieth for us in heaven. I would not

'have

'have you weary yourſelf for my ſake. I hardly 'draw my breath: And I expect daily when it will 'wholly fail me. It is enough that I live and die to 'Chriſt, who is gain to his both in life and death. 'Again farewel.' *May* 11, 1564.

Yet notwithſtanding this letter, the good old man came to *Geneva*; and, having fully conferred with *Calvin*, he returned to *Newcome*. After which, *Calvin* paſſed his remaining time almoſt wholly in prayer, with his eyes towards heaven; while his voice often failed him, by reaſon of the ſhortneſs of his breath.

He died *May* 27, 1564, Aged 54 years, 10 months, and 17 days. *Beza* had but juſt left him, when *Calvin* ſuddenly altered for death. On which, a meſſenger was diſpatched after *Beza* to bring him back; but though he returned preſently, *Calvin*, without a ſigh or groan, was fallen aſleep in Jeſus, before *Beza* could reach him.

XXXII. Mr JOHN JEWEL.

HE was born at *Buden* in *Devonſhire*, in 1522. When he was at *Chriſt-Church* College, *Oxford*, the Dean, who was a Papiſt, one day thus ſaid to him:—'I ſhould love thee, *Jewel*, if thou wert 'not a *Zuinglian*. In thy faith I hold thee an here-'tic; but ſurely in thy life thou art an angel. Thou 'art very good and honeſt, but a *Lutheran*.'

At the end of King *Henry* the VIIIth's reign, he commenced Maſter of Arts; and in the reign of *Edward* VI. when *Peter Martyr* was Divinity Profeſſor in *Oxford*, *Jewel* obſerved his art, copied his ſermons and lectures, and became moſt intimate with him.

But at the beginning of Queen *Mary*'s reign, the Popiſh party of that college prevailing, they expelled him for his religion. After which, he reſided a

while at *Broadgate*'s *Hall*, whither the fame of his learning drew many ſcholars to him; and the univerſity, at that time, choſe him for their Orator. At length, the Inquiſition caught him; urging on him ſubſcription, on pain of proſcription and horrible tortures.

He was now brought into ſuch ſtraits, that, conſulting with fleſh and blood, he ſet his name to a paper, by which he witneſſed his approbation of ſome articles of Popery. This, as it much obſcured the glory of his after-ſufferings, was, likewiſe, of no ſervice to him for the preſent; for ſnares being quickly laid for him, he had certainly been caught, had he not, by God's ſpecial providence, gone, the very night he was way-laid, accidentally a wrong way to *London*; and, by going out of the way, found the ſafeſt way. But afterwards he repented of his ſubſcription, and made it known by public confeſſion.

In his way to *London* on foot, in a ſnowy winter's night, he was found, by *Latimer*'s ſervant, lying on the ground, ſtarving, faint, and labouring between life and death; and by his means was preſerved. But when he was come to *London*, he found no ſafety; but looked every hour to be caught by that cruel butcher, *Bonner*, in order to be ſlaughtered for his ſhambles, till happily he found means to get beyond ſea. And then, being diſappointed of ſupplies from his friends, he wandered, often in want of a night's lodging, till, through God's mercy, he got at length ſafe to *Franckfort*; where, ſoon after his arrival, he made an excellent ſermon; and, in the cloſe of it, confeſſed his fall, ſaying;—'It was my 'abject and cowardly mind, and faint heart, that 'made my weak hand commit this wickedneſs.' Which confeſſion was mingled with hearty ſighs, and many tears; and he concluded it with earneſt ſupplications, firſt to Almighty God, whom he had offended;

fended; and then to his church, which he had ſcandalized; and acquitted himſelf on that occaſion in ſuch a manner, that the whole congregation ever after embraced him as a dear brother, yea, as an angel of God. There, together with ſeveral other voluntary *Engliſh* exiles, he was, for a while, maintained by the contributions of ſome *Londoners*; till *Gardiner*, having notice of it, did, by impriſoning and impoveriſhing their benefactors, ſtop the current of this bounty. But, in that extremity, the Lord raiſed up *Chriſtopher*, Prince of *Wirtemberg*, bountifully to relieve them.

The Senators of *Zurick* likewiſe, at the requeſt of *Bullinger*, opened their purſes for them. Alſo *Calvin*, *Zuinglius*, *Melanćthon*, *Pellican*, *Lavater*, *Geſnor*, and all the great ornaments of religion and learning in the reformed churches, were very kind to the *Engliſh* exiles.

Jewel paſſed moſt part of his time abroad in *Peter Martyr*'s houſe. In the beginning of the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, he and his countrymen returned to *England*; and he was made Biſhop of *Salisbury*, but with much reluctance on his own ſide, as he looked on the Epiſcopal charge as a great burden: But he acquitted himſelf very worthily under it, beſtowing much pains in preaching, writing, providing faithful paſtors, and reforming abuſes. He had ſo ſtrong a memory, that he could readily repeat any thing that he had penned after once reading it; and would ſay, that if he were to deliver a premeditated diſcourſe before a thouſand auditors, who ſhould ſhout or fight all the while, yet could he ſay all that he had provided to ſpeak.

Before his laſt ſickneſs he foretold the approach, and, in his ſickneſs, the preciſe day of his death. As he was going, in a very weak condition, to preach at *Lacock* in *Wiltſhire*, a Gentleman meeting him, admoniſhed him to return home for his health's ſake; telling

telling him, that it was better the people ſhould want one ſermon, than be altogether deprived of ſuch a Preacher. To whom he replied: — 'That it beſt 'became a Biſhop to die preaching.' Having theſe words impreſſed on his mind;—*Happy art thou, my ſervant, if, when I come, I find thee ſo doing.* His text at *Lacock* was, *Walk in the Spirit.* And preſently after ſermon, his diſeaſe growing upon him, he was forced to take his bed.

In the beginning of his ſickneſs he made his will, and gave moſt of his eſtate to his ſervants, to ſcholars, and to the poor of *Sarum.* The Saturday following, having called all his houſhold about him, he expounded the Lord's prayer, when he ſaid:—'It 'hath always been my deſire, that I might glorify 'God, and honour his name, by ſacrificing my life 'for the defence of his truth: But though God hath 'not granted my deſire, yet I rejoice, that my body 'is exhauſted and worn away in the labours of my 'holy calling. And now, that my hour is at hand, 'I earneſtly deſire you to pray for me, and to help 'me with the ardency of your affections, when you 'perceive me, through the infirmity of the fleſh, to 'languiſh in my prayers. Hitherto I have taught 'you; but now the time is come wherein I may and 'deſire to be taught and ſtrengthened by every one 'of you.'

Then he deſired them to ſing the ſeventy firſt pſalm, and ſung with them as well as he could; ſometimes interpoſing ſome words of particular application to himſelf; and in the end he ſaid,—'Lord, now let thy ſervant depart in peace. Break all de-'lays. Lord, receive my ſpirit, *&c.*' Then one ſtanding by prayed with tears, that if the Lord pleaſed, he would reſtore him to his former health: *Jewel* hearing him, ſeemed to be offended, and ſaid, —'I have not lived ſo, that I am aſhamed to live 'longer; neither do I fear to die, becauſe we have a 'merciful

'merciful Lord. A crown of righteouſneſs is laid 'up for me. Chriſt is my righteouſneſs. Father, 'let thy will be done: Thy will I ſay, and not 'mine, which is imperfect and depraved. This day, 'quickly, let me ſee the Lord Jeſus, *&c.*' He died A. D. 1571, Aged 50.

XXXIII. The Rev. Mr JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born at *Gifford* in *Lothian*, in *Scotland*, in 1505. He ſtudied divinity and philoſophy at the univerſity of St *Andrews*. And when he had received the truth as it is in Jeſus, he freely imparted it to others.

But the Biſhops and Friers could by no means endure that light which diſcovered their darkneſs, and therefore preſently ſet on foot a perſecution againſt him; eſpecially *David Beton*, Archbiſhop and Cardinal, who cauſed him to be apprehended and caſt into priſon; purpoſing to have ſacrificed him in the flames: But it pleaſed God, by a ſpecial providence, to deliver him. Whereupon he fled to *Berwick*, to the *Engliſh*; and there he preached with good ſucceſs; as he did afterwards likewiſe at *Newcaſtle*, *London*, and in ſome other parts of *England*. So that King *Edward* VI. taking notice of him, offered him a biſhopric, which he rejected, as having ſomething, in his judgment, in common with antichriſt. At length, through the violence of perſecution, he was driven to take ſhelter among the brethren abroad, where he was greatly reſpected by *Calvin*, and many of the great reformers on that ſide.

In 1556, on an invitation from ſeveral of the *Scotch* nobility, he returned to *Scotland*. The Biſhop of St *Andrews* hearing of *John Knox*'s return, and of his preaching in ſeveral places, and that he intended to preach

preach on a certain Lord's day at St *Andrews*, raiſed an hundred ſpearmen, and went with them thither on the Saturday before; while the Lords, who took *John Knox*'s part, had only their houſhold ſervants about them. And, at the ſame time, the Queen, the moſt avowed and implacable enemy of the godly, eſpecially of *John Knox*, was with her *Frenchmen* at *Falkland*, twelve miles from St *Andrews*. The Biſhop ſent word to the Lords, that if *John Knox* offered to preach the next day, he ſhould be ſaluted with a dozen of calivers, whereof the moſt part ſhould light on his noſe. The Lords, after long deliberation, ſent for *John Knox* to hear his opinion in this caſe; but adviſed him to forbear, for his own ſafety, and not to preach that day in contempt of the Biſhop. To which *Knox* anſwered:

'God is my witneſs, that I never preached Chriſt 'Jeſus in contempt of any man; neither do I now 'intend to preſent myſelf in that place for my own 'commodity, or for the hurt of any creature; but 'as for forbearing preaching to morrow, except I 'be violently withheld, I cannot in conſcience con-'ſent to it; for in this town and church God was 'pleaſed firſt to call me to the honour and office of 'a Preacher; from which I was driven by the ty-'ranny of the *French*, and procurement of the Biſhop, 'as you all know well enough. How long I con-'tinued priſoner, what torments I ſuſtained in the '*French* gallies, and what were the ſobs of my heart, 'it is now no time to relate: This only I cannot 'conceal (which many heard me ſpeak when my 'body was far from *Scotland*) that I certainly hoped 'in open audience to preach at St *Andrews*, before I 'departed this life. And therefore, my Lords (ſaid 'he) ſeeing God, above the expectations of many, 'hath brought me to this place, where firſt I was 'called to the office of a Preacher, and from which 'I was moſt unjuſtly removed; I beſeech your ho-

'nours

'nours not to hinder me from preſenting myſelf to 'my brethren. And as for the fear of danger that 'may come to me thereby, let no man be ſolicitous; 'for my life is in the cuſtody of him whoſe glory I 'ſeek: And therefore I cannot ſo fear their boaſts 'and tyranny, as thereby to be deterred from doing 'my duty, when God of his mercy offereth me ſuch 'an occaſion. I deſire the hand and weapon of no 'man to defend me. I crave only audience; which 'if denied me here at this time, I muſt ſeek further 'where I may have it.'

Upon this ſpeech, the Lords were fully content that he ſhould preach; which accordingly he did, without interruption. And his ſermon ſo wrought upon the magiſtrates and people, that, preſently after ſermon, they removed all the monuments of ſuperſtition and idolatry out of the church. I refer the reader to the hiſtory of thoſe times, and to Mr *Knox*'s life, for a farther account of the cruelty of the Papiſts againſt the Proteſtants in *Scotland* at this time, and particularly the Queen's cruelty and death.

As this great and good man, *John Knox*, had ſuch a ſingle eye to the honour of God, ſo God abundantly honoured him. His ſecret was with him, as appears by theſe inſtances following, among many others: A. D. 1566, the Earl of *Murray* being ſlain on the Saturday, *Knox* preached at *Edinburgh* the next day. Among the papers given in of thoſe that deſired the prayers of the church, he found one with theſe words, — *Take up the man whom ye accounted another God.* At the cloſe of his ſermon he bewailed the loſs which the church and ſtate ſuſtained by the death of that virtuous man; and then ſaid,—'There 'is one in this company that makes this horrible 'murder the ſubject of his mirth, for which all good 'men ſhould be ſorry; but I tell him, he ſhall die 'where there ſhall be none to lament him.'

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The perſon who had written thoſe words was a young Gentleman, by name *Thomas Maitland*, of excellent parts, but of ſmall affection for the Earl of *Murray*. He, hearing this commination of *John Knox*, went home to his ſiſter, and ſaid, — 'That 'John Knox had been raving to ſpeak of he knew 'not whom.' His ſiſter replied with tears,—'If you 'had taken my advice, you had not written thoſe 'words;' and told him,—'That none of *John Knox*'s 'threatnings fell to the ground without effect.' And accordingly, not long after, this Gentleman died in *Italy*, where he had none to aſſiſt, much leſs to lament him.

During Mr *Knox*'s laſt ſickneſs, many perſons viſited him, to whom he ſpake moſt comfortably. Among others, the Earl of *Morton* came, to whom he ſaid,—'My Lord, God hath given you many 'bleſſings; wiſdom, honour, nobility, riches, and 'many good and great friends; and he is now about 'to prefer you to the government of the realm, (the 'Earl of *Mar*, the preceeding Regent, being newly 'dead.) In his name I charge you, uſe theſe bleſ-'ſings better than formerly you have done; ſeeking 'firſt the glory of God, the furtherance of his goſ-'pel, the maintenance of his church and miniſtry; 'and then be careful for the King, to procure his 'good, and the welfare of the realm. If you do 'thus, God will be with you, and honour you; if 'otherwiſe, he will deprive you of all theſe bene-'fits, and your end ſhall be ſhame and ignominy.' Theſe words the Earl called to mind about nine years after, at the time of his execution, ſaying,—'That 'he had found *John Knox* to be a prophet.'

A day or two before *Knox*'s death, he ſent for Mr *David Lindſey*, Mr *Lawſon*, and the Elders and Deacons of the church; to whom he ſaid,—'The 'time is approaching which I have long thirſted for; 'wherein I ſhall be releaſed from all my cares, and

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'be with my Saviour Chriſt for ever. And now, 'God is my witneſs, whom I have ſerved with my 'ſpirit in the goſpel of his ſon, that I have taught 'nothing but the true and ſincere word of God; and 'that the end that I propoſed in my miniſtry, was 'to inſtruct the ignorant, to confirm the weak, to 'comfort their conſciences who were humbled under 'a ſenſe of their ſins, and borne down with the 'threatnings of God's judgments. I am not igno-'rant, that many have blamed, and do blame my 'rigor and ſeverity, as too great; but God know-'eth, that in my heart I never hated thoſe againſt 'whom I thundered God's judgments; I only hated 'their ſins, and laboured, according to my power, 'to gain them to Chriſt. As to my forbearing none, 'of what condition ſoever, I did it out of the fear 'of my God, who hath placed me in the function of 'his miniſtry, and, I know, will bring me to an ac-'count. Now, brethren, for yourſelves I have no 'more to ſay, but to warn you, that you take heed 'to the flock over which God hath placed you as 'Overſeers, and which he hath redeemed by the 'blood of his only begotten Son. And you, Mr '*Lawſon*, fight a good fight; Do the work of the 'Lord with courage, and a willing mind; and God 'from heaven bleſs you, and the church whereof 'you have the charge. Againſt it, ſo long as it 'continues in the doctrine of the truth, *the gates of* '*hell ſhall not prevail.*'

Having thus ſpoken, and the Elders and Deacons being diſmiſſed, he called the two Preachers to him, and ſaid:—'There is one thing that grieveth me ex-'ceedingly: You have ſometimes ſeen the courage 'and conſtancy of the Laird of *Grainge* in the cauſe 'of God, and now that unhappy man is caſting 'himſelf away: I pray you, go to him from me, 'and tell him, that unleſs he forſake that wicked 'courſe he is in, the rock wherein he confideth

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'ſhall not defend him, nor the carnal wiſdom of 'that man, whom he counteth half a God (which 'was young *Leſhington*) ſhall yield him help; but 'he ſhall be ſhamefully led out of that neſt (meaning 'the caſtle, which he kept againſt the King's au-'thority) and his carcaſe hung before the ſun: For 'his ſoul is dear to me; and if it were poſſible, I 'would fain have him ſaved.'

Accordingly, they went and conferred with that Laird; but could by no means divert him from his courſe. And, as *Knox* had foretold, the caſtle was taken the year after, and he was hanged before the ſun; but at his death he expreſſed his ſerious repentance.

The next day Mr *Knox* gave order for the making of his coffin, and continued all the day, as he did through all his ſickneſs, in fervent prayer; crying, —'Come, Lord Jeſus; ſweet Jeſus, into thy hands 'I commend my ſpirit.'

Being aſked, Whether his pains were great? He anſwered.—'That he did not eſteem that pain, which 'would be to him the end of all troubles, and the 'beginning of eternal joys.'

Oft, after ſome deep meditation, he would ſay,— 'O ſerve the Lord in fear, and death ſhall not be 'troubleſome to you. Bleſſed is the death of thoſe 'who have a part in the death of Jeſus.'

The night before his death, he ſlept ſome hours with great diſquietude, often ſighing and groaning; whereupon, when he awaked, thoſe about him aſked him, how he did? and what it was that made him mourn ſo heavily? To whom he anſwered:

'In my life-time I have been aſſaulted with temp-'tations from Satan, and he hath oft caſt my ſins 'in my teeth, to drive me to deſpair; yet God 'gave me ſtrength to overcome all his temptations: 'But now the ſubtle Serpent takes another courſe, 'and ſeeks to perſuade me, that all my labours in

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'the miniſtry, and the fidelity that I have ſhewed 'in that ſervice, hath merited heaven and immor-'tality. But, bleſſed be God, it brought to my 'mind theſe ſcriptures, *What haſt thou that thou haſt 'not received?* And, *Not I, but the grace of God in 'me:* With which he is gone away aſhamed, and 'ſhall no more return. And now I am ſure that 'my battle is at an end; and that without pain of 'body, or trouble of ſpirit, I ſhall change this mor-'tal and miſerable life, for that happy and immor-'tal life that ſhall never have an end.'

After which, one who had prayed by his bed aſked him, if he had heard the prayer?—'Yes; (ſaid he) 'and would to God that all preſent had heard it with 'ſuch an ear and heart as I have done;' adding,—'Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit!' With which words, without any motion of hands or feet, as one falling aſleep, rather than dying, he ended his life, A. D. 1572, Aged 62.

Men of all ranks were preſent at his burial. The Earl of *Murray*, when the corps was put into the ground, ſaid,—'Here lies the body of him, who in 'his life-time never feared the face of any man.'

Mr *Knox*, a little before his death, roſe out of his bed; and being aſked, Why he roſe, being ſo ſick? he anſwered,—'That he had had in the night ſweet 'meditations on the reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt; and 'now he would go into the pulpit, and impart to 'others the comforts he felt in his ſoul.'

XXXIV. JOAN, Queen of NAVARRE.

SHE was the daughter of *Henry* II. King of *Navarre*, and of *Margaret* of *Orleans*, ſiſter to *Francis* I. of that name, King of *France*. She was by her parents carefully inſtructed, from her infancy,

in the Proteſtant religion; and ſhe conſtantly adhered to it all her life. She married *Anthony* of *Bourbon*, ſon of *Charles* Duke of *Vendoſme*; by whom ſhe had *Henry*, the fourth of that name, King of *France* by his father's right; and the ſecond of that name, King of *Navarre*, by his mother's.

This illuſtrious Proteſtant Queen was betrayed into a conſent to a propoſed match between her ſon and the King of *France*'s ſiſter, the Lady *Margaret*. After many debates concerning the lawfulneſs and expediency of the marriage, at length, by the fair and ſpecious pretences of the King and the Queen-Mother, and by the judgment of ſome of her Proteſtant Divines in favour of it, while ſome of them were much againſt it, ſhe agreed to it. The King of *France* having inſiſted on the nuptials being celebrated at *Paris*, as the celebration of them there, he urged, would have the beſt countenance for the general ſatisfaction; this was likewiſe agreed to.

The good Queen arrived at *Paris* in order to attend theſe nuptials; little thinking, that the glory and ſtrength of the Proteſtants, which attended her on this occaſion, was to be made a ſacrifice, and ſhe herſelf the firſt victim.

The Queen-Mother, hating this good Queen, and not finding under what colour ſhe might diſpatch her with the reſt, and fearing the greatneſs of her ſpirit, in caſe ſhe ſhould ſurvive them, conſulted with one *Rene*, an *Italian*; by whoſe deviliſh help ſhe brought her wicked purpoſe to paſs. This *Rene* ſold the Queen of *Navarre* certain perfumes, with which he mingled a poiſon of ſuch a nature, that acting only as a perfume, it was the cauſe of her death. And afterwards he was heard to brag of it.

The Queen ſoon fell ſick of a continued fever; ſhe ſettled her affairs, and gave excellent advice to her ſon, eſpecially concerning religion.

To her Divines that were about her, ſhe ſaid:—'I 'take all this as ſent from the hand of God, my 'moſt merciful Father. Nor have I, during this 'extremity, feared to die; much leſs murmured 'againſt God, for inflicting this chaſtiſement upon 'me; knowing, that whatſoever he does with me, 'he ſo orders it, as that in the end it ſhall turn to 'my everlaſting good. As for this life, I am in a 'good meaſure weaned from it by the afflictions 'which have followed me from my early years to 'this day; and the more ſo, becauſe I cannot live 'without offending my God, with whom I deſire to 'be with my whole heart.'

She ſaid,—'She was indeed ſomewhat anxious for 'her children which God had given her, as they 'would be deprived of her in their younger years; 'but (ſhe added) I doubt not but God himſelf will 'be their Father and Protector, as he hath ever been 'mine in my greateſt afflictions; and therefore I 'commit them wholly to his government and fa-'therly care. I believe that Chriſt is my only Me-'diator and Saviour; and I look for ſalvation from 'no other, knowing that he hath abundantly ſatis-'fied for the ſins of all his people; and therefore I 'am aſſured, that God, for his ſake, and according 'to his gracious promiſe in him, will have mercy 'upon me. O my God, in thy good time deliver 'me from this body of death, and from the miſeries 'of this preſent life, that I may no more offend thee, 'and that I may attain to the felicity which thou in 'thy word haſt promiſed to beſtow upon me.'

And when ſhe ſaw her ladies and women weeping about her bed, ſhe blamed them, ſaying,—'Weep 'not for me, I pray you; for God doth, by this 'ſickneſs, call me hence to enjoy a better life: And 'now I ſhall enter into the deſired haven, towards 'which this frail veſſel of mine hath been a long 'time ſteering.'

The Divine in waiting then aſked her,—'Whether ſhe placed her whole truſt and confidence in Chriſt crucified, as having died for her ſins, and roſe again for her juſtification?' To this the godly Queen anſwered, —'That ſhe expected ſalvation, righteouſneſs, and life, only from her Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; being aſſured, that his merit alone did abundantly ſuffice as a ſatisfaction for all her ſins, notwithſtanding they were innumerable.'

She ſweetly yielded up her ſpirit into the hands of God, *June* 9, 1572, the ſixth day after ſhe fell ſick, Aged 44.

To obviate and remove all ſuſpicions of her being poiſoned, which ſome circumſtances of her ſickneſs and death might occaſion, the court ordered her body to be opened, and inſpected by ſeveral perſons learned in phyſic and expert in ſurgery; who found her heart and liver very ſound, but ſome ſchirrouſneſs on one ſide of her lungs: But her head, where the poiſon had wrought, they might not open; and ſo the wickedneſs was concealed.

XXXV. Mr HENRY BULLINGER.

HE was born at *Bremogart* in *Switzerland*, A. D. 1504, and was of an honourable family, which had flouriſhed there for above two hundred years. Twice in his infancy he eſcaped death very narrowly: The firſt time in the plague ſickneſs; which had reduced him ſo far beneath the hope of recovery, that preparations were made for his funeral: The ſecond time, under a dangerous wound; for as he was running and playing on a pipe, he fell down, and, by his fall, ſtruck the pipe ſo far into his throat, that he was taken up for dead, and for five days could eat nothing; but the Lord again reſtored him.

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His reading the ſcriptures, and the works of St *Jerom*, were ſo bleſſed to him, as to become the means of his converſion: Ever after which there was a ſweet agreement between *Calvin* and him. He was very helpful to many of our countrymen, who fled from the perſecution in Queen *Mary*'s reign to *Zurick*, and the parts about it. He was one of the chief of the *Helvetian* Divines. He married but once, and had ſix ſons and five daughters. One of his daughters he gave in marriage to *Zuinglius*; another to *Lavater*, and a third to *Simpler*; all Miniſters of the goſpel in *Zurick*, the place of his own reſidence.

In the year 1574 he fell under a grievous diſeaſe, which much tormented him, and at the ſame time cut him off from his function: But it pleaſing God to give him eaſe, after three months ſore affliction, he reſumed his miniſtry. The year following he relapſed; when though the pain he ſuffered was almoſt intolerable, yet he never appeared, either by word or geſture, under the leaſt impatience; but prayed the more fervently. And when he had any eaſe, he uſed to diſcourſe very pleaſantly with his friends; on one occaſion ſaying,—'If the Lord will 'make any farther uſe of me, and my miniſtry in his 'church, I ſhall willingly obey him; but if he ſhall 'pleaſe (as I much deſire) to take me out of this 'miſerable life, I ſhall exceedingly rejoice; as I 'ſhall be taken from a wretched age, to go to my 'Saviour Chriſt. *Socrates*, ſaid he, was glad when 'his death approached; becauſe, as he thought, he 'ſhould go to *Homer*, *Heſiod*, and other learned men, 'whom he thought he ſhould meet with in the other 'world. How much more do I joy, who am ſure 'that I ſhall ſee my Saviour Chriſt, the Saints, Pa-'triarchs, Prophets, Apoſtles, and all the holy men 'who have lived from the beginning of the world. 'Since, I ſay, I am ſure to ſee them, and to partake

'of their joys; why ſhould I not willingly die, to be 'a ſharer in their eternal ſociety and glory?'

He took his farewel of the Miniſters and Profeſſors of the univerſities with tears, which, he ſaid, proceeded not from his fear of death, but as *Paul*'s, from his great love to them; having made before them a confeſſion of his faith.

He writ alſo a farewel to the Magiſtrates, exhorting them to continue their care of the church and ſchools, thanking them for their kindneſs to him, and intreating them to appoint *Ralph Gualter* to be his ſucceſſor. On the day he died he was much in prayer, repeating the fifty firſt, the ſixteenth, and forty ſecond Pſalms, and the Lord's Prayer; and ſo departed to be with Chriſt, A. D. 1575, Aged 71.

XXXVI. Mr EDWARD DEERING.

HE deſcended from a very ancient family in *Kent*, was a fellow of *Chriſt*'s college in *Cambridge*, and a very famous Preacher. His printed diſcourſes are full of divine learning and conſolation. Though content with his fellowſhip, he ſought not preferment, he was appointed a Preacher at St *Paul*'s in *London*; and he filled up that appointment with a ſeries of faithful labours in the work of the goſpel.

In his laſt ſickneſs, diſcerning its termination in death, he ſaid to ſome friends who were on a viſit to him,—'The good Lord pardon my great negligence, 'that while I had time, I uſed not the precious gift 'more for the advancement of his glory, as I might 'have done: Yet, I bleſs God, I have not abuſed 'the giſt on ambition, and vain ſtudies. When I 'am dead, my enemies will be reconciled to me; 'except they be ſuch as either knew me not, or have

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'no goodneſs in them; for I have faithfully, and 'with a good conſcience, ſerved the Lord my God.'

After he had laid ſtill a while, a friend of his who then attended him, having ſaid, that he hoped his mind had been employed in holy meditation while he lay ſo ſilent, he replied in the following manner:— 'A poor wretch, and miſerable man as I am; the 'leaſt of all ſaints, and the greateſt of all ſinners; 'yet I truſt in, and, by the eye of faith, I look upon 'Chriſt my Saviour. Yet a little while, and we 'ſhall ſee our hope. The end of the world is come 'upon us; and we ſhall quickly receive the end of 'our hope, which we have ſo much looked for.— 'Afflictions, diſeaſes, ſickneſs, and grief, are but 'parts of that portion which God hath allotted to 'us in this world. 'Tis not enough to continue for 'a little while; we muſt perſevere in the fear of the 'Lord all the days of our lives, for in a moment 'we ſhall be taken away. Take heed therefore, that 'you do not make a paſtime of, nor diſeſteem the 'word of God. Bleſſed are they, who, while they 'have tongues, uſe them for God's glory.'

He was very near his death, when being ſet up in his bed, ſome of his friends requeſted him to ſpeak ſomething to them that might be for their edification and comfort; whereupon he took occaſion from the ſun, which then ſhone in his face, to ſpeak in the following manner:—'As there is but one ſun in the 'world, ſo there is but one righteouſneſs, and one 'communion of ſaints. If I were the moſt excellent 'of all creatures in the world, equal in righteouſneſs 'to *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*, yet would I confeſs 'myſelf to be a ſinner, and that I expected ſalvation 'only in the righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt; for we 'all ſtand in need of the grace of God. As for my 'death, I bleſs God, I find and feel ſo much com-'fort and joy in my ſoul, that if I were put to my 'choice, whether to die or live, I would a thouſand

'times rather chooſe death than life, if it may ſtand 'with the holy will of God.'

This humble excellent man died in the year 1576.

XXXVII. Mr ABRAHAM BUCHOLTZER.

BUCHOLTZER was born at *Schovavium*, of a very ancient and honourable family.

He often ſpoke of it as his great happineſs, that he was born after the reſtoration of the light of the goſpel, and that he was bred up under *Melancthon*; on whoſe lectures he attended diligently, receiving from him both the principles of learning and religion. He had an admirable ſweetneſs and addreſs in preaching, and was of a ſound judgment and holy life.

In his laſt ſickneſs, being, on account of his weakneſs, carried to church, he preached his laſt ſermon, which was on the bleſſed departure of a faithful man out of this life; and which he delivered in ſo excellent a manner, that the auditors ſaid,—'*Bucholtzer* 'hath uſually exceeded our other Preachers, but 'now he hath exceeded himſelf.'

He often meditated on death; a little before his own, he expreſſed himſelf to a friend in the following manner:—'It hath always been formerly my 'care, in what corner ſoever I was, to be ready 'when God called; to ſay with *Abraham*, *Behold*, '*my Lord*, *here I am*. But now, above all other 'things, I ſhould be moſt willing ſo to anſwer, if he 'would pleaſe to call me out of this miſerable life 'into his glorious kingdom: For truly, I deſire no-'thing ſo much, as the happy and bleſſed hour of 'death.'

He died, A. D. 1584, Aged 55.

XXXVIII. GAS-

XXXVIII. GASPER OLEVIAN.

HE was born in *Triers*, A. D. 1536, the ſon of a Baker in that city, and brought up to the Civil Law. He ſtudied in the univerſity of *Biturg*, at the ſame time that the young Prince *Palatine*, ſon to *Frederick* III, afterwards Elector, purſued his ſtudies under *Nicholas Judex*. *Olevian* being very intimate with *Judex*, went one day after dinner to the river *Lieg*, near that city, with him and the young Prince. When they were come thither, they found ſome young *Germans* of quality, who were ſtudents, going into a boat; and theſe deſired the Prince and his Tutor to croſs the river with them. *Olevian* perceiving that theſe youths of quality had drank too freely, adviſed the Prince and his Tutor not to venture themſelves with ſuch company: But they both neglecting his counſel, went into the boat; which being put off from the bank, the drunken youths began ſo to joſtle one another, that at laſt they overſet the boat, and were all drowned. *Judex* being ſkilful in ſwimming, caught hold of the young Prince, but was unable to keep him up; ſo they both ſunk.

Olevian ſtanding upon the bank, and ſeeing this ſad ſpectacle, leapt into the river, in order to help them; but lighting on a muddy bottom, he ſunk in mud and water up to the chin; and was held ſo faſt, that he deſpaired of his own life. In this danger he prayed to God, and vowed, that if God would deliver him, he would preach the goſpel to his fellow-citizens, if he ſhould be called to it; when it pleaſed God, that a footman of one of the youths of quality coming to the river ſide, and ſeeing *Olevian*, caught him by the head, taking him for his own maſter,

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and drew him out. *Olevian* being delivered by ſo ſpecial a providence, ſtudied Divinity, together with the Law; reading the ſacred ſcriptures, with *Calvin*'s commentaries on them.

A while after, returning to *Triers* as a man of the Law, and being retained in ſeveral cauſes, he was at length ſo diſſatisfied with the frequent pervertings of juſtice, that he left the profeſſion of the Law, and wholly ſet himſelf to the ſtudy of Divinity. He went to *Geneva*, and afterwards to *Zurick*, where he ſojourned with *Bullinger*; and in 1559 he returned to *Triers*, where he was kindly entertained by the Senators: But after preaching there a little while, he met with great oppoſition from the Archbiſhop of *Triers*; and in 1560 he went to *Heidleberg*, where he laboured in the word and doctrine with great ſucceſs.

In his laſt ſickneſs, being viſited by *Lodowic Witgenſtein*, and *John* of *Naſſau*, he told them,—'That 'by that ſickneſs he had learnt to know the great-'neſs of ſin, and the greatneſs of God's majeſty, 'more than he had ever done before.'

The next day, *John Piſcator* viſiting him, he told him,—'That the day before, for four hours to-'gether, he had been filled with ineffable joy; ſo 'that he wondered his wife did not then aſk him, 'if he were not ſomething better; as, indeed, he 'could never be better: For, ſaid he, I thought I 'was in a moſt pleaſant meadow, and that as I 'walked up and down in it, I was ſprinkled with 'heavenly dew; and that not ſparingly, but plen-'tifully poured down; by which both my body and 'ſoul were filled with ineffable joy.'

To this *Piſcator* replied,—'That good ſhepherd, 'Jeſus Chriſt, led thee into green paſtures.'—'Yes, 'ſaid *Olevian*, to the ſprings of living waters.'

Afterwards, having repeated ſome paſſages, full of comfort, from *Pſalm* xlii. *Iſaiah* ix. *Mat.* xi. and other parts of ſcripture, he ſaid again and again,—

'I

'I would not have my journey to God long deferred:
'I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.'

He commended to the Senate the care of the poor by his Deacon, *James Alſted*; at the ſame time directing what he would have done with his writings after his death. Then he gave his hand and farewel to his collegues and friends. And when he was in the agony of death, *Alſted* aſking him if he was ſure of his ſalvation in Chriſt, he anſwered.—'Moſt ſure:' And ſo he gave up the ghoſt. A. D. 1587, Aged 51.

XXXIX. Mr GEORGE JOHNIUS.

HE was born at *Friburg* in the *Wetteraw*, A. D. 1551, of parents of good eſteem, who gave him a learned education. He was deſigned for the Law; and was, with his own free conſent, engaged in the ſtudy of it, when it pleaſed God to call him to a higher ſtudy; concerning which he thus writ.

'What hath ſo ſoon altered my opinion, I ſhall 'briefly declare to you, that you may know and 'approve the reaſon of it, and give thanks to God 'for his mercy to us. When on the one and twen-'tieth of *July* I was hearing *Tuberus*'s lecture on 'the Law, before half an hour was paſt, as I was 'writing what he ſpake, I fell under ſerious impreſ-'ſions: For, on a ſudden, the excellency and ma-'jeſty of divine learning came into my mind, and 'did ſo delight and captivate me, that I could not 'but reſolve to give over the ſtudy of the Law, and 'wholly to apply myſelf to that of Divinity; and 'this thought ſunk deeper and deeper into my mind, 'and was ſo urgent upon me, that I could no longer 'hearken to the Law lecture. I could not write out 'what I had begun; ſo that I knew not what to do.

'And

'And it did ſo follow me, that I was not only averſe 'to the reading of any more Law, but I abhorred 'the thoughts of it. And thus, not knowing what 'to reſolve on, I betook myſelf with ſighs and tears 'to God; intreating him to reſtore to me my former 'love to, and delight in the Law: But if he would 'not, I ſaid, that I was ready to follow his call in 'any thing. As often as I returned to read the Law, 'my heart beat, and my eyes abhorred the letters 'of the book. Upon the whole, conſulting with 'two of my godly and affectionate friends, they 'judged that I was called of God to the ſtudy of Di-'vinity; and therefore, giving thanks to the Al-'mighty, I wholly applied myſelf to it.'

He was for ſome years Rector of the college of *Wiſdom*, and Profeſſor of Divinity at *Heidleberg*. He had great ſkill in the languages, greater in the liberal arts, but his greateſt ſkill was in Divinity and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. He was withal a perſon of great integrity and holineſs of life.

He bore his laſt ſickneſs with much patience, often and fervently praying, – 'O Chriſt, thou art my Re-'deemer, and I know that thou haſt redeemed me. 'I wholly depend on thy providence and mercy. 'From the very bottom of my heart I commend my 'ſpirit into thy hands.' And ſo he ſlept in the Lord, A. D. 1589, Aged 38. *Calvin* preached his funeral ſermon.

XL. Mr WILLIAM WHITAKER.

HE was born at *Holme*, in the pariſh of *Bournley*, in *Lancaſhire*, and deſcended from an ancient family. He was a man of eminent learning and piety.

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In the whole courſe of his laſt ſickneſs he diſcovered a great ſubmiſſion to the divine will; expreſſing himſelf in prayer in the words of *Job*,—'*O Lord my God, though thou killeſt me, yet, I am ſure, with theſe eyes I ſhall ſee thee; for in thee do I hope.*' To a friend who one morning aſked him how he did, he anſwered,—'O happy night; I have not taken ſo 'ſweet a ſleep ſince my diſeaſe fell upon me.'

But his friend finding him in a cold ſweat, and telling him that ſigns of death appeared on him, he anſwered,—'Life or death is welcome to me, which 'God pleaſeth; for death ſhall be an advantage to 'me. I deſire not to live, but only ſo far as I may 'do God and his church ſervice.' He died, A. D. 1595, Aged 47.

He was appointed, when but young, to ſucceed Dr *Chaderton*, as Profeſſor of Divinity at *Queen's* college in *Cambridge*, on the Doctor's being made a Biſhop: And in that province he continued ſixteen years.

Biſhop *Hall* ſaith of him,—'Never man ſaw him 'without reverence, nor heard him without won-'der.' Cardinal *Bellarmine* procured his picture out of *England*, and hung it up in his ſtudy; much admiring him for his ſingular learning. And being aſked by a Jeſuit, why he would ſuffer the picture of that heretic to hang there? He anſwered,—'That 'tho' he was an heretic, and his adverſary, he was a 'learned adverſary.'

XLI. Mr ROBERT ROLLOCK.

HE was born in *Scotland*, and deſcended from the ancient family of the *Livingſtons*. He had part of his education under the celebrated *Thomas Buchanan*,

chanan, and became a great ſcholar and a great Divine.

Beza meeting with his commentaries on the Epiſtle to the *Romans* and *Epheſians*, writ to a friend concerning them,—'That he had got a treaſure of unſpeakable worth; and that he had not met with the like before, for brevity, elegance, and judiciouſneſs. I pray God to preſerve the author, and daily to increaſe his gift in him; eſpecially in theſe times, wherein the vineyard of the Lord hath ſo few labourers.'

In his laſt illneſs he was greatly favoured with the divine preſence, ſometimes to the aſtoniſhment of thoſe that were about him. —'O my God, I have hitherto, ſaid he, ſeen but darkly in the glaſs of thy word. O Lord, grant that I may enjoy the eternal fruition of thy countenance, which I have ſo much deſired and longed for. I bleſs God, I have all my ſenſes entire, but my heart is in heaven; and, Lord Jeſus, why ſhouldeſt thou not have it? It hath been my care, all my life long, to dedicate it to thee: I pray thee take it, that it may live with thee for ever. Come, Lord Jeſus, put an end to this miſerable life. Haſte, Lord, and tarry not. Chriſt hath redeemed me, not to a frail and momentary, but to eternal life. Come, Lord Jeſus, and give me that life for which thou haſt redeemed me. I have gone through all the degrees of this life, and now am come to my end: Why ſhould I go back again? O Lord help me, that I may go through this laſt degree with thy aſſiſtance. Lead me to that glory which I have ſeen as thro' a glaſs. O that I were with thee!'

Being told on a Saturday that the next day was the Sabbath, he ſaid,—'Thy Sabbath, O Lord, ſhall begin my eternal Sabbath. My eternal Sabbath ſhall take its beginning from thy Sabbath. I am weary of this life. All my deſire is, that I may

'enjoy

'enjoy that celeſtial life which is hid with Chriſt in 'God.'

A while after he prayed, ſaying,—'Haſte, Lord, 'and do not tarry. I am weary both of nights and 'days. Come, Lord Jeſus, that I may come to 'thee. I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee. 'Haſte, Lord Jeſus, and defer no longer. Go forth, 'my weak life, and let a better ſucceed. O Lord 'Jeſus, take my ſoul to thyſelf. O my ſweet Lord, 'ſet this ſoul of mine free, that it may enjoy her 'huſband.'

And when one attending him ſaid,—'Sir, let no-'thing trouble you; for now your Lord makes haſte:' He ſaid,—'O welcome news! Would to God my 'funeral might be to morrow!'

He continued in a heavenly frame till he reſigned up his ſpirit to God, and died, A. D. 1598, Aged 43.

XLII. Mr JOHN HOLLAND.

THE day before he died, he called for the Bible, ſaying,—'Come, O come; death approaches: 'Let us gather ſome flowers to comfort this hour.'

And turning with his own hand to *Romans* viii. he gave me the book, ſays Mr *Leigh*, and bid me read: And at the end of every verſe he would have a pauſe, and then gave the ſenſe to his own comfort, but more to our joy and wonder. Pity it is that we have not what he ſaid on this occaſion, and that ſome of his writings are kept from the public view. Having continued his meditations on *Romans* viii. thus read to him for two hours or more, on a ſudden he ſaid,—'O ſtay your reading. What brightneſs is 'this I ſee? Have you lighted up any candles?' To which, ſays Mr *Leigh*, I anſwered,—'No: It

'is

'is the ſun-ſhine;' (for it was about five o' clock in a clear ſummer's evening) — 'Sun-ſhine! (ſaid he) 'Nay, my Saviour's ſhine. Now farewel world; 'welcome heaven. The day-ſtar from on high hath 'viſited my heart. O ſpeak it when I am gone, 'and preach it at my funeral; God dealeth familiarly 'with man. I feel his mercy; I ſee his majeſty; '*whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot* '*tell, God knoweth:* But I ſee *things that are un-* '*utterable.*' Thus raviſhed in ſpirit, he roamed towards heaven with a chearful look, and ſoft ſweet voice; but what he ſaid we could not conceive. At laſt, ſhrinking down, he gave a ſigh with theſe words:—'Ah, yet it will not be. My ſins keep me 'from my God.'

Thus that evening, twice riſing and twice falling, with the ſun, in the morning following, he roſe never to fall; when again raiſing himſelf, as *Jacob* did upon his ſtaff, he ſhut up his bleſſed life with theſe bleſſed words: — 'O what a happy change ſhall I 'make! From death to life! From ſorrow to ſo-'lace! From a factious world to a heavenly being! 'O my dear brethren, ſiſters, and friends, it pitieth 'me to leave you behind. Yet remember my death 'when I am gone; and what I now feel, I hope 'you ſhall find ere you die, that God doth and will 'deal familiarly with men. And now, thou fiery 'chariot that cameſt down to fetch up *Elijah*, carry 'me to my happy hold. And all ye bleſſed angels, 'who attended the ſoul of *Lazarus* to bring it up to 'heaven, bear me, O bear me into the boſom of my 'beſt beloved. *Amen, Amen. Come, Lord Jeſus;* '*come quickly.*' And ſo he fell aſleep.

XLIII. Mrs

XLIII. Mrs CATHARINE BRETTERGH.

SHE was the daughter of *John Bruen* Eſq; of *Bruen Stapleford*. This pious gentlewoman, in the beginning of her ſickneſs, being exerciſed with ſore temptations, called for the aſſiſtance of praying friends to help her againſt the tempter. On which occaſion ſhe thus expreſſed herſelf in prayer: — 'O 'Lord God of my ſalvation, help my weakneſs; 'plead thou my cauſe, O God of truth, for in thee 'do I truſt. Bleſſed be thy name, O bleſſed Sa-'viour: Perfect the work, I humbly beſeech thee, 'which thou haſt begun in me.' And the victory was graciouſly given her.

Then was read to her the ſeventeenth chapter of the goſpel of St *John*. On the reading of the ninth verſe of which chapter,—*I pray not for the world, but for them which thou haſt given me; for they are thine:* She ſaid,— 'O Lord Jeſus, doſt thou pray for me? 'O bleſſed and ſweet Saviour, how wonderful, how 'wonderful, how wonderful are thy mercies! Read 'on, ſaid ſhe, 'tis the moſt bleſſed reading that ever 'I heard. The comfort of it ſweetens my ſoul.'

With the greateſt joy ſhe often ſaid, in ſome conformity with the words of *David*, Pſalm cvii. 8, 9. *I confeſs before the Lord his loving-kindneſs, and his wonderful works before the ſons of men; for he hath ſatisfied my ſoul, and filled my hungry ſoul with goodneſs.*

The reading of the ſeventeenth chapter of St *John*'s goſpel being continued, when ſhe heard the words at the 24th verſe, ſhe ſaid, — 'Stay, and let me me-'ditate on the goodneſs of the Lord; for this is the 'ſweeteſt ſaying that ever came to my ſoul; and 'now I perceive and feel the countenance of Chriſt,

'my Redeemer, is turned towards me. The bright 'ſhining beams of his mercy are ſpread over me. 'O happy am I, that ever I was born to ſee this bleſſed 'day! Praiſe, praiſe, O praiſe the Lord for his 'mercies; for he hath brought me out of darkneſs 'and the ſhadow of death; he hath delivered my 'ſoul from the ſnare of the hunter, and hath taken 'me out of the den of lions, even from the jaws of '*Leviathan*, that piercing and crooked ſerpent, and 'hath ſet me in a place of reſt and ſweet refreſhing. '*O praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul: All that is within* '*me praiſe his holy name. My ſoul, praiſe thou the* '*Lord, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiv-* '*eth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy infirmi-* '*ties; who hath redeemed thy life from the grave,* '*and crowned thee with mercy and compaſſion.*'

Theſe words ſhe often repeated, and calling to mind the words at the twenty firſt and twenty ſecond verſe of the forementioned chapter, ſhe ſaid,—O my 'ſweet Saviour, ſhall I be one with thee, as thou 'art one with thy Father? And wilt thou glorify 'me with that glory which thou hadſt with the Fa-'ther before the world was? And doſt thou ſo love 'me, who am but duſt and aſhes, as to make me 'partaker of glory with thee? What am I, but a 'poor wretch, that thou art ſo mindful of me? 'Oh, how wonderful, how wonderful, how won-'derful is thy love! Oh, thy love is unſpeakable, 'who haſt dealt ſo graciouſly with me! Oh, I feel 'thy mercies! And, Oh, that my tongue and 'heart were able to ſound forth thy praiſes as I 'ought, and willingly would do! Oh, that you 'all would help me to praiſe the holy One of *Iſrael*, 'the God of all conſolation!'

At another time ſhe expreſſed herſelf in the following manner:—'O my Lord, Oh my God, bleſſed 'be thy name for evermore, who haſt ſhewed me 'the path of life. Thou didſt, O Lord, hide thy

'face

'face from me for a little ſeaſon, but with ever-
'laſting mercy thou haſt had compaſſion on me.
'And now, bleſſed Lord, thy comforting preſence
'is come; yea, Lord, thou haſt had reſpect to thy
'handmaid; and art come with fulneſs of joy and
'abundance of conſolations. Bleſſed be thy name,
'O Lord my God.'

She then repeated the following parts of the ſix-teenth pſalm:— '*The Lord is the portion of my inhe-*
'*ritance: Wherefore my heart is glad, and my tongue*
'*rejoiceth. Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life. In*
'*thy preſence is fulneſs of joy; and at thy right hand*
'*there are pleaſures for evermore.* O, that I could
'therefore praiſe the Lord, as he is worthy to be
'praiſed! I will ſing to the Lord: I will ſing to
'the praiſe of the God of *Iſrael.* Come, come and
'help me; O help me to praiſe the Lord.'

She afterwards expreſſed herſelf thus:—'O praiſe
'the Lord; for he hath filled me with joy and glad-
'neſs of heart, and brought me from the gates of
'death and hell. My line is fallen to me in a
'pleaſant place; yea, I have a fair heritage: For
'the Lord is the portion of my inheritance: Oh,
'how pleaſant is the ſweet perfume of the place
'where I lie! It is ſweeter than *Aaron*'s perfume,
'which was compounded of principal ſpices. How
'comforting is the ſweetneſs I feel! It is ſurely like
'that odour which proceeded from the golden cenſer,
'that delights my ſoul. The taſte is precious. Do
'you not feel it? Oh, how ſweet it is! Sweeter
'than myrrh; than honey, or the honey-comb. Let
'me therefore ſing again and again to my Lord and
'my God.'

Then ſhe ſang part of the nineteenth pſalm, and part of the hundred and thirty ſixth pſalm. After which, ſhe ſaid to ſome who were on a viſit to her, —'Oh, the joys, the joys, the joys that I feel in

'my ſoul! Oh, they are wonderful, they are wonderful, they are wonderful!'

At another time ſhe ſpoke in the manner following:—'*The Lord is my light and my ſalvation: Whom then ſhall I fear? Though an hoſt pitch againſt me, yet my heart ſhall not be afraid: For the Lord hath ſaid, I will not leave thee nor forſake thee.* Indeed, I ſhould have fainted, but that I believed to ſee *the goodneſs of the Lord in the land of the living.* And now, *my heart is ready, my heart is ready* and prepared: Yes; it panteth after thee, O God. *As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God. My ſoul thirſteth for God, for the living God. When, Lord, when ſhall I come and appear before thy preſence?*

At another time:—'Lord, ſince it hath pleaſed thee to prepare my heart; whether it be for life or death, thy will be done. Diſpoſe of me for thy own glory. I am thine; Lord, work thy bleſſed pleaſure and good-will upon me.'

After this, ſhe fell into a ſhort ſlumber; from which awaking, ſhe ſaid;—'As the ſpouſe ſays to Chriſt in the Canticle, *Oh, come, kiſs me with the kiſſes of thy mouth; for thy love is better than wine.* Oh, how ſweet the kiſſes of my Saviour are!'

Then one of her friends praying, that the Lord would anoint her with the eye-ſalve of his grace, to the end ſhe might ſee his glory, ſhe ſaid,—'My eyes are opened, my eyes are opened. Though for a while they were cloſed up, yet now, I thank my God, my eyes are opened, and I feel and ſee the ever-living mercies of Chriſt. Thou ſaidſt, Seek my face. My heart anſwered thee, O Lord, I will ſeek thy face. O hide not therefore thy face from me, nor caſt thy ſervant away in diſpleaſure. Thou haſt been my ſuccour; leave me not, nor forſake me, O God of my ſalvation. O Lord Jeſus, thou haſt redeemed me; plead thou my cauſe,

'for

'for into thy hands alone do I commit my ſpirit,
'O thou God of truth.'

On which, finding in herſelf an increaſe of joy, and Mr *William Woodward* praiſing God with her for his great mercies towards her, ſhe further ſaid, —'I give thee thanks, O Father, Lord of heaven 'and earth, becauſe thou haſt hid theſe things from 'the wiſe and men of underſtanding, and haſt 'opened them to me, thy poor handmaid, who am 'but duſt and aſhes. How merciful, marvellous, 'and gracious art thou to me! Yes, Lord, I feel 'thy mercy, and am aſſured of thy love: And ſo 'certain am I of it, that as ſurely as thou art the 'God of truth, even ſo ſurely do I know myſelf to 'be thine, O Lord my God. This my ſoul know-'eth right well.'

Preſently after, being put into her chair, ſhe ſung the fourth pſalm; and then, being put to bed again, ſhe ſaid, — *I am ſure that my Redeemer liveth, and that I ſhall ſee him at the laſt day; whom I ſhall ſee, and mine eyes ſhall behold. And though, after my ſkin, worms deſtroy this body, yet ſhall I ſee God in my fleſh with theſe eyes, and none other.*

Then came in to ſee her Mr *William Harriſon*, the Miniſter; to whom ſhe ſaid, —'Oh, Mr *Harri-'ſon*, my ſoul hath been compaſſed about with 'terrors of death; fear within, and fear without: 'The ſorrows of hell were upon my ſoul, (which 'laſt word ſhe repeated twice or thrice) and a roar-'ing wilderneſs of wo was within me; but bleſſed, 'bleſſed, bleſſed be the Lord my God, who hath 'not left me comfortleſs; but, like a good ſhepherd, 'hath brought me into a place of reſt, even to the 'ſweet running waters of life, that flow out of the 'ſanctuary of God; and he hath led me into the 'green paſtures, where I am fed and exceedingly 'comforted. Yes, he hath reſtored my ſoul, and 'led me into the plain and eaſy paths of righteouſ-

'neſs. The way that I now go in is a ſweet and 'eaſy way, ſtrewed with flowers. Oh, bleſſed be 'the Lord; Oh, bleſſed be the Lord, who hath 'thus comforted me, and brought me now to a 'place more ſweet to me than the garden of *Eden!* 'Oh, the joy, the joy, the joy that I feel! Oh, 'how wonderful is this joy! O praiſe the Lord 'for his mercies, and for this joy which my ſoul 'feeleth full well. Praiſe his name for evermore.'

At another time, after ſome ſleep, ſhe ſaid,— 'Lord, I truſt in thee; have mercy upon me. Give 'me ſtrength to praiſe thee. Defend and preſerve 'me in the hour of temptation, and lay no more 'upon me than thou wilt enable me to bear. Hear, 'O Lord, and have mercy upon me. Lord, be 'thou my helper. Thou haſt put off my ſackcloth, 'and girded me with gladneſs: Therefore will I 'praiſe thee, O Lord my God. I will give thanks 'to thee for ever.'

Being near her death, and her ſtrength and ſpeech failing her, ſhe lift up her eyes, and with a ſweet countenance, and ſtill voice, ſaid,—'My warfare is 'accompliſhed, and mine iniquities are pardoned. 'Lord, *whom have I in heaven but thee?* And I 'have none on earth but thee. *My fleſh faileth, and 'my heart alſo; but God is the ſtrength of my heart, 'and my portion for ever.* He that preſerveth *Jacob*, 'and defendeth his *Iſrael*, he is my God, and will 'guide me unto death. Guide me, O Lord my 'God, and keep my ſoul in ſafety.' Preſently after which words, without any motion of body, ſhe fell aſleep in the Lord, *May* 31, 1601.

This excellent gentlewoman was the wife of Mr *William Brettergh* of *Bretterghoult*, near *Leverpool*, to whom ſhe was married at about twenty years of age. This gentleman, heartily embracing the doctrines of the goſpel, and walking in the ſpirit of them, ſuffered many things from brutiſh and cruel Papiſts,

Papiſts, who ſwarmed in thoſe parts. Twice they deſtroyed almoſt all the cattle he kept in his grounds; but his wife proved a great bleſſing to him, by the comfort and advice ſhe gave him under theſe and other trials.

She lived but little above two years after her marriage, and had only one daughter, who was named *Anna*. As her laſt ſickneſs was a burning fever, ſhe was ſometimes a little delirious; her animal ſpirits ſuffering, as is ordinary in ſuch a caſe. Satan was not wanting to improve ſuch a ſeaſon as this: And his temptations wrought ſo powerfully on her, that ſometimes ſhe threw her Bible from her, and ſaid,—'It was indeed the book of life; but ſhe 'had read it unprofitably; and therefore, feared it 'was become to her the book of death. Wo, wo, 'wo; a weak, a woful, a wretched, a forſaken 'woman!'

Sometimes ſhe was very dull in prayer: And once, when ſhe ſhould have ſaid,—*Lead us not into temptation*, ſhe ſtopped and ſaid,—'I may not pray; I 'may not pray; being interrupted, as ſhe ſaid, by 'Satan.'

Once, in the midſt of temptation, being aſked by Mr *William Fox*, whether ſhe believed the promiſes of God? And whether ſhe could pray? She anſwered,—'Oh that I could, I willingly would; but 'he will not let me. *Lord I believe; help my unbe-'lief.*' Which words ſhe uttered with a ſtill voice. And when Mr *Fox* replied, that if ſhe had a deſire to pray and believe, ſuch deſire was praying and believing; and ſo effectually, that hell gates ſhould not overcome her; according to the words of the Apoſtle, 2 Cor. viii. 12. *God accepteth according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not:* ſhe was much comforted.

Once, in a great conflict with the enemy, ſhe ſaid,—'Satan, reaſon not with me; I am but a weak

'woman. If thou haſt any thing to ſay, ſay it to 'Chriſt: He is my Advocate, my Strength, and 'my Redeemer; and he ſhall plead for me.' But from theſe temptations and conflicts ſhe was, a day or two before her death, wholly delivered; and to them ſucceeded the aſſurance and the joys we have mentioned.

See her life, with two funeral ſermons for her; one by Mr *William Harriſon*, the other by Mr *Leigh*, reprinted at *London* in 1612.

XLIV. THEODORE BEZA.

HE was bora at *Veſelia*, in the year 1519. His father *Peter Beza*, and his mother *Mary Burdolet*, were both of them nobly deſcended.

Beza became very learned in early life, and writ and publiſhed ſome pieces of poetry before he was twenty years of age. But as they were compoſitions of a looſe and wanton turn, he endeavoured, after his converſion, to ſuppreſs them: when the Papiſts, hating him for his religion, often printed them in order to diſgrace him.

He had two uncles of conſiderable note; one of whom dying, left him a handſome income; and the other, who was Abbot of *Frigidmont*, deſigned him for his ſucceſſor; the revenue of the Abbey being above five thouſand crowns a year, beſides two benefices annexed to it, worth ſeven hundred crowns more. Theſe things puffed him up not a little.

But it pleaſed God to work, in the midſt of theſe temptations, ſo powerfully by his grace on *Beza*'s heart, that diſcerning his danger, and the ſnares of Satan, he made a vow to renounce the errors of Popery; and leſt he ſhould be overcome by temptations of another kind, he privately married; making

ing only two of his faſt friends witneſſes of the ceremony: And then engaging, that within a limited time he would break through all impediments, have his wife to the true church of God, and there publickly confirm the marriage. But he delayed to perform his engagement, and the Lord ſtruck him with a ſore diſeaſe; which lay ſo long and grievouſly on him, that almoſt deſpairing of life, and being deeply humbled, with many tears he begged pardon of God, ſaying,—'Lord, bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I 'may praiſe thy name:' And the Lord heard, and reſtored him.

Being thus recovered, without farther delay he took his wife, and leaving friends, honours, riches, and country, he conducted her to *Geneva*, and there publickly ſolemnized his marriage. He was afterwards called to be *Greek* Profeſſor in the univerſity of *Lauſanne*; and when he had paſſed ten years there in that character, with the leave of the ſenate of *Berne* he returned to *Geneva*, and lived with *Calvin*, and was, from that time, his great aſſiſtant both in matters of doctrine and diſcipline.

Soon after his return to *Geneva*, at the requeſt of certain noblemen of *France*, he went to *Anthony* King of *Navarre*; to the end that, through the divine bleſſing, he might confirm that Prince in the true religion. Neither did this want effect. For A. D. 1561, the King of *France* dying at *Orleans*, the King of *Navarre* ſupporting the Prince of *Conde*; the Admiral *Cologni*, and other noblemen, prevailed with the Popiſh party to ceaſe from the executions and butcheries of the faithful ſervants of Chriſt.

Charles IX, of *France*, being come to the crown, publiſhed an edict for the preſervation of the common quiet, while the Papiſts and Proteſtants held a diſpute on religion. Hereupon the King of *Navarre* writ to the ſenate of *Geneva*, requeſting, that *Beza* might be ſent to aſſiſt at the debate: And the Queen-Mother

Mother writ for the ſame purpoſe to the ſenate of *Zurick*, to ſend *Peter Martyr* to her; and both were accordingly ſent.

There went alſo to this diſpute many Miniſters of the reformed churches in *France*; as they had the public faith given them, that they might, with all ſafety, ſtay and return at their pleaſure.

The chief diſputants on the ſide of the Pontificians repaired to this meeting, which was held at St *Germains*.

Beza was the very chief on the Proteſtant ſide, and defended the principles of the reformed churches by ſuch ſolid arguments, as threw ſhame and confuſion on the Popiſh party, and gave the higheſt ſatisfaction to many great perſons preſent. There were four of theſe meetings for diſputation: in all which *Beza* acquited himſelf as an able and faithful champion for the truth.

In one of the debates, one of the *Sorbonne* Doctors pointing with his finger to *Beza*, in a threatning manner ſaid, — 'If we could but once catch thee 'within the walls of the *Sorbonne*, thou ſhouldſt not 'get out again.'

A form of reconciliation was drawn up at the laſt meeting by the Proteſtants, but entirely rejected by the Pontificians. The civil wars broke out again in *France* in 1567. And in 1572, the maſſacre was perpetrated at *Paris*, which cauſed great bleedings of heart in this good man. By letters he ſent into *Germany* and *England*, he obtained relief for the Paſtors of fifty churches, who, being driven from their home, had fled to him; and they were, by his means, comfortably ſupported for three years.

By great labours and ſufferings his ſtrength was greatly weakened; but he did not wholly deſiſt from preaching, till *January*, in the year 1600, when he was eighty one years old; and his laſt ſermon was

on

on the third petition of the Lord's prayer, — *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

In his laſt illneſs he was afflicted with tedious watchings, lying awake in the nights; but he endeavoured to ſweeten the time by holy meditations. And ſpeaking to his friends of it, he uſed the words of the Pſalmiſt:— *My reins alſo inſtruct me in the night-ſeaſon. I have ſet the Lord always before me. In his favour is life. My ſoul is ſatisfied as with marrow and fatneſs, when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night-watches.*

He often uſed the words of the Apoſtle, — '*We are his workmanſhip, created in Chriſt Jeſus to good works.* Likewiſe thoſe of St *Auguſtine*, — 'I have lived long, 'I have ſinned long: Bleſſed be the name of the Lord.'

He often repeated the following Prayer:— 'Lord, 'perfect that which thou haſt begun, that I ſuffer 'not ſhipwreck in the haven!' And often ſaid; — 'Lord, we follow thee, by thee, to thee. We 'follow thee, becauſe thou art the Truth; by thee, 'becauſe thou art the Way; to thee, becauſe thou 'art the Life.'

On Lord's day morning, *October* 13, he roſe, and prayed with his family; and then deſiring to go to bed again, he ſat down on the ſide of the bed, and aſked, —'If all things were quiet in the city?' He was anſwered,—'They were.' And being perceived to be near his end, a Miniſter was immediately ſent for, and immediately came; and while he was praying with him, *Beza*, without the leaſt pain or groan, quietly yielded up his ſpirit to God, A. D. 1605, Aged 86.

Beza was a thick-ſet man, and of a ſtrong conſtitution. He uſed to ſay, — 'That he never knew 'what it was to have the head-ach.' He was a perſon of ſuch wit, judgment and memory, ſo eloquent, affable, and courteous, that he was called the Phœnix of his time.

In

In his laſt will he expreſſed his thankfulneſs,— 'That God had called him to the knowledge of the 'truth at ſixteen years of age, tho' he walked not an- 'ſwerably to it; till the Lord in mercy brought him 'home, and carried him to *Geneva*; where, under 'that great man *Calvin*, he learned Chriſt more fully: 'That being infected with the plague at *Lauſanne*. 'and aſperſed with grievous calumny, the Lord had 'delivered him from the one and the other: 'That being returned to *Geneva*, he was there choſen 'Paſtor, while he deſerved not to be one of the ſheep: 'That not long after, he was made collegue with 'that excellent man, *John Calvin*, in reading divinity: 'That being called into *France* in the firſt civil war, 'and toſſed there up and down for twenty two months, 'God had preſerved him from ſix hundred dangers.

A Papiſt objecting to him the looſe poems of his youth, he anſwered,— 'That man vexeth himſelf, 'becauſe Chriſt hath vouchſafed me his grace.'

XLV. Mr H. BROUGHTON.

HE was born at *Oldburg* in *Shropſhire*. After ſome years reſidence at *Cambridge*, he came in the year 1588 to *London*, when the *Spaniſh* Armada was at ſea, and mens hearts were full of fears concerning the event. Whereupon he encouraged the people exceedingly in his ſermons, and once particularly in the following manner:—'Now, ſaid he, the Papiſts 'knees knock one againſt another, as did the knees 'King *Belſhazzar*; and news will come, that the 'Lord hath ſcattered that invincible navy. Fear ye 'not, nor be diſmayed at theſe fire-brands.'

He ſuffered much by perſecution, was abroad many years; but returned at laſt, and died, according to his deſire, in his native country.

In his laſt illneſs he gave many pious exhortations to thoſe who viſited him.— 'Study, ſaid he, the Bible. 'Labour

'Labour to ſave one another. Be peaceable. Med-
'dle with your own matters. Some great judgment
'will come upon this kingdom. Never fear Popery:
'It ſhall never overflow again. But the courſe
'which the Biſhops take will fill the land with
'atheiſm. Meddle not with the quareler. Teach
'not the unwilling.'

When he drew near to death, he told thoſe about him, — 'That Satan had aſſaulted him; but, he 'added, The Son of God hath rebuked him, and 'hath ſpoken comfortable words to my ſoul.'

He died *Auguſt* 4, 1612, Aged 63.

XLVI. Mr THOMAS HOLLAND.

HE was born in *Shropſhire*, in the year 1539, and brought up in *Exeter* college in *Oxford*.

When in his old age he became weak and ſickly, he ſpent all his time in fervent prayers and heavenly meditations; and when his departure was at hand, he often ſighed and prayed,— 'Come, O come, Lord 'Jeſus, thou morning ſtar! Come, Lord Jeſus, I 'deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee!'

And ſo he quietly ſlept in the Lord, A. D. 1612, Aged 73.

He obtained the degree of Doctor of divinity, was choſen Maſter of *Exeter* college, and, for his excellent learning, was appointed Regius Profeſſor, or Doctor of the chair, in which province he ſucceeded Doctor *Humfreid*; and acquitted himſelf ſo happily, as to be greatly praiſed for his capacity and conduct, both at home and in foreign univerſities.

He was, like *Apollos*, a man mighty in the ſcriptures, was a faithful Preacher of the truth, and one that adorned it by a holy life and converſation, a zealous defender of the principles of the reformation, and ſuch an abhorrer of ſuperſtition and idolatry, that whenever he ſet out from the college on a jour-

ney,

ney, having called the Fellows together, he uſed to ſay to them,—'I commend you to the love of God, 'and to the hatred of Popery and ſuperſtition.' He continued Doctor of the chair twenty years.

XLVII. Mr JOHN JAMES GRYNAEUS.

HE was born at *Berne* in *Switzerland*, in the year 1540. His father, who was poſſeſſed of a paſtoral charge at *Raetela*, and died of the plague in the year 1564, and his mother, *Adelheida Stuberina*, were godly perſons.

In the latter part of his life he was almoſt blind, and oft tormented with the colic; but he bore all with admirable patience, and in the midſt of his pains and infirmities would ſay,—'To die in Chriſt 'is ſweet, but to riſe in him is ſweeter. Chriſt is 'ſufficient both in life and death. On earth are 'troubles: In the grave is reſt. At the laſt day we 'ſhall have laſting joys.'

Writing to his friend *Chytræus*, he ſaid,—'If we 'never ſee one another again in this world, yet we 'ſhall meet in that place where *Luther* and *Zuinglius* 'agree very well together. O happy day, when I 'ſhall depart out of this troubleſome and ſinful 'world, and go to heaven, to thoſe bleſſed ſouls 'already departed.'

He uſed to be up at his ſtudy, winter and ſummer, before ſun-riſing; and to ſpend the day in prayer, writing, reading, and viſiting the ſick. He was ſo famous, that many Princes, Noblemen, and Gentlemen, from foreign countries viſited him.

A little before his departure, he declared to Doctor *Meier*, that he died in the ſame faith that he had taught to others. He was a Preacher at *Baſil* twenty years, and died, A. D. 1617, Aged 77.

XLVIII. JOHN Lord HARRINGTON.

HE was the eldeſt ſon of thoſe truly noble perſons the Lord and Lady *Harrington*, to whom King *James* the Firſt committed the education of his eldeſt daughter, the princeſs *Elizabeth*, afterwards married to *Frederic*, Elector Palatine.

At the very beginning of his laſt ſickneſs he ſtrongly apprehended that death would be the end of it, and accordingly prepared for the grave; often praying himſelf, and calling others to pray with him.

He declared his faith in, and undoubted hope of ſalvation by Chriſt; and ſaid, with much chearfulneſs, —'That he feared not death, in what ſhape ſoever it 'might aſſail him.' In the midſt of many heavenly things which dropped from time to time from his mouth, he deſired to be diſſolved, and to be at home with God and his Father; declaring, not above two hours before his death, —'That he ſtill felt the 'comfort and joys of aſſured ſalvation, by Chriſt Jeſus.' And when the hour of his departure was come, he ſaid, —'Oh, that joy! Oh, my God, when ſhall I 'be with thee?' And with the like words, expreſſive of the moſt tender, panting, heavenly frame, he ſweetly expired in the Lord, A. D. 1613, Aged 22.

This noble youth had excellent natural endowments, and had acquired a conſiderable ſtock of uſeful learning; but was moſtly eminent for his knowledge in the myſteries of ſalvation. His ſoundneſs in the faith, and his zeal for the truth, being maliciouſly obſerved by the Jeſuits, while he was abroad on his travels, they found means to convey a ſlow poiſon both into him and his Tutor, Mr *Tovy*. The latter died preſently after his return into *England*, and the young Lord died not long after.

He uſually roſe in the morning about four or five o'clock, rarely ſleeping above ſix hours. Being up, and having his ſervants in his chamber with him, he read

read a chapter in the Bible, and went to prayer. He next beſtowed about an hour in reading ſome holy treatiſe, in order to excite heavenly affections, and augment Chriſtian knowledge. Before dinner and ſupper, his family being about him, a pſalm or chapter was read, and prayer offered up. A pſalm was likewiſe ſung, and prayer made after ſupper.

He was a ſtrict obſerver of the Lord's day, and though he kept an houſhold Chaplain, attended the public worſhip morning and afternoon. And to avoid the charge of oſtentation, he never admitted but one friend to join in worſhip with his family, and that was Sir *Edward Harwood*, who was moſt intimate with him.

He likewiſe manifeſted a principle of true life in his heart, by his love to all that were truly godly. And ſuch were his bowels of compaſſion, that he gave the tenth part of his yearly allowance to charitable uſes. Some, though not many, Noble are called.

XLIX. The Sickneſs and Death of Mr WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

DUring the ſhort time of his ſickneſs, his heart and tongue were wholly employed on the mercies, grace, and praiſes of God, who had vouchſafed to caſt a gracious eye on ſo vile and loathſome a creature as himſelf, while he remained in his natural condition; and to give him an intereſt by faith in Chriſt: And not only this, but to honour him likewiſe with the character of a Miniſter of his word, and publiſher of his will; and to make his weak and worthleſs labours at any time, and in any meaſure, effectual for good to any of his people, as he hoped they had been to ſome, either for the converſion and bringing of them home to him, or for the eſtabliſhing and

and building them up in the ſaving knowledge and belief of his truth, and in the graces and comforts of his Spirit; withal ſeriouſly profeſſing this to be his comfort, namely, the teſtimony of his conſcience, in the ſight of God, bearing witneſs in his behalf, that in ſincerity of heart, though with much weakneſs, and amidſt many failings, through the whole courſe of his miniſtry, his main end and ſcope in all his labours, both public and private, had been the advancement of the glory of God, the knowledge of his truth, the peace of his church, the ſpiritual good of his people, and in all things to approve himſelf to him, and continue faithful before him, who had been pleaſed thus to take him into his ſervice; and that now he deſired nothing more, than that he might be ſo enabled, through the ſupporting Spirit of God, as that by his Chriſtian and comfortable carriage under his fatherly hand, in this cloſe of his work he might confirm and ſeal up to others the truth of thoſe things he had profeſſed and taught.

He earneſtly exhorted all that came about him,—'To learn now to die before they came to it; to be 'ſure to lay a good foundation in time of health, for 'matter of firm ſupport and ſound comfort in time 'of ſickneſs and the hour of death; and to make as 'much proviſion and preparation for thoſe ſeaſons 'as they could;' aſſuring them,—'That they would 'find their carefulleſt addreſſes and utmoſt endea-'vours to be little enough when they came to the 'work of dying.'

He died at *Chelſea* in the year 1618. His funeral ſermon was preached by his old friend the Rev. Mr *Thomas Gataker*, who drew up an account of his life; wherein his character is that of an humble, charitable, learned, and laborious Miniſter of Chriſt; and wherein we are told, that he was frequently interrupted in his miniſtry by many of the Prelates of his time.

He was author of ſeveral Treatiſes, as the *Marriage Feaſt*, on *John* ii. 1, — 12: *A Meditation on Man's Mortality*, on *Pſalm* lxx: *His Reproof*, on *Matt.* xviii. 15, 17: *A Treatiſe on the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt*: And, *A Diſcourſe on Juſtification*; which met with ſo many invectives, that he could not get it licenſed for the preſs. The famous Profeſſor, Dr *Prideaux*, after Mr *Bradſhaw*'s deceaſe, being in company with his ſon, and not knowing him, but hearing him named, aſked him, — 'Whether Mr *Bradſhaw*, who wrote the *Treatiſe on Juſtification*, was his father?' And being informed that he was, the Doctor profeſſed himſelf heartily glad to ſee the ſon of that man, for the old acquaintance he had, not with the father, but with that work of his.

Mr *Thomas Cartwright* was his particular friend; of whom *Beza*, writing into *England* to a friend of his, has this expreſſion: — 'Here is now with us your countryman, *Thomas Cartwright*, than whom, I think, the ſun doth not ſee a more learned man.' This Gentleman, writing to Mr *Bradſhaw* on a wonderful eſcape of his (Mr *Bradſhaw*'s) from drowning in a mill-pond, about three miles from *Cambridge*, after he had eſcaped from a violent ſtorm at ſea, ſays, —'That the Lord, our merciful Father, having delivered you from ſo great a death, it pledges to you deliverances hereafter, eſpecially if they be inferior to this: So much the rather, as the ſwimmer ſunk like a piece of lead; and he that could no more ſwim than the iron head of the ſcholar's hatchet, was graciouſly borne up. And therefore, by how much the proverb is true, by ſo much we have cauſe to praiſe God, that by the angel of the waters ſaved you. And withal, you may help to encourage others againſt the exceſſive fear of drowning in paſſing the ſeas; ſeeing it was more ſafe for you to paſs the winter ſeas, even when they

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'rage moſt, than the ſmall brook of *Hawſton Mills*.'
See this ſtory at large in his Life.

L. ALGERIUS.

HE was an *Italian* Martyr, and writ in the following manner from his priſon, a little before his execution:

'Who would believe, that in this dungeon I 'ſhould find a paradiſe ſo pleaſant? In a place of 'ſorrow and death, tranquility and hope of life? 'Where others weep, I rejoice. Oh, how eaſy and 'ſweet is his yoke!' And he dated his letter at what he called the *Delectable Orchard of the Leoline Priſon.*

Fleming's *Fulfilling of the Scripture.*

LI. ANONYMOUS.

THE following remarkable inſtance of converſion is ſet down by Mr *Fleming* in his *Fulfilling of the Scripture.*

A very great ſinner, who for his horrible wickedneſs was put to death in the town of *Aire*, had been ſo ſtupid and brutiſh a fellow, that all who knew him thought him beyond the reach of all ordinary means of grace; but while the man was in priſon the Lord wonderfully wrought on his heart, and in ſuch a meaſure diſcovered to him his ſinfulneſs, that after much ſerious exerciſe and ſore wreſtling, a moſt kindly work of repentance followed, with great aſſurance of mercy; inſomuch, that when he came to the ſtake, he could not ceaſe crying out to the people, under the ſenſe of pardon, and the comforts of

the preſence and favour of God, — ‘ O he is a great ‘ forgiver; he is a great forgiver.’ And he added the following words:—‘ Now hath perfect love caſt ‘ out all fear. I know God hath nothing to lay ‘ againſt me, for Jeſus Chriſt hath paid all; and ‘ thoſe are free whom the Son makes free:’ . And he died in a tranſport of wonder and joy; the marvellous grace of God raiſing then above other men, him, who not long before ſeem'd in ſome reſpects below a beaſt.

Fleming's *Fulfilling of the Scripture.*

LII. Mr ROBERT BRUCE.

WHEN he was very old, and through infirmity of body confined to his chamber, he was aſked by one of his friends, How matters ſtood between God and his ſoul? To which he made this return:—‘ When I was a young man I was diligent, ‘ and lived by faith in the Son of God; but being ‘ now old, he condeſcends to feed me with ſenſible ‘ tokens of his favour.’

And in the morning before the Lord removed him, being at breakfaſt, and having, as he uſed, eaten an egg, he ſaid to his daughter, — ‘ I think I ‘ am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg.’ But having muſed a while, he ſaid,—‘ Hold, daugh- ‘ ter, hold; my Maſter calls me.’ With theſe words his ſight failed him: Whereupon he called for the Bible, and ſaid,—‘ Turn to the eighth chapter to the ‘ *Romans*, and ſet my finger on the words — *I am* ‘ *perſuaded that neither death nor life*, &c. *ſhall be* ‘ *able to ſeparate me from the love of God, which is in* ‘ *Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.*’ When this was done he ſaid,—‘ Now is my finger upon them?’ Being told it was, without any more he ſaid,—‘ Now God be ‘ with

'with you, my children: I have breakfaſted with 'you, and ſhall ſup with my Lord Jeſus Chriſt this 'night.' And ſo he gave up the ghoſt.

Fleming's *Fulfilling of the Scripture*, page 431.

LIII. Mr WILLIAM COWPER.

HE was born in *Edinburgh*, and at eight years old was ſent by his father to *Dunbar* ſchool, where he continued four years, making a moſt laudable progreſs in grammar learning, and where it pleaſed God to begin to reveal himſelf to him. When he was in the ſchool, he uſed to lift up his heart in prayer to God for knowledge and underſtanding: And always, as he went to church, he ſent the following ejaculation to heaven:—'Lord, bow mine 'ear that I may hear thy word.'

Of his ſucceſs in his miniſtry at *Stirling* he hath left the following memorial:—'It would have done 'a Chriſtian's heart good to have ſeen thoſe glorious 'and joyful aſſemblies; to have heard the zealous 'cryings to God among that people, with ſighs and 'tears, melting hearts, and weeping eyes.'

And concerning himſelf he writes,—'My witneſs 'is in heaven, that the love of Jeſus and his people 'made continual preaching my pleaſure; and I had 'no ſuch joy as in doing his work.' Yet while he lived at *Stirling*, he was almoſt continually exerciſed with inward temptations and ſpiritual combats; but the iſſue of them, through God's mercy, was joy unſpeakable, as himſelf teſtifies.

'Once, ſays he, in the greateſt extremity of hor-'ror and anguiſh of ſpirit, when I had utterly given 'over, and looked for nothing but confuſion, ſud-'denly there did ſhine, in the very twinkling of an 'eye, the bright and lightſome countenance of God,

'proclaiming peace, and confirming it with in-
'vincible reaſons. Oh, what a change in a mo-
'ment! The ſilly ſoul that was even now at the
'brink of the pit, looking for nothing but to be
'ſwallowed up, was inſtantly raiſed up to heaven to
'have fellowſhip with God in Chriſt Jeſus: And
'from this day forward my ſoul was never troubled
'with ſuch extremity of terrors. This confirmation
'was given to me on a Saturday in the morning.
'Then I found the power of religion, and the cer-
'tainty of the word: Then was I touched with a
'lively ſenſe of a Divinity, and of the power of a
'Godhead, in mercy reconciled with man, and with
'me in Chriſt, ſo as I truſt my ſoul ſhall never for-
'get. Glory, glory, glory be to the joyful De-
'liverer of my ſoul out of all adverſities for ever.'

The following are ſome of his laſt meditations:—
'My ſoul is always in my hand, ready to be offered
'to my God. Where or what kind of death God
'hath prepared for me, I know not: But ſure I am,
'there can no evil death befal him that lives in
'Chriſt, nor ſudden death to a Chriſtian pilgrim,
'who with *Job* waits every hour for his change; yea,
'many a day have I ſought it with tears, not out of
'impatience, diſtruſt, or perturbation, but becauſe
'I am weary of ſin, and fearful to fall into it.

'Now, my ſoul, be glad; for at all parts of this
'priſon the Lord hath ſet his Pioneers to looſe thee.
'Head and feet are failing, and the ſtomach is
'weakened long ago. Ariſe, make ready, ſhake
'off thy fetters, mount up from the body, and go
'thy way.

'Death is ſomewhat dreary; and the ſtreams of
'that *Jordan*, between us and our *Canaan*, run fu-
'rioufly; but they ſtand ſtill when the ark comes.
'Let your anchor be caſt within the vail, and faſt-
'ened on the rock Jeſus. Let the end of the three-

'fold

'fold cord be buckled to the heart; ſo ſhall ye go 'through.'

He exchanged this life for a better, A. D. 1619.

At about the ſixteenth year of his age, his parents propoſed to him ſeveral courſes of life; but he choſe to ſeek for employment in *England*, and accordingly went thither: And the Lord provided him a place at *Hoddeſdon*, eighteen miles from *London*, juſt when he had ſpent all the money he had brought with him out of *Scotland*.

At *Hoddeſdon* he was entertained by one Mr *Guthrie*, a *Scotchman*, to aſſiſt him in teaching a ſchool. There he ſtayed three quarters of a year; and from thence he removed to an employment under Mr *Hugh Broughton*, with whom he continued a year and an half, daily applying himſelf to the ſtudy of of Divinity.

At about twenty years of age he was required to give a proof of his gifts privately, which he did before Mr *Robert Pont*, Mr *Robert Rollock*, and others. He was after this called to *Stirling*; and from thence he was called, and he accordingly removed to the biſhopric of *Galloway*; a dignity which he obtained without his privity or ſeeking; and to which he was ſo little inclined, that eighteen weeks paſſed betwixt the King's preſentation and his acceptance of it. In that high ſtation he was very careful to advance the goſpel and adorn his dignity.

LIV. A brief Account of the learned and pious Mr JOHN ARNDT.

HE laboured for ſome hours before his death under ſuch agonies of ſoul, that he prayed in the words of the *Pſalmiſt*,—*Lord, enter not into judgment with thy ſervant*, &c. *Pſalm* cxliii. Where-

upon one who attended him ſaying, referring to the words, *John* v. 24. — *He that believes on God, ſhall not come into condemnation*; — he dropt into a ſlumber, out of which ſuddenly ſtarting, he ſaid, from *John* i. 14.—*We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.* His wife on this aſking him, When it was he ſaw it?—'Juſt now, ſaid he. Oh, 'what a wonderful glory it is! 'Tis that glory '*which eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath* '*entered into the heart of man.*'

Having aſked at night what o' clock it was? and being told it was nine, he ſoon after cried out,—'Now I have overcome;' and preſently expired without uttering another word. He died in the year 1621.

Mr *John Arndt* was General Superintendant, or principal Miniſter of the goſpel in the Duke of *Zell*'s dominions; an awakening Preacher, and an excellent Writer.—'Many millions of ſouls, ſays my au-'thor, have been awakened out of a lifeleſs formali-'ty, into an inward ſenſe of religion, by his writings 'on the Chriſtian faith and life. One of the princi-'pal expedients he propoſed for reviving the evan-'gelical ſpirit and life in the churches, when under 'a decay, is to call on the people to live up to the 'plaineſt precepts of Chriſt, ſuch as ſelf-denial, mor-'tification, contrition, reſignation, and the like, in-'ſtead of filling their minds with the niceties of con-'troverſial and ſpeculative matters; which ſeemed 'to him rather to nouriſh, than to abate pride and 'ſelf-love, thoſe ſprings of corruption.'

PIETAS HALLENSIS: *or, An Account of the Orphan-Houſe*, &c. *at* Glaucha, *near* Hall *in* Saxony. *By Profeſſor* Franck.

LV. PHILIP

LV. PHILIP DE MORNAY, Lord of PLESSIS MARLY.

HE was, by the father's ſide, of the houſe of *Mornay*, connected with the royal houſe of *Bourbon*, and allied to the moſt illuſtrious families in *France*. His mother was of the noble family of the *Bec Creſpin* in *Normandy*. He was born the 5th of *November*, A. D. 1549. And in 1561, reading the New Teſtament, it pleaſed the Lord ſo to enlighten him by that means, as to enable him to diſcover and abandon the errors and ſuperſtitions of the church of *Rome*, in which he had grown up: And accordingly, he became a ſound and eminent profeſſor of the Proteſtant religion, and continued ſo to the day of his death.

This excellent perſonage was greatly eſteemed by the King of *Navarre*, and was ſent twice by that Prince as his Ambaſſador to Queen *Elizabeth*; to whom he was ſo acceptable, that ſhe writ a letter to him, upon his return, with her own hand; in which, among other things, ſhe told him,—'That never 'any Gentleman had treated with her, in whom ſhe 'took ſo much pleaſure, as in himſelf.'

Many were the dangers to which his zeal for the Proteſtant religion expoſed him. One was, that of being poiſoned. And at the maſſacre at *Paris* he and his mother had a narrow eſcape. But his God, in whom he truſted, graciouſly delivered him out of all.

When he had made his will, for the peace of his family after him, he ſaid,—'Now I am diſcharged 'from one of my chiefeſt cares; and, for the time 'to come, have nothing elſe to look to but death.'

The

The Miniſter of the goſpel, whom he retained, having told him that he had happily employed his talents for the profit of the church, and the advancement of the kingdom of Chriſt:—'Alas, ſaid he, 'what was there of mine in the work? Say not that 'it was I, but God by me.' Which he repeated again and again; and then added, in the words of the Apoſtle, 1 *Cor.* xv. 10.—*I have laboured; yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me.*

Soon after, being laid upon his bed, he ſaid,—'There is nothing more juſt and reaſonable, than 'that the creature ſhould obey his Creator.' Then, lifting up his hands above his head, he cried,—'Mercy, mercy, mercy;' and ſaid,—'He did ſo in 'order to ſhew, that it was the ſole mercy of God 'he had recourſe to.'

'I call for nothing, ſaid he, but mercy, free 'mercy. But who is it that ſhall bring an accuſation againſt the elect of God? It is God that juſtifieth: So that *neither life nor death, nor things 'preſent, nor things to come, ſhall ever be able to ſeparate him from the love of his Saviour.*'

In the morning of the day he died, he prayed in *Latin*, ſaying,—'*Lord, open thou my lips, and I will 'ſhew forth thy praiſe.* Lord, make me to know 'my ſins, to weep for them, to deteſt them, and to 'have them in execration. And this prayer he uttered twice. He then ſaid after the Apoſtle, and with great emphaſis,—*We know that if our earthly houſe of this tabernacle be diſſolved, we have a building of God, a houſe not made with hands.* After which, being aſked, If he were not aſſured of ſharing in that eternal weight of glory ſpoken of by the Apoſtle? he anſwered,—'He was perfectly perſuaded of it, 'and was ſo by the demonſtration of the Holy Spi-'rit, more powerful, more clear and certain, than 'any demonſtration of *Euclid.*' And on this occa-

'ſion

'ſion he repeated the words in *Greek*, 1 *Cor.* ii. 4.—
Ἐν ἀποδείξει πνεύματος καὶ δυναμεως.

In the afternoon he was heard to ſay to himſelf, in a broken manner,—'I fly, I fly to heaven: The an-'gels carry me into the boſom of my Saviour. *I* '*know that my Redeemer liveth*, I ſhall ſee him with 'theſe eyes, *hiſce oculis*;' and he repeated the *Latin* words again and again.

As he became weaker and weaker, he was aſked from time to time, If he felt not in his ſoul the power of the Holy Spirit, ſealing to him the promiſes of God, and filling him with conſolation? One of his anſwers to this queſtion was,—'Yes, indeed.' Another was,—'I am aſſured of it.' And a third was,—'The love of God is in my heart.'

And thus, in the lively exerciſe of faith, this great man rendered up his ſoul to God, A. D. 1623.

* *

LVI. JOHN BRUEN, Eſq;

HE was born at *Bruen Stapleford*, A. D. 1560, and deſcended from an ancient and honourable family.

In the morning of the day before he fell into his laſt ſickneſs, he roſe very early, went into his ſtudy, and ſtaid there till dinner time. Dinner being over, he returned into his ſtudy, and about two hours after, was there ſeized with a ſhivering, which induced him to lie down on a bed: Whereupon his wife ſaid to him,—'I fear you have done yourſelf hurt by 'riſing ſo early.' He replied,—'If you had ſeen 'ſuch glorious things as I ſaw this morning, in pri-'vate prayer with God, you would not have ſaid 'ſo. They were ſo wonderful and unſpeakable, that '*whether I was in the body, or out of the body*, with '*Paul, I cannot tell.* And it hath pleaſed God, leſt

'I ſhould be too much exalted by this glorious ſight, 'to give me a buffet in the fleſh.'

He had felt the like raviſhing in ſpirit, and ſeen the like glorious things not long before, as he had acquainted ſome friends, after inward prayer by himſelf, one day in his grove; and thence he had taken up a ſtrong perſuaſion, that it would not be long before he made an exchange of this life for a better. And this his confidence was his comfort in all his ſickneſs, which began the next day, and which drew from him the following ſcriptural, and other heavenly ſpeeches.

'*O, how great is thy goodneſs, O Lord, which* 'thou haſt laid up for them that fear thee; which thou 'haſt wrought for them that truſt in thee before the 'ſons of men!

'*O, how precious are thy thoughts to me, O God!* 'O how great is the ſum of them! If I ſhould count 'them, they are more in number than the ſand. When 'I awake, I am ever with thee.

'*Thou ſhalt guide me with thy counſel, and after-* 'wards receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven 'but thee? And there is none upon earth that I de- 'ſire beſides thee. My fleſh and my heart faileth, but 'God is the ſtrength of my heart, and my portion for 'ever.

'*I know whom I have believed; and I am perſuaded* 'that he is able to keep that which I have committed 'to him againſt that day. O love the Lord, all ye his 'ſaints: for the Lord preſerveth the faithful.

'*As the hart panteth after the water brooks, ſo* 'panteth my ſoul after thee, O God. My ſoul thirſteth 'for God, for the living God. O when ſhall I come 'and appear before God? O, let him kiſs me with 'the kiſſes of his mouth; for thy love is better than 'wine! Becauſe of the ſavour of thy good ointments, 'thy name is as ointment poured out: Therefore do the 'virgins love thee.

'Draw

'*Draw me; I will run after thee. God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labour which we have ſhewed to his name. Faithful is he that hath promiſed and called us; who alſo will do it. Remember me, O my God, for good, according to all that I have done for thy people; and wipe not out my kindneſſes that I have done for the houſe of my God, and for the offices thereof.*

'*Remember me, O my God, and ſpare me, according to the greatneſs of thy mercy. I truſted in thee, O Lord: I ſaid, Thou art my God: My times are in thy hands: I am continually with thee.*'

He would often ſay, — 'O, that every day were a Sabbath, or a faſt day; for then I ſhould be well!'

'The time is not long. I muſt ſhortly lay down this my tabernacle; and then I ſhall get the ſtart of you all; and ſhall celebrate an everlaſting Sabbath before the Lord, with the holy angels and bleſſed ſaints, in the higheſt heavens.' And theſe words he uttered with tears of joy.

He would often ſay to ſuch as came to ſee him in his ſickneſs,—'Alas, good ſouls, what are you come to ſee? A poor wretch, a worm, and no man; or a poor dying man, *&c.*'

And when any told him he might recover, he would ſay,—'My taſk is ended: The Lord hath no more work for me to do. My warfare is accompliſhed. My race is run out. I now only hope and wait for the crown of righteouſneſs, which Chriſt hath purchaſed, and God hath promiſed to me. I may now ſay with *Job*,—'*If I wait, the grave is my houſe. I have made my bed in the dark. I have ſaid to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and ſiſter.* And yet '*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my ſkin, worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God. Therefore we faint not; but*

'*though*

'*though the outward man periſh, yet the inward man* '*is renewed daily. Our converſation is in heaven*; '*from whence alſo we look for a Saviour, the Lord* '*Jeſus Chriſt.*'

He exhorted his friends,—*Not to be weary of well-doing*; to *grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* And, for their encouragement, he would tell them,—'That when he firſt began to 'profeſs religion, there were, in a manner, none 'in the whole ſhire that were acquainted with the 'power and practice of it.'

'I was, ſaid he, a wonder in the world, and as a 'monſter among men. And many bent their tongues 'as bows, for lies; *and ſhot their arrows, even bit-* 'ter words, *againſt me.* Yet, for all that came upon 'me, I did not forget the name of my God. But, 'bleſſed be God, the number of believers in this 'country is much augmented; every quarter and 'corner of it being filled with the ſavour of the goſ-'pel. *Therefore, my dearly beloved, ſtand faſt in the* 'faith; *quit you like men*; *be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt and* 'unmoveable.'

No pain of his body, nor pangs of approaching death, half ſo much troubled him, as the refreſhings of God's Holy Spirit ſuſtained and delighted his ſoul.

That worthy man, Sir *Henry Bunbury*, viſiting him in his ſickneſs, could not help ſhedding many tears. Mr *Bruen* obſerving it, ſaid to him,—'Good 'Sir, weep not for me; for there is no cauſe of 'weeping, but of much rejoicing in my behalf.— 'Turn your tears into prayers; and let me enjoy 'that fruit of your love. You are in your way. I 'am at my journey's end. Walk on as hitherto ye 'have done, and the Lord will be with you. He 'will never fail nor forſake you.'

A little before he died, two godly Miniſters, Mr *Hinde*, and Mr *Langly*, of his ſpecial acquaintance, came

came to ſee him. Their preſence much cheared him; and he ſaid to them, —'I am here, you ſee, 'the Lord's priſoner, caſt upon the bed of my ſick-'neſs, and in great affliction; yet waiting upon the 'mercies of my God for a comfortable releaſe in due 'ſeaſon.'

They aſked him, —'If his conſolations did not 'abound in the midſt of all his afflictions?' He anſwered,—'Yes; I thank God, they do, and do far 'exceed them. And, which is more remarkable, 'the Lord, of his mercy, hath given me ſuch ſtrong 'evidence of his favour and love in Chriſt, that I 'am not troubled in mind or conſcience, with any 'doubt or fear, or any other ſatanical moleſtation; 'but reſt, and wait in patience, for the accompliſh-'ing of his mercies upon me, according to his good 'pleaſure.'

The morning before he died, many of his friends, taking their leave of him, deſired at parting a bleſſing from him; which he readily granted them, by lifting up his hands and heart to heaven for them.

Immediately before his death, lifting up his hands, he ſaid,—'The Lord is my portion, my help, and 'my truſt. His bleſſed Son, Jeſus Chriſt, is my 'Saviour and Redeemer, *Amen. Even ſo ſaith the* '*Spirit* to my ſpirit. Therefore come, Lord Jeſus, 'and kiſs me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, and em-'brace me with the arms of thy love. *Into thy* '*hands do I commend my ſpirit.* O come now, and 'take me to thy own ſelf. *O come, Lord Jeſus,* '*come quickly!* O come, O come, O come!'

And then, his ſpirit fainting, and ſpeech failing, he yielded up his ſoul to God, A. D. 1625, Aged 65.

Mr *Bruen* was effectually called in the thirty ſecond year of his age: And having once taſted of the ſweetneſs of religion, he renounced his former vanities. His thirſt after the converſion of others, and ſucceſs in his endeavours for it, were very remarkable.

able. Many of his relations and friends, who from time to time ſojourned with him, and came into his family carnal and worldly, went out of it ſpiritual and holy.

Farther, he was ſo admired for his fervency in the profeſſion of the goſpel, that many gentlemen of the beſt rank deſired to ſojourn in his houſe, for their better information in the ways of God.

Mr *Perkins* hearing of Mr *Bruen*'s excellent knowledge and pains in the profeſſion of religion, the government of his houſe, the courſe of religious exerciſes obſerved in it, and the piety of his ſervants; raviſhed with heavenly joy at ſuch an account, he cried out,—'Certainly *this is no other than the houſe* 'of *God*; and, for the practice and power of religion, 'the very topſail of *England*.'

He was much given to hoſpitality; very liberal to poor godly Miniſters; and at vaſt expences in propagating the goſpel over all the country.

He obtained the eſtabliſhment of a lecture at *Travin*, and was very active in procuring the moſt eminent Miniſters in all the parts about to aſſiſt in it: Some of whom, reſiding at a great diſtance, were frequently hindered by foul weather, floods, or ſome accident or other; in which caſes, at a very ſhort warning, he was often obliged to get one or other of the plain neighbouring Miniſters to ſupply their places. And generally himſelf, and moſt of the congregation, were much edified and comforted by the labours of thoſe plain Preachers.—'On my ob-'ſerving this, ſaid he, I reſolved to content myſelf 'with godly neighbouring Miniſters: God having 'ſhewn me, that it is not the greatneſs of mens 'parts, much admired as they are every where, but 'the efficacy of the Spirit, which makes the word 'effectual and profitable.'

He

He ſaw none who were in want of the means of grace, without bowels of compaſſion, and lamenting their unhappy caſe.

He was naturally choleric and haſty; but having his ſins pardoned in the blood of Chriſt, his nature was changed, his paſſions ſubdued, and his frowardneſs turned into mildneſs. One inſtance of this happy change, among ſeveral others, is the following. A neighbouring Gentleman being highly offended with him on a very ſlight occaſion, ſent a ſervant to tell him,—'That he charged him, and all 'who belonged to him, to forbear coming upon his '(the Gentleman's) ground, at their peril.' Mr *Bruen* preſently anſwered,—'Tell your Maſter from 'me, that if he, or any of his family, will come upon 'any part of my ground, they ſhall be welcome; 'and if he will come to my houſe, he ſhall be much 'more welcome.' This kind and worthy anſwer, not only overcame the reſentment of his neighbour, but ſo melted his heart, that he preſently fell into tears, became reconciled to Mr *Bruen*, and was his true and faithful friend ever after.

He was of ſo public a ſpirit, that he was continually *deviſing liberal things* for the public good. And in theſe things he was ſo much engaged, that one would wonder how he redeemed ſo much time as he did for private and family worſhip. For ſeven times a day he was engaged in ſolemn prayer. And what is recorded of St *James* the Apoſtle, was alſo true of this Gentleman, namely, that his knees were hardened, even to inſenſibility, with much kneeling.

He was an admirable pattern for maſters of families, as he not only conſtantly attended at public worſhip, but was always at church with his numerous family before the worſhip began. As he lived ſuch a life of communion with his Lord and Saviour, it is no wonder we find him, at the cloſe of life, longing to be with his beſt beloved to behold his glory.—

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

See a large account of this extraordinary perſon by Mr *William Hinde*: It is abridged by Mr *Samuel Clarke* in his *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*.

LVII. The Life and Death of Mr RICHARD ROTHWEL.

HIS natural and acquired parts were very great. But before his converſion, though at that time a Preacher, he was wholly vain, given up to pleaſure, and much addicted to ſallies of anger, to oaths and execrations. At length it pleaſed God to call him by his grace, and to reveal his Son in him. And becauſe the account of his converſion is remarkable, and the more ſo as he afterwards proved the inſtrument for the converſion of many, I ſhall here ſet it down as it was received from himſelf by his reverend friend, Mr *Gower* of *Dorcheſter*.

He was playing at bowls among ſome Popiſh and other vain Gentlemen on a Saturday, ſomewhere about *Rochdale* in *Lancaſhire*, when Mr *Midgley*, a grave and godly Miniſter of *Rochdale*, whoſe praiſe is great in the goſpel, came into the green to him; and taking him aſide, told him,—'What pity it was, 'that a man of his character, and withal of ſuch 'parts and learning, ſhould be a companion for Pa-'piſts, and that on a Saturday, when he ſhould be 'preparing for the Lord's day.' Mr *Rothwel* ſlighted this remonſtrance, and found fault with Mr *Midgley* for troubling himſelf about him. Whereupon the good old man, went home, and prayed privately for him. But his words ſtuck ſo faſt on the heart of Mr *Rothwel*, that when he left his bowling-green company, he became ſo reſtleſs, that he went the

next

next day to *Rochdale* church, and heard Mr *Midgley*; when it pleaſed God, by Mr *Midgley*'s ſermon, ſo to inlighten and lay hold of Mr *Rothwel*, that he was by that means brought home to Chriſt. After ſermon he went to Mr *Midgley*, thanked him for his reproof, confeſſed his own miſerable condition, and begged Mr *Midgley*'s counſel and prayers. He laboured for ſome time under the ſpirit of bondage, and at length received, by Mr *Midgley*'s hands, the *ſpirit of adoption*; with which he was ſo ſealed, that he loſt not his aſſurance from that time to the day of his death, though aſſaultd with many temptations: And he became a bold champion for Chriſt.

When that excellent Lady, the Lady *Bowes*, who employed herſelf, with others, in ſending Miniſters of the goſpel to parts of the country that wanted them, was providing for *Bernard Caſtle*, Mr *Dike*, father of the writers of that name, was recommended to her for that place. But he told her Ladyſhip,—'He durſt not venture on ſo ſurly a people; and 'therefore recommended Mr *Rothwel* to her;' who, upon this propoſal, and the peoples call, agreed to go thither. But the Lady, on his waiting on her on this occaſion, telling him,—'That though for the 'peoples ſake ſhe was glad, yet ſhe was ſorry for 'his own, as ſhe underſtood that they were of a 'ſavage diſpoſition, and having never heard the goſ-'pel, might deal roughly with him.' He anſwered,—'Madam, if I thought I ſhould never meet the 'Devil there, I would never come there. He and I 'have been at odds in other places, and I hope we 'ſhall not agree there.' And he had in that place ſo great ſucceſs in his miniſtry, that he was worthily called, *The Apoſtle of the North*.

During his laſt ſickneſs, ſome of his people having ſent to inquire how he did, he anſwered,—'I am 'well, and ſhall be well ſhortly.' Then whiſpering to a friend, he ſaid,—'Do you know my meaning?

'I ſhall be with Chriſt ere long; but do not tell them 'ſo.'

'When I came to him, ſays Mr *Gower*, the next 'morning, I found him in the pangs of death. The 'chamber was full, and one was praying for him. 'After prayer I ſpoke to him. He turned about 'his head, took me by the hand, and bade me pray, 'pray. I deſired a reverend Miniſter preſent to go 'to prayer. Mr *Rothwel* ſaid,— Pray you, pray 'you. I did ſo. After that he ſmiled, and ſaid,— 'Now I am well: Happy is he that hath not bowed 'a knee to *Baal*. He then bade us ſing *Pſalm* cxx. 'He ſung with us a while; and, while we were ſing-'ing, died, A. D. 1627, in the ſixty fourth year of 'his age.'

His laſt employment in the miniſtry was at *Manſfield* in *Nottinghamſhire*. For other particulars relating to this good man, I refer to Mr *Rothwel*'s *Life*, written by Mr *Gower*. [*Clarke*'s *Lives*.]

LVIII. Dr JOHN PRESTON.

HE was born at *Heyford* in *Northamptonſhire*, and before his converſion was a hard ſtudent in philoſophy and polite literature at *Cambridge*, and had great expectation of raiſing himſelf in the ſtate. He ſtudied likewiſe judicial aſtrology, and was very buſy in the houſes of the planets; yet ſaw not what his Maker had determined concerning him. But on his hearing a ſermon from Mr *Cotton*, then Fellow of *Emanuel* college, he began to look into himſelf, and conſider what might poſſibly befal him. And his reflections on this occaſion made impreſſions on him ſo happy and abiding, as to cure him of his itch for court preferment, and bring him into the miniſtry of the goſpel; a province he had before greatly deſpiſed: And

And he ſoon became a celebrated Preacher. Having preached before King *James* I. on *John* i. 16, the King ſpoke of divers paſſages in the ſermon with much ſatisfaction; particularly one, in which the Doctor repreſented the *Arminians* as putting God into the like extremity with *Darius*, in *Daniel* vi, when he would have ſaved *Daniel*, but could not. The ſermon is printed.

When he found the ſymptoms of death upon him, he declared to a friend, his own ſenſe of the vanity and emptineſs of all things here below, and his expectation of a ſpeedy change;—'Not, ſaid he, of my 'company, for I ſhall ſtill converſe with God and 'ſaints; but of my place, and way of doing it.'

A few hours before his death, aſking what day it was? and being told it was the Lord's day;—'A fit 'day, ſaid he, to be ſacrificed on. I have accom-'panied ſaints on earth, and now I ſhall accompany 'angels in heaven. My diſſolution is at hand. Let 'me go to my home, and to Jeſus Chriſt, who hath 'bought me with his precious blood.'

Soon after, he fell into a cold and clammy ſweat, which he told them was the meſſenger of death.

Not long after, he ſaid,—'I feel death coming to 'my heart. My pain ſhall now be quickly turned 'into joy.'

Juſt before he died, a Miniſter prayed with him. When the prayer was ended, he looked on thoſe who aſſiſted; and then turned away his head, and gave up the ghoſt, aged nearly 41 years.

He was interred in *Fauſley* church, in the county of *Northampton*: And Mr *Dod*, the Miniſter of that place, preached his funeral ſermon. On which occaſion a great number of godly people flocked together from all the neighbouring parts.

His life was written by the Rev. Mr *Thomas Ball*, of *Northampton*.

LIX. Dr THOMAS TAYLOR, Paſtor of *Aldermanbury*, *London*.

HE was born at *Richmond* in *Yorkſhire*, of worthy and godly parents; was Fellow of *Chriſt* college in *Cambridge*; and was a painful and ſucceſsful Preacher; he preached before Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James* the Firſt; was the author of many books; and in his ſickneſs had joy in God, and in the conqueſt made by Chriſt. — 'Oh, ſaid he, we 'ſerve a good Lord, who covers all imperfections, 'and gives great wages for little work; and, in mer-'cy, he hath provided for me ſome of the greateſt.'

With other holy ſpeeches, full of faith and joy, on the Lord's day, being the uſual day of his principal labours, he was diſmiſſed of all, and went to keep a perpetual Sabbath in heaven, A. D. 1632.

LX. Mr FRANCIS HIGGINSON.

HE was educated at *Emanuel* college in *Cambridge*, and there commenced Maſter of Arts. After which, the true *Emanuel*, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, having, by the work of regeneration, inſtructed him in the better and nobler arts of living to God; he was by a ſpecial providence, called to the work of the miniſtry in one of the pariſh churches in *Leiceſter*. And ſuch was the divine preſence with, and bleſſing on the labours of this good man there, that the happy influence of them on the whole town quickly became matter of common obſervation.

For ſome years he conformed to the rites then required and practiſed in the church of *England*; but on

on his acquaintance with Mr *Arthur Hilderſham*, and Mr *Thomas Hooker*, and ſtudying the points debated, he became ſo diſſatisfied with the ceremonies of the eſtabliſhed worſhip, that he left them, and took the part of Nonconformity.

Nevertheleſs, when he had done this, his preaching was ſo acceptable to the people, that they obtained for him the liberty to preach a lecture: And tho' the other Miniſters there remained Conformiſts, they all freely offered him the uſe of their pulpits.

What chiefly procured him this reſpect, was the candor and goodneſs of Dr *Williams*, the Biſhop of *Lincoln*, in the dioceſe of which is *Leiceſter*. And in theſe circumſtances he continued, till the diſagreement appeared between that Biſhop and *Laud*, the Biſhop of *London*, who then ſet himſelf to extirpate all the Nonconformiſts that were Dr *Williams*'s favourites, among whom was Mr *Higginſon*.

Many were the ſignal appearances of God for this good man, in the ſucceſs of his labours, and the confuſion of his enemies.

A notorious drunkard and ſwearer once coming to partake of the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper from the hands of Mr *Higginſon*, the good man warned him to withdraw. On which the wretch went away, venting his reſentment, but filled with horrors of conſcience; under which continuing a few days, he at length cried out, — 'He was damned, he was a 'dog, and was going to the dogs for ever.' And in this miſerable condition he died.

Another man, whoſe wife often heard Mr *Higginſon*, being greatly exaſperated that ſhe did ſo, vowed he would be revenged on him; and for that end reſolved on a journey to *London*, in order to exhibit a complaint againſt him in the high commiſſion court. But when he had got all things ready for his journey, and was mounting his horſe, he was, by the immediate hand of heaven, ſmitten at once with intolerable

torment of body, and horror of conſcience. On which he was led back into his houſe, and put to bed; where, in a few hours after, he died.

But at length, the *Laudian* faction carried it ſo far againſt this good man, as to inform and article againſt him. And then he lived for ſome time in continual expectation of being dragged away by the Purſuivants to the high commiſſion court, where a ſentence of perpetual impriſonment was the only favour he had to look for.

At length a ſeaſonable interpoſition of providence appeared in his favour: For a number of wealthy and worthy Merchants, having obtained a charter from King *Charles* I, whereby they were incorporated by the name of *The Governor and Company of the* Maſſachuſet's *Bay in* New-England, were fitting out ſhips with ſtores, and ſending over perſons and families, in order to make a ſettlement there. This was in the beginning of the year 1629.

This opportunity Mr *Higginſon* embraced, with two other Nonconformiſt Miniſters; and ſo eſcaped unhurt to a new ſeat of uſefulneſs and comfort.

When he was in his laſt ſickneſs confined to his bed, being viſited by his many godly *New-England* friends, who lamented their own approaching loſs of ſo uſeful a perſon, but endeavoured to comfort him by the mention of his faithfulneſs to the Lord Jeſus in his ſufferings and ſervices, and of the honour the Lord had done him, in beginning, by his hand, a work of church reformation in *America*; he replied, —'I have been but an unprofitable ſervant; and all 'my own doings I count but loſs and dung. All 'my deſire is to win Chriſt, and to be found in him; '*not having my own righteouſneſs.*'

And he ſeveral times declared,—'That though 'the Lord called him away, he was perſuaded God 'would raiſe up others to carry on the work that

'was

'was begun; and that there would be many churches 'of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in that wilderneſs.'

He ſaid, concerning his wife and eight children, the eldeſt of whom was about fourteen years of age, —'That though he muſt leave them in a low con-'dition, he left them with his God; and he doubted 'not, but the faithful God would graciouſly provide 'for them.' And it was very remarkable, that a gracious providence provided as comfortably for this good man's widow and children, as if he had left them a plentiful eſtate.

In the midſt of many prayers he fell aſleep in the Lord, *Auguſt* 1630, in the forty third year of his age.

Dr Cotton Mather's *Hiſtory of* New-England.

LXI. Mr JOHN CARTER.

HE was born at *Wickham*, near *Canterbury*, about the year 1554, and deſcended from obſcure but religious parents.

Mr *Roſe*, a wealthy citizen of *Canterbury*, obſerving his piety and ingenuity, greatly aſſiſted in fitting him for, and ſupporting him at the univerſity; from whence he came out an excellent Preacher. He had a ſingular talent for comforting afflicted conſciences, reſolving doubts, and removing objections in religious matters. When ſome told him, not long before he exchanged this earthly for a heavenly manſion, that the rigours of the Prelates grew higher every day in the perſecution of conſcientious Miniſters and Chriſtians; that they preſſed their innovations, and, among them, the *Book of Sports*, which opened the gates for univerſal profanation of the Lord's day, he expreſſed himſelf thus:—'I have had 'a longing deſire to ſee or hear of the fall of Anti-'chriſt;

'chriſt; but I check myſelf: I ſhall go to heaven; 'and the news of it will come thick there.'

Some perſons calling upon him for his judgment concerning the future ſtate of the church (as he had laboured much in the ſtudy of the book of *Revelation*) What do you think, ſaid they, ſhall we have Popery once more or no? — He anſwered,—'You 'ſhall not need to fear fire or faggot any more; 'but ſuch dreadful diviſions will be found among 'God's people, and among profeſſors, as will equal 'the greateſt perſecutions.'

A neighbour of his meeting him near his (Mr *Carter*'s) houſe, called to him and ſaid,—'O, Maſter '*Carter*, what ſhall I do? My wife is falling into 'her travail, and I think ſhe will die of very fear.' Mr *Carter* anſwered,—'Make haſte, run to your 'wife and tell her, that I am going to my cloſet as 'faſt as I can, to pray for her: Therefore, bid her 'not faint, but to be of good courage and comfort.' The man ran and told his wife what had paſſed between Mr *Carter* and him; and immediately ſhe was ſafely delivered.

A poor man once came to him, and ſaid,—'Maſ-'ter *Carter*, what will become of me? I work hard, 'and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive.' Mr *Carter* anſwered,—'Still you want one thing; I will tell 'you what you ſhall do. Work hard, and fare 'hard, and pray hard; and I will warrant, you 'ſhall thrive.'

Mr *Carter*, coming once ſoftly behind a godly man who was at his work, tanning of a hide, and pleaſantly giving him a pat on the back, the man ſtarted, and looking behind him, ſaid bluſhing,—'I 'am aſhamed, Sir, that you ſhould find me thus:' To whom Mr *Carter* replied,—'Let Chriſt, when he 'comes, find me ſo doing.'—'What, ſaid the man, 'doing thus? — 'Yes, ſaid Mr *Carter*, faithfully 'performing the duties of my calling.'

A poor man once came to him and lamented himſelf, that he had loſt the greateſt friend he had had in the world.—'I had, ſaid he, in a manner, all my 'livelihood from him.' Mr *Carter* anſwered,—'When the fountain is dried up in one place, God 'will open one in another.'

To one of his ſons he ſaid,—'Son *John*, God hath 'always brought water for me out of the hard flinty 'rock. Thoſe covetous, hard-hearted men, who 'have been enemies to my perſon and miniſtry, have 'many times come in, and given me countenance 'and maintenance.'

A little before his death he called his daughter, and ſaid to her,—'Daughter, remember my love to 'my ſon *John*. I ſhall ſee him no more in this life. 'And remember me to the reſt of my children; 'and deliver this meſſage to them all from me;—'*Stand faſt in the faith, and love one another.*'

He ended his life with a doxology, expiring with theſe words;—'The Lord be thanked.'

He died Miniſter of *Belſtad* in *Suffolk*, February 21, A. D. 1634. He left a ſolemn charge with his children, that no funeral ſermon ſhould be preached for him:—'For, ſaid he, it may give occaſion to ſpeak 'ſome good of me I deſerve not.'

LXII. Mrs JANE RATCLIFFE.

SHE was converted under the miniſtry of Mr *Nicholas Byfield*, who was an excellent Preacher in the city of *Cheſter*.

We ſhall paſs the intermediate parts of her exemplary life, and come to the cloſing ſcene of it, when ſhe deſired to die, and gave the following reaſons for it.

'I

'I desire to die, said she, because I want, while I 'live here, the glorious presence of God, which I 'love and long for; and that sweet fellowship of 'Angels and Saints, who would be as glad to see 'me with them, as I should be to see them about 'me; and would entertain me with unwearied de-'light.

'I desire to die, because, while I live, I shall 'want the perfection of my nature, and be as an 'estranged and banished child from my father's 'house.

'I desire to die, because I would not live to of-'fend so good a God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. 'For *his loving-kindness is better than life*, and he 'is abundant in mercy to me; and it often lies as an 'heavy load upon my heart to think of displeasing 'him.

'I desire to die, because this world is generally 'infected with the plague of sin; and I myself am 'tainted with the same disease: So that while I live 'here, I can be in no place, nor in any company, 'where I shall not be in danger of being infected, or 'of infecting others. And if this world hates me 'because I endeavour to follow goodness, how would 'it rejoice if my foot should slip? How woful 'would my life be to me, if I should give occasion 'to the world to triumph or blaspheme?

'I cannot but desire to die, when I consider that 'sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that 'there is no soundness in me. My mind, my me-'mory, my will and affections, and my very con-'science, are still impure. In every faculty of my 'soul there is a miserable mixture of vile infection, 'which makes me weary of my life. As the disease 'in this world is uncurable, and my inseparable 'companion, I can go no where to avoid it. There 'is no business I can dispatch, relating to my happi-'ness, without a mutiny in my heart. Though

'God's

'God's works be all fair pieces, yet there are in my 'nature ſo many defects, inſufficiencies, miſtakings, 'and tranſgreſſions, that I may ſay with *David*,— '*Innumerable evils have compaſſed me about*; *mine ini-* 'quities *have taken hold on me, ſo that I am not able* 'to look up. I therefore deſire heaven for holineſs, 'rather than for happineſs, and to the end I may ſin 'no more.

'I deſire to die, becauſe nothing in this world 'can give me ſolid and durable contentment. I like 'life the leſs, and am the more deſirous to die, 'when I conſider the miſery that may come both 'on my body and eſtate. I may be left in the hands 'of the ſons of violence. Beſides, I daily ſuffer the 'loſs of friends, who were the companions of my 'life; and thoſe whom I loſe by my life, I ſhall find 'by my death, and enjoy in another world for ever. 'With regard to my children, I am not troubled: 'For that God who hath given them life and breath, 'and all they have, while I am living; can provide 'for them when I am dead. My God will be their 'God, if they be his: And if they be not, what 'comfort would it be for me to live to behold it? 'Life would be bitter to me, if I ſhould ſee them 'diſhonour God, whom I ſo greatly love.

'I fear not death, becauſe it is but the ſeparation 'of the ſoul from the body, and that is but a ſhadow 'of the *body of death*, Romans vii. 24. Whereas the 'ſeparation of the ſoul from God by ſin, *Iſaiah* lix. 2. 'and of ſoul and body for ſin, is death indeed.

'I fear not death, becauſe it is an enemy that hath 'been often vanquiſhed, and becauſe I am armed 'for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty 'through God, and I am aſſured of victory.

'I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am 'perſuaded I have endured as great pain in life as I 'ſhall find in death, and death will cure me of all 'ſorts of pain. Beſides, Chriſt died a terrible and

'curſed

'curſed death, to the end any kind of death might 'be bleſſed to me. And that God who hath greatly 'loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but 'will, by his Spirit, ſuccour and ſtrengthen me all 'the time of the combat.

'I do not fear death for any loſs, for I ſhall but 'loſe my body by it, and that is but a priſon to my 'ſoul; an old rotten houſe, a ragged garment; nay, 'I ſhall not loſe that; for I ſhall have it reſtored at 'my Saviour's ſecond coming, made much better 'than it is now: For this vile body ſhall be like the 'body of Chriſt, and by death I ſhall obtain a far 'better life.'

For her comfort in her laſt hours, ſhe had put into the following form ſome memoirs of the principal mercies and bleſſings ſhe had received from God.

'How ſhall I praiſe God for my converſion? For 'his word, both in reſpect of my affection to it, and 'the wonderful comforts I have had from it? For 'hearing of my prayers? For godly ſorrow? For 'fellowſhip with the godly? For joy in the Holy 'Ghoſt? For the deſire of death? For contempt 'of the world? For private helps and comforts? 'For giving me ſome ſtrength againſt my ſin? For 'preſerving me from groſs evils, both before and 'after my calling? *&c.*'

In her laſt ſickneſs, which was of long continuance, ſhe often deſired to be diſſolved; imploring God, in the words of *David*,—*Make haſte to help me, O Lord, my ſalvation*, Pſal. xxxviii. 22. & xl. 13. *Be pleaſed, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haſte to help me.* And ſhe was helped in the ſofteſt and tendereſt manner, for her ſoul fled into the arms of her Redeemer when it was thought ſhe was only fallen aſleep.

She died *Auguſt* 17, 1638.

LXIII. Mr JONATHAN BURR.

HE was born at *Redgrave* in *Suffolk*, about the year 1604.

He had juſt returned from preaching on the redemption of time, when he fell into a ſickneſs of ten days continuance; in the courſe of which there appeared in him a wonderful patience and ſubmiſſion. His wife perceiving his willingneſs to die, aſked him,—Whether he was deſirous to leave her and his children? To whom he anſwered,—'Do not miſ-'take me. I am not deſirous of that; but I bleſs 'God, that now my will is the Lord's will. If he 'will have me to live yet with my dear wife and 'children, I am willing. I will ſay to you, my 'dear wife and children, as the Apoſtle ſays,—*It is 'better for you that I abide with you; but it is better 'for me to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.*'

And perceiving his wife diſconſolate, he aſked her,—'If ſhe could not be willing to part with him?' And on her ſaying, by way of anſwer, how hard it was, he replied,—That God would be better than 'ten huſbands;' adding,—'Our parting is but for a 'time. I am ſure we ſhall one day meet again. I 'lie ſluggiſh in bed, when others are at work.'

Obſerving how diligently his wife tended him, he ſaid to her,—'Don't ſpend ſo much time with me, but 'go thy way, and ſpend ſome time in prayer. Thou 'knoweſt not what thou mayeſt obtain from God. I 'I fear leſt thou look too much upon this affliction.'

The night before he died he was overheard ſometimes to ſay,—'I will wait until my change come.' And,—'Why art thou ſo loth to die?'

A few hours before his departure, it was obſerved that he had a ſore conflict with the angel of death, who

who ſhot his laſt arrow at him. And when one who attended him ſaid,—'The ſting of death is taken 'away. The Lord Jeſus Chriſt has overcome death 'for you. This is one of Satan's laſt aſſaults. His 'work is now almoſt at an end, though he be a ſubtle 'enemy, and would, if it were poſſible, deceive 'the very elect:' He preſently broke in on the ſpeaker,—'If it were poſſible, ſaid he; but, bleſſed 'be God, there is no poſſibility.'

Seeing the company loth to leave the room, he prayed in *Latin* as long as he had ſtrength to do it. And when he was to appearance juſt expiring, he called for his wife, and ſtedfaſtly fixing his eyes upon her, ſaid,—*Caſt thy care upon God, for he careth for 'thee.*' And the words,—'Hold faſt, hold faſt,' ſpoken to her, were the laſt he uttered. He died *Auguſt* 3, 1641.

Mr *Burr* had godly parents, who took great care of his education. When he left the univerſity, he was firſt employed as a Preacher at *Harringer*, near *Bury* in *Suffolk*. Afterwards he undertook the charge of a people at *Reckingſhal* in the ſame county.

He was of ſo charitable a diſpoſition, that when it was intimated to him, that he might err in reſerving no more for himſelf; he would anſwer,—'I often 'think of thoſe words,—*He that ſoweth ſparingly, 'ſhall reap ſparingly.*'

Whenever he was informed that any thought meanly of him, he would ſay, without being moved at it,—'I think meanly of myſelf, and therefore may 'well be content that others ſhould think meanly of 'me.'

And when he was charged with miſcarriages, he replied,—'If men ſee ſo much, what does God ſee?'

This bright ſtar being deſtined to move weſtwards, with many fellow-ſufferers for the teſtimony of Jeſus, who were ſilenced in *England*, he went to *America* for chambers of ſafety, and ſettled in *New England*; having

having with him three children, and his wife big with a fourth. In this change of ſettlement it refreſhed him not a little, to ſee the eſcaped people of God, with harps in their hands, there ſinging the ſong of *Moſes*.

The famous Mr *Thomas Hooker* being one of his auditors, when he preached to a great aſſembly at *Charles Town*, had this expreſſion concerning him: —'Surely this man will not be long out of heaven; 'for he preaches as if he were there already.'

LXIV. Mr HERRING.

HE was born in *Flamber Mayre* pariſh in *Montgomeryſhire*, in the year 1582. His converſion was early, and his preaching excellent and ſucceſsful. But as he was greatly perſecuted by the Prelates, he went, on invitation, to *Amſterdam*; and, became Paſtor, with Mr *Rulice*, of the *Engliſh* church there.

As it appeared in his life and converſation when in health, ſo did it likewiſe throughout his laſt ſickneſs, and to his laſt breath, that his heart was truly ſtored with patience, with faith in Chriſt, and love to him and his people, with heavenly mildneſs, and zeal for the honour of God.

He walked cloſely with God, and maintained the comfort of conſtant peace with him. Yet Satan was ſuffered to aſſault him furiouſly the night before he died. When, after the ſore conflict, getting upon his knees in bed, with his hands lifted up, he ſaid,—'He is overcome, overcome, through the 'ſtrength of my Lord and only Saviour Jeſus, to 'whom I am now going to keep a Sabbath in glory.' He died *March* 28, 1644.

LXV. Mr JOHN DOD.

HE was born at *Shotledge* in *Cheſhire*, on the borders of *Wales*. He was eminent for piety, charity, and uſeful preaching.

In the ſixty third year of his age he had a fever, with very threatning ſymptoms; but things turning happily at the criſis, and the Phyſician having thereupon ſaid to him,—'Now I have hopes of your re-'covery;' Mr *Dod* anſwered,—'You think to com-'fort me by this; but you make my heart ſad. It 'is as if you ſhould tell a man, who after being 'ſorely weather-beaten at ſea, had juſt arrived at 'the haven where his ſoul longed to be, that he muſt 'return to the ocean to be toſſed again with winds 'and waves.'

In his greateſt health and proſperity it was uſual with him to ſay,—'He deſired to be diſſolved.' And among other reaſons for this deſire, he gave the following:—'That God had given him a ſettled aſſur-'ance of heaven, and a ſight of the excellency of 'heaven; and that the earth is but a priſon, while 'heaven is a palace, in which is perfect holineſs and 'happineſs.'

He often ſaid in his laſt ſickneſs,—'I am not afraid 'to look death in the face. I can ſay, *Death, 'where is thy ſting?* Death cannot hurt me.

'To wicked men, ſaid he, Death is unwelcome; 'but a child of God, who hath laboured and ſuffered, 'is glad when death comes, becauſe he is then to 'reſt from his labours. The knowledge of two 'things would make one willing to ſuffer or die; 'namely, to know what heaven is; and, in the next 'place, to know that it is one's own.' 'Ay, ſaid 'one preſent, if a man were aſſured of that.'—'And 'truly, replied Mr *Dod*, Aſſurance is to be had: 'Otherwiſe, what have we been doing all this while?'

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He uſed to ſay,—'They that hope to go to hea-'ven, as moſt do, and have not good evidence for 'it, are like a man, who paſſing by a great houſe 'and eſtate, would ſay,—Theſe are mine; but being 'bid to ſhew his title, would ſay,— Somebody muſt 'have it; and why not I? Such is moſt peoples 'title for heaven.'

His temptations and his conflicts with Satan, a little before his death, were great; and ſo therefore, were this good man's eſcapes and victories. One morning, about two o' clock, he ſaid to the perſon who ſat up with him,—'That he had, from the begin-'ning of the night, been wreſtling with Satan; who 'had accuſed him as having neither preached, nor 'prayed, nor performed any duty as he ſhould have 'done, either for manner or end. But, continued 'he, I have anſwered him from the examples of the 'Prodigal and the Publican.'

His patience was perfected by his ſufferings. He longed and thirſted, as he ſaid often, to be with Chriſt. And one of the laſt things he uttered was, with his eyes and hands lift up to heaven,— *I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.*

He died at *Fauſler* in *Northamptonſhire*, in the year 1645, Aged 96.

See his life, whence are collected his Sayings, in two ſheets, well worthy to be kept in every family.

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LXVI. Mr THOMAS SHEPARD.

HE was born at *Towceſter*, near *Northampton*, *November* 5, 1605, the remarkable day in which the blow was to have been given in the execution of the execrable *gun-powder plot*. A wickedneſs ſo aſtoniſhing, that had it not been actually contrived and attempted, one would hardly believe

it could be found in any of the hearts of the ſons of men.

His father, Mr *William Shepard*, had three ſons and ſix daughters. *Thomas* was the youngeſt ſon, and the father died while this ſon was but a youth.

We have but a very brief account in his life of what he ſaid in his ſickneſs; but, among other things, when he lay a dying, he addreſſed thoſe that were about him in theſe words:—'O love the 'Lord Jeſus very dearly. That little part that I 'have in him is no ſmall comfort to me now.' His diary concludes thus: — 'I have now had a long 'ſickneſs; as if the Lord would delight no more 'in me to uſe me. O my God, who ſhall be like 'unto thee in pardoning and ſubduing mine ini-'quities?'

But we have a farther account of his laſt breathings in Mr *Jonathan Mitchel*'s life, and at the end of Mr *Bailey*'s life.

When Mr *Mitchel* had preached his firſt ſermon at *Cambridge*, Mr *Shepard* in the evening told him, —'That was the place where he ſhould, by right, be 'all the reſt of his days.' And inquiring of ſome good people,—'How Mr *Mitchel*'s firſt ſermon was 'liked among them? They told him,—'Very well.' —'Then, ſaid he, my work is done.' And in a few days after he died.

The pious Mr *John Bailey* hath this note concerning him in his diary: —'Old Mr *Thomas Shepard*, 'when on his death-bed, ſaid to the young Mini-'ſters about him, — That their work was great, and 'called for great ſerioufneſs. For his own part, he 'told them three things: Firſt, That the ſtudying 'of every ſermon coſt him tears: He wept in the 'ſtudying of every ſermon. Secondly, Before he 'preached any ſermon, he got good by it himſelf. 'Thirdly, He always went up into the pulpit as if 'he were going to give up his accounts to his Maſ-

'ter.

'ter. O that my ſoul, adds holy Mr *Bailey*, may 'remember and practiſe accordingly.'

Mr *Thomas Shepard* had, in his childhood, laboured under the diſcouragements of a bitter ſtepmother, and a cruel ſchoolmaſter, till God ſtirred up the heart of his elder brother to become a father to him; and, for the uſe of his portion, to bring him up. On which happy change he ſo bent his mind to ſtudy, that he became fit for the univerſity at fifteen years of age.

He was ſent to *Cambridge*, and placed under the tuition of Mr *Cockrel*, a *Northamptonſhire* man, fellow of *Imanuel* college. There the miniſtry of Mr *Chaderton*, and that of Mr *Dickinſon*, ſtruck his heart with powerful convictions of his miſeries in his unregeneracy; and while he endeavoured to ſhake off thoſe convictions, it pleaſed God that a devout ſcholar, taking a walk with him, fell into diſcourſe on the miſeries of an unregenerate man; whereby the arrows of God were ſtruck deeper into him. At another time, falling into pious company, where the converſation was on the wrath of God, and the extremity and eternity of it; this added to his awakenings. And tho' profane company afterwards took away from him much of the ſenſe he had received of theſe things, yet Dr *Preſton*'s firſt ſermon at *Cambridge*, on the words—*Be renewed in the ſpirit of your minds*, ſo renewed the former impreſſions, that he ſoon after approved himſelf a perſon truly renewed in his ſpirit, and converted to God. For, from that time, which was in the year 1624, he ſet himſelf to the work of daily meditation; reflecting on the evil of ſin, the terror of God's wrath, the day of death, the final judgment, the beauty of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the deceitfulneſs of his own heart, till he found the transforming influence of thoſe things on his own ſoul.

In an account drawn up of the divine favours conferred on him, we find the following paſſages: —— 'The Lord is the God that ſent, I think, the beſt 'Miniſters in the world to call me, Dr *Preſton* and 'Mr *Goodwin*. The words of the firſt, in the firſt 'ſermon he delivered, when he came into the col-'lege as Maſter of it, and in divers that he after-'wards preached, did open my heart, and convince 'me of my unbelief, and my total emptineſs of all, 'and enmity againſt all good. And the Lord made 'me honour him highly, and love him dearly; tho' 'many godly men ſpake againſt him. And he is 'the God that in theſe ordinances convinced me of 'my guilt, and filth of ſin; eſpecially of ſelf-ſeek-'ing, and love of honour from men in all I did; 'and he humbled me under both, ſo as to make me 'ſet an higher price upon Chriſt and grace, and 'lothe myſelf the more; and ſo I was eaſed of a 'world of diſcouragement. He alſo ſhewed me 'the worth of Chriſt, and made my ſoul ſatisfied 'with him, and cleave to him, becauſe God had 'made him righteouſneſs. And hence alſo, he re-'vealed his free juſtification, and gave me ſupport 'and reſt upon and in his promiſes, made to them 'that receive him as Lord and King; which I 'found my heart long unwilling to. And this was 'the ground, or rather occaſion of many horrid 'temptations of Atheiſm, Judaiſm, Familiſm, Po-'pery, and alſo of deſpair, as having ſinned the un-'pardonable ſin. Yet the Lord at laſt made me 'yield up myſelf to his condemning will as good; 'which gave me great peace and quietneſs of heart, 'through the blood and pity of Chriſt.'

Mr *Shepard* having proceeded Maſter of Arts at *Cambridge*, accepted an invitation to *Earl's-Coln*. And God made him a rich bleſſing, not only to *Coln*, but to all the towns round about; wherein many were converted to God under his miniſtry; ſeve-

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ral of whom were ſo fond of this inſtrument of their converſion, that they afterwards went a thouſand leagues to enjoy his miniſtry. For when Dr *Laud* became Biſhop of *London*, Mr *Shepard* might no longer be Preacher at *Coln*. He was quickly ſilenced, and for no other fault, than that which was then known by the name of *Puritaniſm*. And being ſilenced, he withdrew to the kind family of the *Harlackindens*.

After which, finding the Biſhop reſolved to ruin him if he did not leave that neighbourhood, and being, by letters from Mr *Ezekiel Rogers*, Miniſter of *Rowley* in *Yorkſhire*, offered employment in the houſe of Sir *Richard Darby*, of *Buttercrambe* in that county, he accepted of it, and went thither. And Sir *Richard* and his ſons, as well as many others in and about that family, had cauſe to bleſs God that ever they ſaw the face of this holy man. But Biſhop *Neal* not allowing him to continue there, he removed, on invitation, to *Heddon* in *Northumberland*, where his labours were proſpered to the ſouls of many. But thither alſo the zeal of the Biſhop reached him, and put a ſtop to his preaching. On this, being adviſed to go to *New England*, Mr *Norton* and he embarked for that ſettlement towards the end of the year 1634. But being drove back by a terrible ſtorm, he came aſhore again, and continued ſeveral months here, in continual danger from thoſe to whom ſuch a ſhepherd was an abomination. And this peril compelling him once more to encounter the perils at ſea, in *July* following he ſailed from *Graveſend* with Mr *Wilſon*, Mr *Jones*, and other Chriſtians, and arrived with them at *New England*, *October* 3. Some time after his arrival, he was choſen Paſtor of the church at *Cambridge*, where he continued to the day of his death a burning and ſhining light.

How watchful he was in the diſcharge of his miniſtry, will appear by the following extracts from his diary.

'*Auguſt* 15. I ſaw, on the Sabbath, four evils 'which attend me in my miniſtry. Firſt, The De-'vil treads me down, by diſcouragement and ſhame, 'from the ſenſe of the meanneſs of what I have pro-'vided in private meditations. But to this I ſee an 'anſwer; namely, That the glory of every thing, 'ſanctified to do good, is not to be ſeen in itſelf, 'but in the Lord's ſanctifying of it. And there is 'often an unſavourineſs on peoples ſpirits. They 'are unready to hear in hot or cold times.

'Secondly, Careleſneſs poſſeſſes me becauſe I have 'done well, and been enlarged, and have been re-'ſpected formerly. Hence it is no ſuch matter, 'though I be not always alike. Beſides I have a na-'tural dulneſs and cloudineſs of ſpirit prevailing in me.

'Thirdly, Infirmities. As want of light, want of 'life, want of a ſpirit of power to deliver what I am af-'fected with for Chriſt. And hence I ſee many ſouls 'not ſet forward, and God not felt in my miniſtry.

'Fourthly, Want of ſucceſs when I have done my 'beſt.

'I ſaw theſe things, and that I was to be humbled 'for them. I ſaw alſo many other ſins, and how 'the Lord might be angry, I thought. And this 'day, in muſing thus, I ſaw, that when I perceived 'God angry, I thought to pacify him by abſtaining 'from all ſin for the time to come. But then I re-'membered, Firſt, That my righteouſneſs could not 'ſatisfy, and that this was reſting on my own righte-'ouſneſs. Secondly, I ſaw I could not do it. Third-'ly, I ſaw righteouſneſs ready made, and already 'finiſhed, fit only for that purpoſe. And I ſaw, 'that God's afflicting me for ſin, was not that I 'ſhould go and ſatisfy by reforming, but only that 'I ſhould be humbled for, and ſeparated from it;

'being

'being reconciled and made righteous by faith in 'Chriſt, which I ſaw little of that night. This day 'alſo I found my heart untoward, ſad, and heavy, 'by muſing on the many evils to come; but I ſaw, 'if I carried four things in my mind always, I ſhould 'be comforted. Firſt, That in myſelf I am a dying 'condemned wretch, but by Chriſt reconciled and 'alive. Secondly, That in myſelf, and in all crea-'tures, there is only inſufficiency; and there is no 'reſt but in God all-ſufficient, and in him is enough 'for me. Thirdly, That I am feeble, and unable to 'do any thing of myſelf; but in Chriſt able to do 'all things. Fourthly, That though I enjoy all 'theſe but in part in this world, yet I ſhall ſhortly 'have them all perfectly in heaven, where God will 'ſhew himſelf fully reconciled, ſufficient, and ef-'ficient, and aboliſh all ſin, and live in me per-'fectly.

'*March* 19. I ſaid, as pride was my ſin, ſo ſhame 'would be my puniſhment. And many fears I had 'of *Eli*'s puniſhment, for not reproving ſin when I 'ſaw it, and that ſharply. And here I conſidered, 'that the Lord may, and doth ſometimes, make 'one good man a terror, and a dreadful example of 'outward miſeries, to the end all others may fear 'who are godly, and not ſlight his commands as '*Eli* did.

'*October* 10. When I ſaw the gifts and honour 'beſtowed on others, I began to affect ſuch excel-'lencies; and I ſaw, that uſually in my miniſtry I 'did affect an excellency, and in that view ſet upon 'the work. The Lord hereupon humbled me, 'by letting me ſee that this was diabolical pride. 'And the Lord likewiſe made me thankful for ſee-'ing it, and put me in mind to watch againſt it.'

Of how humble and public a ſpirit he was, will appear from the following extracts, written on ſtated days of faſting and prayer.

'*November*

'*November* 3. A faſt day. At night the Lord 'made me ſenſible of theſe ſins in the churches.

'Firſt, Ignorance of themſelves, becauſe of ſecret 'evils. Secondly, Of God, becauſe moſt men are 'of dark and doubtful conſciences. Thirdly, Not 'caring for Chriſt, as they ought. Fourthly, Neg-'lect of duties, becauſe of our place of ſecurity. 'Fifthly, Standing againſt all means, becauſe they 'grow not better. Sixthly, Earthlineſs, becauſe 'they long not to be with Chriſt. And I ſaw ſin as 'my greateſt evil. I was vile, but God good, 'whom I ſinned againſt. And I ſaw what cauſe I 'had to lothe myſelf, and not to ſeek to myſelf ho-'nour. Will any one deſire his dunghill to be com-'mended? Will he grieve if it be not? So my 'heart began to fall off from it. And the Lord alſo 'gave me ſome glimpſe of myſelf; and a good day 'and time it was to me.

'Firſt, I went to God, and reſted upon him as 'ſufficient. Secondly, I waited on him as efficient, 'and ſaid,—Now, Lord, do for thy churches, and 'help in mercy. At the beginning of the day I be-'gan to conſider, whether all the country did not 'fare the worſe for my ſins: I ſaw it was ſo, and 'this was an humbling thought to me. And I con-'ſidered, that if every one in particular would think 'in the like manner, and be humbled, it would do 'well. I conſidered alſo, that if repentance turn 'away judgments, then if the queſtion were, Who 'they are that bring judgments? The anſwer would 'be, They that think their ſins ſo ſmall, as that God 'is not angry with them at all.

'*April* 4. Preparing for a faſt. May I not be 'the cauſe of the church's ſorrows, which are re-'newed upon us? For what have the ſheep done?

'I. My heart hath been long lying out from the 'Lord. The Lord firſt ſent a terrible ſtorm at ſea 'to awaken me; and the deliverance from it was ſo

'ſweet,

'ſweet, that I could not but think my life after that 'would be only heavenly, as being ſnatched from an 'apparent death. Soon after this my child was 'taken away from me; my firſt-born; which made 'me remember how bitter it was to croſs the Lord's 'love. Thirdly, I ſet my face for *New England*; 'where, conſidering the liberties of God's houſe, I 'reſolved, and thought it fit, to be wholly for the 'Lord, in all manner of holineſs, at bed, at board, 'every where. Fourthly, The Lord took my dear 'wife from me; and this made me reſolve to delight 'no more in creatures, but in the Lord, and to 'ſeek him. Fifthly, The Lord threatned blindneſs 'to my child, and this made God's will, afflicting, 'ſweet to me, but much more commanding and 'promiſing: And then I could do his will, and leave 'all things to him. But, Oh, how is my *gold be-come dim!* And how little have I anſwered the 'Lord! I have wanted remembrance, heart, ſtrength, 'and will, to do any of theſe things; and therefore 'I have not cauſe to blame the Lord, for he has 'perſuaded my heart; but my own concupiſcence 'and vile nature, which Lord grant that I may 'mourn for. Apoſtaſy from God is grievous, tho' 'it be but in a ſmall meaſure. To ſerve Satan with-'out promiſe. To forſake the Lord againſt pro-'miſe. What evil have I found in the Lord? This 'brings more diſgrace upon the Lord, than if there 'had never been any coming to him.

'II. With reſpect to the people committed to me, 'they have not been pitied ſo much, nor prayed 'for, nor viſited as they ought to have been; nor 'have I ſhewn ſo much love to them as I ought.

'III. The family I have not edified nor inſtructed, 'nor taken all occaſions of ſpeech with.

'IV. The goſpel I have preached has not been 'ſeen in its glory, not been believed, not been af-'fecting.

'V. Not

'V. Not ſeeking to Chriſt for ſupply. So that all 'have dead works, and fruits of pride; as I have 'walked daily without Chriſt, and not approved 'myſelf to him. And hence, though I do his work, 'I don't mind him in it, his commands, or his 'preſence; nor yet endeavour to grow ſomewhat 'every day.

'My not lamenting the falls of Profeſſors, and the 'condition of the ſettlers in this country, who are 'not indeed the glory of God in the world, nor the 'holy people: Is it not hence, that many pillars in 'the church have fallen, as if the Lord would not 'truſt ſuch precious veſſels to my care? And hath 'the ſorrow lain upon me? When *Hezekiah*'s 'heart was lifted up, then wrath came, not only on 'him, but likewiſe on all the reſt.'

Theſe, reader, are ſome of the ſevere cenſures of this good man upon himſelf. But remember what ſome of the people of God have ſaid of him.

He died *Auguſt* 25. 1649.

LXVII. Mr JOHN COTTON.

HE was the ſon of Mr *Rowland Cotton*, a worthy Lawyer, and was born at *Derby* on *December* 4, 1585. He was celebrated for his excellent parts and learning, but better diſtinguiſhed by the treaſures of grace which enriched him. From the time of his converſion to the day of his death, he ſhone as a bright ſtar in the firmament of the goſpel.

Mr *Cotton* being placed in *Imanuel* College, was there preferred to a fellowſhip. He was afterwards the head Lecturer, the Dean, and the Catechiſt; and was a Tutor to many ſcholars. There, in all his academical exerciſes, he diſcovered ſuch ſtrength of judgment, reaſon, and reading, as made him admired

mired by the ſparkling wits of the univerſity. He was eſpecially commended for his funeral oration upon Dr *Some*, and an univerſity ſermon; wherein, aiming more to preach ſelf than Chriſt, he had ſuch florid ſtrains, as gave him great reputation with the moſt, who reliſhed the wiſdom of words more than the words of wiſdom. But the pompous eloquence of that ſermon afterwards gave ſuch a diſtaſte to his renewed ſoul, that with a ſacred indignation he threw his notes into the fire.

He had ſome convictions under the preaching of the renowned *Perkins*; but he reſiſted and ſmothered them, through a vain perſuaſion, that if he became a godly man, it would ſpoil him for a learned one. Nay, ſuch is the ſecret enmity and prejudice of an unregenerate ſoul againſt real holineſs, and ſuch the torments which our Lord's witneſſes give to the conſciences of the earthly-minded, that when he heard the bell toll for the funeral of Mr *Perkins*, his mind ſecretly rejoiced in his deliverance from that powerful miniſtry. The remembrance of which afterwards broke his heart exceedingly. But he was at length more effectually awakened by a ſermon from Dr *Sibs*, wherein the Doctor diſcourſed of the miſery of thoſe who had only a negative righteouſneſs, or a civil, ſober, honeſt blameleſneſs before men.

Mr *Cotton* became now very ſenſible of his own miſerable condition before God; and the arrows of conviction ſtuck ſo faſt in him, that after no leſs than three years diſconſolate apprehenſions under them, the grace of God made him a true Chriſtian, and filled him with a ſacred joy, which accompanied him to the fulneſs of joy for ever. He ever after had the greateſt veneration for Dr *Sibs*, the bleſſed inſtrument of his converſion.

Some time after this change on the ſoul of Mr *Cotton*, it came to his turn to preach at St *Mary*'s; when a high expectation was raiſed through the univerſity,

verſity, that they ſhould have a ſermon ſet off with all the learning and eloquence of the place. Many difficulties had Mr *Cotton* now in his own mind concerning the courſe he was to ſteer. On the one hand he conſidered, that if he ſhould preach with a ſcriptural and chriſtian plainneſs, he ſhould not only wound his own fame, but alſo tempt carnal men to revive an old cavil, — That religion made ſcholars turn dunces; whereby the honour of God might ſuffer not a little. On the other hand he conſidered, that it was his duty to preach with ſuch plainneſs as became the oracles of God. He therefore reſolved to preach a plain ſermon; ſuch a one as he might in his own conſcience think would be moſt pleaſing to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and accordingly he did ſo. But when he had done, the wits of the univerſity diſcovered their reſentment by their not humming, as according to their abſurd cuſtom they had formerly done; and the Vice-Chancellor to ſhew his own diſſatisfaction, graced him not as he did others that pleaſed him. Nevertheleſs he had many encouragements from ſome Doctors, who having a better ſenſe of religion, prayed him to perſevere in that good way of preaching he had now taken. But the greateſt conſolation was, that by the ſermon he became a ſpiritual father to Dr *Preſton*, one of the greateſt men of his time.

The well-diſpoſed people of *Boſton* in *Lincolnſhire*, after this, invited Mr *Cotton* to be their Miniſter. He accepted the invitation; and being ſettled at *Boſton*, his dear friend, Mr *Baynes*, recommended to him a pious gentlewoman for his conſort, Mrs *Eliſabeth Harrocks*, ſiſter of Mr *James Harrocks*, a famous Miniſter in *Lancaſhire*, whom he married. And it was at this place he firſt received that aſſurance of God's love to his ſoul, by the Spirit of God effectually applying his promiſe of eternal grace and life to him, which happily kept him company all the reſt of his days. After

After three years reſidence at *Boſton*, his ſtudies brought him to apprehend more of evil remaining unreformed in the church of *England* than he had before conſidered; on which he became a conſcientious Nonconformiſt.

After this he continued here twenty years, in labours abundant. His houſe was filled with young ſtudents; ſome of whom were from *Germany*, ſome from *Holland*, but moſt from *Cambridge*: For Dr *Preſton* would ſtill adviſe his pupils, who had nearly finiſhed their ſtudies, to go to live with Mr *Cotton*, to the end they might be fitted for publick ſervice; inſomuch that it was grown a common ſaying,—That Mr *Cotton* was Dr *Preſton*'s ſeaſoning veſſel.

His diſtinguiſhed piety and extenſive uſefulneſs having ſufficiently expoſed him to the malice of the Prelates, letters miſſive were out againſt him from the infamous high commiſſion court: And as he knew that if he appeared there, he could expect no other, than to be ſtifled with ſuch a perpetual impriſonment as had already murdered *Bates*, *Udal*, &c. he concealed himſelf as well as he could from the ſearch of the officers. Application was made in the mean time to the Earl of *Dorſet* for the fulfilling of an old engagement of his to Mr *Cotton*; and the Earl did interceed for him, till the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* (who would often ſay,—Oh, that I could meet with *Cotton*) rendered all his interceſſions both ineffectual and unſeaſonable. Whereupon that noble perſon ſent him word,—That if he had been guilty of drunkenneſs or uncleanneſs, or any ſuch leſſer fault, he could have obtained his pardon; but as he was guilty of Puritaniſm and Nonconformity, the crime was unpardonable; and therefore he adviſed him to flee for his ſafety. On this Mr *Cotton*, to ſupplications to the God of heaven for his direction, joined conſultations with good men on earth; and, among others, did, with ſome of his boſom friends,

viſit

viſit old Mr *Dod*; to whom he laid open the difficult caſe now before him, without intimating his own inclination, that the advice of that holy man might be unbiaſſed. Mr *Dod*, upon the whole, ſaid thus to him; — 'I am old *Peter*, and therefore muſt ſtand 'ſtill, and bear the brunt; but you, being young '*Peter*, may go whither you will; and ought, being 'perſecuted in one city, to flee to another.'

At length Mr *Cotton*, Mr *Hooker*, and Mr *Stone*, embarked for *New England* together in the ſame ſhip. And on their arrival there, *September* 3, 1633, the poor people expreſs'd great joy and thankfulneſs.

Mr *Cotton* continued at *Boſton* in *New England* to his dying day, doing good publickly and privately, to all ſorts of men, as it became a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghoſt, to do.

The laſt ſermon he preached was on *John* i. 14. on the glory of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; from the faith to the ſight whereof he was then haſtening. After this, he ſpent a whole day in his ſtudy in ſecret humiliations and ſupplications for ſpecial aſſiſtances of the Holy Spirit, for the great work of dying. And when he had finiſhed and was come out of his ſtudy, he ſaid to his conſort, — 'I ſhall go into that room 'no more.' And he had all along preſages in his heart, that God would, by that ſickneſs, give him an entrance into the everlaſting kingdom of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. And though the chief motive of his readineſs to be gone, was the unutterable ſweet and rich entertainments which, by foretaſte as well as by promiſe, he knew the Lord had reſerved in the heavenly regions for him; yet he ſaid,—'It quickened 'his readineſs, when he conſidered the ſaints, into 'whoſe company and communion he was going, 'particularly *Ames*, *Preſton*, *Hilderſham*, *Dod*, and 'others, who had been peculiarly dear to him, be'ſides the reſt of that general aſſembly.'

A little before his death he ſent for his brethren, the Elders of the church, of which he himſelf was alſo an Elder; who having, according to the Apoſtolical direction, prayed over him, he exhorted them to *feed the flock over which they were Overſeers*, and increaſe their watch againſt thoſe declenſions into which he ſaw the profeſſors of religion falling; adding,— 'I have now, through grace, been more than forty 'years a ſervant of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and have 'ever found him a good maſter.'

When his collegue, Mr *Wilſon*, took his leave of him, with a wiſh that God would lift up the light of his countenance upon him, he inſtantly replied,— 'God hath done it already, brother.'

He then called for his children, and leaving with them the gracious covenant of God as their never-failing portion, he breathed his bleſſed ſoul into the hands of his heavenly Lord, *December* 23, 1652, having entered on the 68th year of his age.

LXVIII. Mr SAMUEL STONE.

MR *Samuel Stone* had been Lecturer at *Towceſter* in *Northamptonſhire*, was born at *Hertford* in *Old England*, and on *July* 20, 1663, died at *Hertford* in *New England*, longing to be with the heavenly ſociety; concerning which he would ſay,— 'Heaven 'is the more deſirable for ſuch company as *Hooker*, '*Shepard*, and *Hains*, who are got there before me.'

See a more full account of theſe excellent Divines in Dr *Cotton Mather*'s *Hiſtory of New England.*

LXIX. Mr SAMUEL CROOK.

HE was born at *Great Waddingfield* in *Suffolk*, and was the ſon of Dr *Crook*, a learned and laborious Divine, and ſome time Preacher to the honourable ſociety of *Gray*'s *Inn*.

In his laſt ſickneſs, apprehending it would terminate in death, he deſired his friends not to pray for his life, but to pray that God would give him faith, patience, repentance, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt: and he was bleſſed with what he deſired.

'Lord, ſaid he, caſt me down as low as hell in 'repentance, and lift me up by faith to the higheſt 'heavens, in confidence of thy ſalvation.'

Speaking of Chriſt's nativity, he ſaid,—'*For* me 'was that *Child born*; *unto* me was that *Son given*; '*who is Wonderful, Counſellor, the mighty God, the* '*everlaſting Father, the Prince of peace.*'

He died *December* 25, 1649, being then Paſtor of a church at *Wrington* in *Somerſetſhire*.

LXX. Dr WILLIAM GOUGE.

HE was born at *Stratford-Bow* in the county of *Middleſex*, November 1, 1575, and was the ſon of Mr *Thomas Gouge*, a Gentleman of great piety. He was eminent for piety, learning, charity, and humility.

His ſtudy was to advance Chriſt, and debaſe himſelf. He uſed to ſay,—'When I look upon myſelf, 'I ſee nothing but emptineſs and weakneſs; but 'when

'when I look upon Chriſt, I ſee nothing but fulneſs 'and ſufficiency.'

When the hand of his body was weak and tremulous, the hand of his ſoul, his faith, was ſtrong and ſteady. When he could hardly hold the cup at the ſacrament, while he carried it to his mouth, becauſe of his paralytic hand; with a firm and fixed affiance he laid hold on Chriſt, and with a holy thirſt applied his blood to his ſoul. And it was his manner, when he was returned to his houſe from the Lord's ſupper, joyfully to offer up thankſgivings and praiſes for the refreſhment he had received from the blood of his Redeemer.

In his ſharp and bitter pains, occaſioned by the ſtone, aſthma, *&c.* he never complained of God for his ſufferings, but often of himſelf for ſinning.—'A 'great ſinner, he would ſay, but I comfort myſelf 'in a great Saviour.' And in the moſt violent pa- 'roxyſms he ſaid,—'Well, yet in all theſe there is 'nothing of hell, or of God's wrath.' His ſufferings were never ſo deep, but he could ſee the bottom of them, and ſay,—'Soul, be ſilent: Soul, be patient. 'It is thy God and Father who thus ordereth thy 'condition. Thou art his clay, and he may tread 'and trample on thee as he pleaſeth. Thou haſt de- 'ſerved much more. It is enough that thou art 'kept out of hell. Though thy pain be grievous, 'yet it is tolerable. Thy God affords ſome inter- 'miſſions. He will turn it to thy good, and at 'length put an end to all: None of which things 'can be expected in hell.'

He often repeated the words of holy *Job*,—'*Shall we receive good from the hands of God, and not evil?* And often commended his ſoul to Chriſt, ſaying,—*I am perſuaded that he his able to keep that which I have committed to him againſt that day.*

When any of his friends went about to comfort him in the gifts which God had beſtowed on him, and

the works he had wrought by him, he anſwered,—'I dare not think of any ſuch things for comfort. 'Jeſus Chriſt, and what he hath done and endured, 'is the only ground of my ſure conſolation.'

When he was ſo weak that he could not ariſe out of his bed, he ſaid,—'Now I have not long to live 'in this world. The time of my departure is at 'hand. I am going to my deſired haven.' He termed death his beſt friend, next to Jeſus Chriſt; and ſaid to his ſiſter,—'Siſter, I ſhall, I am ſure, 'be with Jeſus when I die.' He died *December* 12, 1653.

He was Miniſter, for many years, of *Black Friers, London.*

LXXI. Mr JEREMY WHITAKER.

HE was born at *Wakefield* in *Yorkſhire*, in the year 1599.

He began very early to ſeek God, and very early diſcovered a lively diſpoſition and promiſing talents for the Miniſtry; often ſaying,—'He had rather be 'a Preacher of the goſpel, than an Emperor.'

He was an univerſal ſcholar, was choſen one of the Aſſembly of Divines at *Weſtminſter*, and was ſo laborious in the work of the goſpel, that his exceſſive application was thought to have brought on him the painful diſorder under which he laboured in his laſt ſickneſs.

As he was once riding with an intimate friend by *Tyburn*, which he had never ſeen, or never diſtinguiſhed before, he aſked,—'What that was?' And being told it was *Tyburn*, where ſo many malefactors had been put to death; he ſtopped his horſe, and ſaid with great emotion,—'Oh, what a ſhame is it, that ſo many thouſands ſhould die for the ſatisfaction

'tisfaction of their luſts, and ſo few be found willing to lay down their lives for Chriſt! Why ſhould not we, in ſo good a cauſe, and upon a good call, be ready to be hanged for Jeſus Chriſt? It would be our everlaſting honour. It is a thouſand times better to be hanged or burnt for Chriſt, than to die in our beds.'

He was remarkable for meekneſs and tenderneſs of heart; and his patience was ſo eminent, that he might be celebrated as a ſecond *Job*; ſince many who ſaw him in the racking pains of his laſt ſickneſs, were confident that God had put him in that furnace, and kept him there to be a pattern of patience to poſterity.

When he was aſked, how he did; he frequently anſwered in the following manner:—'The buſh always burning, but not conſumed. Though my pains be too great for the ſtrength of nature, they are not too great for ſupports of grace.'

It may not be unprofitable to give a ſpecimen of the effuſions of his heart in expoſtulation and prayer, in the midſt of this affliction.—'O, my God, ſaid he, help. Father of mercies, pity. Do not contend for ever. Conſider my frame, that I am but duſt. My God, that made heaven and earth, help me. Oh, give me patience, and inflict what thou wilt. If my patience was more, my pain would be leſs. Dear Saviour, where are thy bowels? Why doſt thou make me an aſtoniſhment to myſelf and others? Why haſt thou covered thyſelf with a thick cloud, that our prayers ſhould not paſs through? *Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation.* Lord, this is a ſad temptation: Stand by me, and ſay, It is enough. Am I not thy ſervant? Conſider, Lord, that I am thy ſervant. O, theſe waters of *Marah!* Lord, drop ſweet comfort into theſe bitter waters! O the blood of ſprinkling! Lord, the blood of ſprinkling!

'ing! Lord, that blood which extinguiſheth the 'fire of thine anger! O that it may allay my burn-'ing pains! I am in a fiery furnace. Lord, be 'with me as thou wert with the three children, and 'bring me out refined from ſin! When, while 'ſailing through the ocean of theſe pains, I look 'back; I ſee that none of them can be wanting. I 'flee to thee, O God: Hide me under the ſhadow 'of thy wings till theſe terrible ſtorms be overpaſt.'

God added humility as a crown to all his other graces. He was indeed *clothed with humility*. And hence it was, that he would converſe ſo familiarly with the pooreſt Chriſtians, and with thoſe of the loweſt parts for knowledge, even with babes in Chriſt. The ordinary terms in which he addreſſed the throne of grace for himſelf were, — 'I am a 'poor worm, a ſinful wretch. O pardon my tranſ-'greſſions, for they are very great.'

He was confident that mercies were mingled with the fierceſt paroxyſms of his diſtemper; and did not doubt but every thing he ſuffered would be ſanctified to him.—'Conſider, ſaid he, and ſave me; for I am 'thine. How long, how long, Lord, ſhall I not 'be remembered? But I am remembered, bleſſed 'be thy name. This is a fiery chariot, but it will 'carry me to heaven. Bleſſed be God, who hath 'ſupported me hitherto. And he who hath de-'livered will yet deliver. Thou, Lord, never for-'getteſt them who put their truſt in thee.'

Ever when the extremity of a paroxyſm was paſſed, ſmiles returned on his countenance, and he ſpake of the mercies of God. Though he trembled when his pains began, he ſaid with confidence,—'Now, in 'the ſtrength of the mighty God, I will undergo 'them. O, my God, underneath put everlaſting 'arms, and ſtrengthen me.'

As he drew nearer his diſſolution, his pains became more violent; but to the praiſe of that grace which continually

continually ſuccoured him, they never abated either his faith or his patience.—'O, my God, ſaid he, break 'open the priſon doors, and let my poor captive ſoul 'go free. But enable me to wait willingly thy time. 'I deſire to be diſſolved. Never was any man more 'deſirous of life than I am of death. When will 'that time come, when I ſhall neither ſin nor ſorrow 'any more? When ſhall mortality put on immor-'tality? When ſhall this earthly tabernacle be diſ-'ſolved, that I may be clothed upon with that 'houſe which is from heaven? *Bleſſed are the dead 'which die in the Lord, for they reſt from their la-'bours; and follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goeth.* 'Good Lord, keep me from diſhonouring thy 'name by impatience. Oh, who that knows God, 'would not even in the fires have honourable 'thoughts of him? Who that knows thee would 'not fear thee, O Lord; and love and honour thee 'continually? Lord, thou giveſt me no occaſion 'to entertain hard thoughts of thee. Bleſſed be 'God, there is nothing of hell in all this. Bleſſed 'be his name for Jeſus Chriſt, and the revelation 'of the everlaſting goſpel. Who knoweth the 'power of thine anger? If it be ſo heavy on thy 'ſervants here, how heavy will thy wrath be on all 'thoſe who ſhall endure it without mixture hereaf-'ter? Bleſſed be God for the peace of my inward 'man, while my outward man is full of trouble. 'This is a bitter cup, but it is of my Father's mix-'ing; and ſhall I not drink it? Yes, Lord, thro' 'thy ſtrength I will. This is my burden, and I 'will bear it. O, what a mercy it is, that there is 'any mitigation, any intermiſſion! Lord, make 'me thankful!'

And in this gracious ſpirit he often called to thoſe who were about him, ſaying,—'O help me to be 'thankful! O lift up a prayer for me, that I may 'be thankful! O, what a mercy is this! How

'much worſe might this affliction have been! I 'might have been diſtracted, or laid roaring under 'anguiſh of ſpirit.'

And he often ſaid to a boſom friend,—'Brother, 'through mercy, I have not one repining thought 'againſt God.'

Several Miniſters having met in order to ſpend a day in prayer for him, one of them, his friend Mr *Aſh*, deſired him to ſay what in particular he would have them lay before the throne of grace? To which he replied, — 'Do not complain, but bleſs God for 'me, and intreat him to open the priſon door.'

He was Miniſter of St *Mary Magdalen Bermondſey*, in *Southwark*, and died in *June* 1654.

After his death his body was opened, when both his kidneys were found full of ulcers, and one of them ſwell'd to an extraordinary bigneſs, through the abundance of purulent matter in it; and on the neck of his bladder was found a ſtone, about an inch and an half long, and one inch broad.

LXXII. Mr THOMAS GATAKER.

FInding, in his laſt ſickneſs, that the uſe of medicine rather hurt than helped him, he gave it over, and reſolved to wait the Lord's leiſure.

One morning, very early, he called his ſon, and told him, — 'He feared he ſhould have a difficult 'death.'

Another morning, panting, and full of pain, he ſaid,—'How long, Lord; how long? Come ſpee-'dily.'

At three o' clock in the afternoon of that day, he ſaid to his children, — 'My heart fails; but God is 'my fortreſs, and the ſtrong rock of my ſalvation.

'Into

'Into thy hands therefore I commend my ſoul, for 'thou haſt redeemed me, O God of truth.'

Then, ſpeaking to his ſon, he ſaid,—'Son, you 'have a great charge: Look to it. Inſtruct your 'wife and family in the fear of God, and diſcharge 'your miniſtry conſcientiouſly.'

To his ſiſter, who was two years older than himſelf, he ſaid,—'I thought you might have gone be-'fore me: But God calls for me firſt. I hope we 'ſhall meet in heaven, and I pray God to bleſs you.'

His daughter he admoniſhed,—'To mind the 'world leſs and God more; for that all things with-'out piety, and the true fear of God, are nothing 'worth.'

He died *July* 27, 1654.

LXXIII. Mrs MARGARET DUCKE.

SHE was daughter of Mr *Henry Southworth* of *London*, Merchant; and was a woman of great prudence and piety.

To her huſband, who often in her laſt ſickneſs ſpoke to her of the love and promiſes of God in Chriſt, ſhe frequently ſaid,—'I am comforted. 'God's Spirit is in me; which makes me endure my 'ſickneſs, and more pain than you imagine, ſo com-'fortably as I do.'

When ſhe thought herſelf alone, her uſual prayer was,—'Lord, look down upon me in mercy. Lord, 'forgive me my ſins. Lord, aſſiſt me with thy 'holy Spirit. Lord, thou haſt aſſured me of the 'forgiveneſs of my ſins. Lord, aſſiſt me ſtill with 'thy holy Spirit.'

Laying her hand on the ſhoulder of her eldeſt daughter, ſhe ſaid,—'I give you that bleſſing which

'my

'my mother gave me at her death: — *The God of* 'Abraham, *the God of Iſaac, and the God of Jacob,* 'bleſs you.' And then added the bleſſing which *Aaron*, by God's appointment, was to pronounce to the children of *Iſrael: The Lord bleſs thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to ſhine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.*

Juſt before her departure ſhe ſaid,—'Come, let 'us go, let us go:' Repeating the words ſeveral times; while ſhe was neither in a ſlumber, nor defective in her head; but, on the contrary, perfectly awake, and as perfect in her underſtanding. It was therefore judged, ſhe had ſome diſcovery of the angels of God attending her; for preſently after, ſhe lifted up her eyes towards heaven, and ſaid,—'Lord, 'have mercy upon me! Lord Jeſus, receive my 'ſoul!' And with theſe words ſhe departed, *Auguſt* 15, 1646.

LXXIV. Mrs MARGARET CORBET.

SHE was the daughter of Sir *Nathanael Brent*, Warden of *Merton* college; and was converted at fourteen years of age: from which time ſhe was ſwift to hear the word of God, waiting diligently at the poſts of wiſdom's gate, and writing after the Preachers; which laſt practice, beſides the advantages attending it, has a perpetual honour derived on it by the example of King *Edward* VI.

Her life was holy, and her death accordingly happy.

In

In her laſt illneſs, which was long and fatiguing, ſhe had continual ſupplies of ſtrength from the God of *Iſrael*, who never fails his people.

Among other gracious and edifying things which then fell from the lips of this excellent woman, the following deſerve eſpecially to be remembered:—'I 'was in the Devil's claws; but Jeſus Chriſt, the 'ſweet bridegroom of my ſoul, the ſweet bride-'groom of my ſoul (dwelling on the words) the ſweet 'bridegroom of my ſoul, hath delivered me.'

'I am ſafe; for Jeſus Chriſt is at my heart; and 'I would not part with him for ten thouſand worlds.'

'Come, Lord Jeſus, the Captain of my ſalvation! 'Ride on, gloriouſly conquering, and to conquer 'for me, ſin, Satan, death, and hell, and all my 'enemies.

'I was in hell, but now I am in heaven: I am in 'heaven indeed, and ſhall be there eternally. In 'heaven! the habitation of God's glory, to all eter-'nity.'

She died in *March*, 1656, in the 28th year of her age.

Her piety, knowledge, meekneſs, courage, and great charity, are largely ſhewn by Dr *Henry Wilkinſon*, Principal of *Magdalen Hall, Oxon.*

Clarke's Lives.

LXXV. Mr PEACOCK.

HE was a godly Miniſter, and a Tutor at *Oxford.*

In his laſt ſickneſs he was a remarkable inſtance of ſoul-conflict. He was brought even to the ſuburbs of

of hell, and thence was plucked as a brand out of the fire. God reſtored comfort to his dejected ſoul, binding up his broken ſpirit, and pouring in a more precious balm than that of Gilead into his wounded and bleeding conſcience.

Many young Gentlemen being come to viſit him, he ſaid to them, —'Live in God's fear, that you 'may die in his favour; otherwiſe the ox and the 'aſs will condemn you.'

Two or three hours before his death he expreſſed himſelf to thoſe about him in the following manner: —'Do you expect to hear from me what I believe 'concerning my everlaſting ſalvation? Truly God 'is for ever ſo endearingly tender, and ſo in-'conceivably merciful to all thoſe whom he hath 'once loved, that he doth never finally forſake 'them. And therefore I am moſt aſſuredly confi-'dent, that I ſhall depart from hence into heaven. 'Happy, thrice happy be thoſe cords of affliction in 'which my moſt gracious God hath tied and bound 'me.'

A friend having ſaid to him,—'You have fought 'a good fight;' he anſwered,—'It behoves, it be-'hoves me to ſtrive for heaven. Lift me up; help 'me out; rid me hence, that I may paſs ſtraight to 'heaven. God favourably accepts the endeavours 'of his ſaints.'

Being reminded of God's great mercy to him, he ſaid,—'O, the ſea is not ſo full of water, nor the ſun 'of light, as God of goodneſs. His mercy is ten 'thouſand times more.'

Being put in mind of God's great goodneſs to him, in filling his ſoul with comfort after ſuch great temptations, he ſaid, —'I do, God be praiſed, feel ſuch 'comfort, that if I had five thouſand worlds, I 'could not make recompenſe for ſuch an iſſue. 'How ſhall I extol the munificence of God, which

is

'is unſpeakable, and more than any ſoul can con-
'ceive? Let us, with humble reverence, acknow-
'ledge his great mercy. How great cauſe have I
'to magnify the goodneſs of God, who hath hum-
'bled, nay, rather, hath exalted ſo wretched a miſ-
'creant, and of ſo baſe a condition, to an eſtate ſo
'glorious and ſtately! The Lord hath honoured
'me with his goodneſs. I am ſure he hath provided
'a glorions kingdom for me. The joy that I feel
'in my ſoul is incredible. Bleſſed be God, bleſſed
'be God, I am a thouſand times happy to have
'ſuch felicity thrown upon me, a poor wretched
'miſcreant.' After a little reſt he ſaid, — 'Lord
'Jeſus, into thy hands I commit my ſpirit. Lord
'receive my ſoul. Lord, lift thou up the light
'of thy countenance upon me, and be merciful unto
'me.'

And ſo he ſlept in the Lord, *December* 4, A. D. 1611.

I ſhall now ſet down a few of the many remark-able expreſſions of this holy man in his deſerted ſtate: which, through the divine bleſſing, may be helpful to thoſe who ſhall fall into the like melancholy cir-cumſtances, againſt deſpair of deliverance.

'O, ſaid he, how ſinful, woful, and miſerable is
'my condition, who thus muſt converſe with hell-
'hounds! The Lord hath curſed me. I was a
'fooliſh, vain-glorious hypocrite. 'Tis againſt the
'courſe of God's proceedings to ſave me. He hath
'otherwiſe decreed. I have no more grace than
'thoſe curtains, than a gooſe, than a block: I have
'no more grace than a ſtake. I have deſtroyed a
'thouſand ſouls.'

'*Q.* You hope to be ſaved by your merit.'

'*A.* I fear to be damned for my ſins. O, if you
'felt my grief but an hour, you would have com-
'paſſion on me.'

'*Q.* If-

'*Q.* If you were in the fire you would wiſh to get 'out.

'*A.* I had rather be in the fire than here.'

To Mr *Dod* he ſaid:

'O, Mr *Dod*, I have no grace.'

[Mr *Dod.*] 'I will not believe every one that 'ſaith, he hath grace; nor every one that ſaith, he 'hath none. Would you believe the Phyſician or 'yourſelf, about the ſtate of your body?'

'*A.* The Phyſician.'

'*Q.* Believe not therefore yourſelf now. You 'are ſick, but you ſhall be reſtored.'

'*A.* It is impoſſible.'

'*Q.* Your ſin is not ſo great as *Adam*'s, yet he is 'in heaven.'

'*A.* It repented him.'

'*Q.* Be not always digging at your ſin. A wound 'always rubbed cannot be cured. Suffer the plaiſter 'of God's word to reſt upon it.'

'*A.* O, that I had it! O, that it would pleaſe 'God! I had rather have it than any thing in this, 'or in twenty thouſand worlds beſides. But I can-'not truly deſire it. O, the judgment of God! O 'my miſerable heart! O death! O that he would 'enlarge my ſoul!

'*Q.* This deſire is good.'

'*A.* But 'tis without favour. My ſins are great. 'He hath rejected me. He doth manifeſt it. O 'my abominable bringing up of youth!' With much more of the like kind. But after a while he ſaid,—'I thank God, he hath begun to eaſe me. O God, 'reconcile me to thee, that my miſerable ſoul may 'receive comfort. My mind was grievouſly poſ-'ſeſſed with ſundry diſtractions laſt night; but I find 'my burden now more light, I thank God.'

Many of the Fellows of the college being come to viſit him, he ſaid,—'Truly my heart and ſoul have

'been

'been far led, and deeply troubled, by temptations 'and ſtings of conſcience; but, I thank God, they 'are eaſed in a good meaſure. Wherefore I deſire 'that I may not be branded with the note of a forlorn 'reprobate, and caſt-away. Such queſtions and op-'poſitions, and all things tending thereto, I re-'nounce.'

'*Q.* Do you forgive all wrongs?'

'*A.* Yes, and deſire that mine may be forgiven. 'If in any thing I have offended by my inconſiderate 'ſpeeches in the time of my temptations, I heartily 'and humbly aſk forgiveneſs of God for them all.'

LXXVI. Mr HENRY ALTING.

HENRY ALTING was born at *Embden* in *Friſeland*, A. D. 1583. of a very ancient and honourable family. His father, *Menſo Alting*, was Paſtor of *Embden*; and his mother, *Mary Biſcof*, was an excellent perſon.

In Mr *Alting*'s laſt ſickneſs, Dr *Mareſius* viſiting him; *Alting*, in the moſt friendly manner, congratulated him as his deſigned ſucceſſor:—'For, ſaid he, 'it much rejoiceth me, that I ſhall leave to the uni-'verſity and church one who is ſtudious of peace, 'orthodox in judgment, and averſe from novelties: 'And I require you, that as you have ever main-'tained friendſhip with myſelf, do the like with 'mine whom I ſhall leave behind.'

The day before his death he ſang the hundred and thirtieth pſalm with a ſweet voice, and with fervent zeal

zeal to the Lord; and paſſed the reſt of his time in hearty prayers and holy meditations. In the evening he bleſſed his children; and the next morning, finding that his diſeaſe had conquered nature, he told thoſe about him,—'That before ſun-ſet he ſhould 'depart, and go to the Lord.' And ſo, fixing his faith on the death and merits of Chriſt, and on the promiſes of the goſpel; and being cheared with the comforts of the holy Ghoſt, he expected death without fear, and preſently after bade them all farewel, as being ready to depart and go to Chriſt, which he much longed for. And at length, in the preſence of relations, and the profeſſors of the univerſity, without the leaſt ſtruggling, he quietly ſlept in the Lord, *Auguſt* 25, 1644.

Alting was held in great eſteem by all the *German* and Proteſtant Divines. He was Tutor to the young Prince *Frederic*, ſon of *Frederic* IV. Elector Palatine, who afterwards was choſen King of *Bohemia*, and to ſeveral young Noblemen.

In 1612. The Prince Elector coming into *England* to marry the Lady *Elizabeth*, daughter of King *James*, brought Mr *Alting* in his train; who, on this occaſion, had a narrow eſcape for his life; himſelf, with *Scultetus*, and ſome others of the Prince's company, being ſurpriſed with ſuch a ſtorm upon the lake of *Haerlem*; that being obliged to make to the farther ſhore, they eſcaped not without great difficulty, and being half drowned.

Alting, having eſcaped this danger, arrived ſafely in *England*, and was kindly entertained here, becoming acquainted with men of the greateſt note, and King *James* himſelf converſing very familiarly with him. In *Febʳuary* following the Prince Elector ſent him back, with his ſcholars, into the Palatinate; and a few months after Mr *Alting* was made firſt Profeſſor at *Heidleberg*, and Doctor of Divinity.

In

In 1616 the Prince appointed him Maſter of the college of *Wiſdom:* And about two years after, a ſynod was appointed at *Dort*, for compoſing the differences in the *Belgic* churches, which had aroſe from the doctrine of *Arminius*, when grave, learned, and godly men were ſent from all the reformed churches, to aſſiſt at it; and Mr. *Alting*, with two others, were ſent from *Heidleberg* to join in that work, which began in the year 1618, and ended in the year following; and in which Mr *Alting* approved himſelf to all that were preſent, for his excellent ſkill in divinity, and his dexterity in clearing up matters of difficulty.

But ſcarcely was the ſynod ended, by which the doctrines of *Arminius* were condemned, when *Alting*, with his collegues, returned to *Heidleberg:* and then began the tumults in *Bohemia*. The Prince Elector was choſen King of *Bohemia*, and crowned. *Spinola* broke into the Palatinate. The great battle was fought near *Prague*. The *Bohemians* were beaten. And, in the year 1622, in the month of *Auguſt*, *Heidleberg* was beſieged by *Tilly*; and, on *September* 6, was taken by ſtorm; when that city ſuffered whatſoever military licentiouſneſs could perpetrate, by rapes on matrons and virgins, murders, plunderings, and devaſtations; all heightened by hatred of the reformed religion.

Alting, who was then in his ſtudy, hearing of the ſurpriſal of the city, bolted his door, and betook himſelf to prayer, expecting every moment the Soldiers to break in upon and ſlay him. But the great Arbiter of life and death took care for his ſafety. For Monſieur *Bethuſius*, Rector of the ſchool, and his dear friend, called him out, and conveyed him through a back door to the Chancellor's houſe, which *Tilly* had forbid to be plundered, becauſe of the records of the ſtate that were kept there. This houſe was guarded by a party under a Lieutenant Colonel, a man greedy of prey; who, leſt he ſhould loſe his

ſhare of the booty by being poſted there, ſent his Soldiers up and down, commanding them, that if they met with any citizens of note they ſhould, under pretence of ſafeguard, bring them to him: his purpoſe being to enrich himſelf by their ranſom. To this man *Alting* was brought; when the Colonel holding his naked ſword reeking with blood, ſaid to him,—'This day, with this hand, I have ſlain ten men; to 'whom Doctor *Alting* ſhould be added as the eleventh, 'if I knew where to find him. But who art thou?'—'I was, ſaid he, *Alting*, a ſchoolmaſter in the col-'lege of *Wiſdom*.' And by this artful, yet faithful anſwer, he eſcaped the danger; for hereupon the Lieutenant Colonel promiſed him ſafety.

O, what a ſad time had he that night, which he paſſed without ſleep, being kept awake by the continual ſhrieks and groans which filled the air, of women raviſhed, and men expiring under wounds and torments. But obſerving that many fled to this houſe as to their only refuge, and fearing leſt he ſhould be diſcovered by the malice or imprudence of ſome of them, he hid himſelf in a cock-loft; and, in the mean time, the Lieutenant Colonel was by *Tilly* commanded away, to the end the houſe might be reſigned to the Jeſuits. But when *Alting* was in equal danger from theſe new inhabitants, God, by a ſpecial providence, provided for his ſafety. For the kitchen of this houſe being reſerved for *Tilly*'s own uſe, and a *Palatine* Cook being ſet at the head of it, this Cook fed and concealed him, till ſeeing his opportunity, when the Jeſuits were buſy in providing things for the celebrating of the maſs, he hired three *Bavarian* Soldiers to conduct *Alting* to his own houſe; where, when he came, he found his goods broken and plundered; and, in his library, a Captain, boaſting that all things in it were his own: —'Yet, ſaid he to '*Alting*, I give thee leave to take any one book, 'and to carry it away with thee.' This Mr *Alting* handſomely

handſomely refuſed, ſaying,—'Sir, if all theſe things 'be yours, may you enjoy them longer than their 'laſt Maſter did.'

From *Heidleberg* he paſſed through a thouſand dangers to *Heilbron*: And, through God's good providence, he ſpent many years after this at *Groningen* and *Leyden*, in great uſefulneſs and honour.

LXXVII. Mr THOMAS HOOKER.

HE was born at *Marfield* in *Leiceſterſhire*, about the year 1586.

In the time of his ſickneſs he did not ſay much to thoſe about him; but being deſired to declare his judgment concerning ſome important matters, eſpecially the ſtate of *New England*, he anſwered,—'I 'have not that work now to do. I have already de-'clared the counſel of the Lord.'

And when one who ſtood weeping by the bed-ſide ſaid to him,—'Sir, you are going to receive the 'reward of all your labours;' He replied,—'Bro-'ther, I am going to receive mercy.'

At laſt he cloſed his eyes with his own hands, and gently ſtroking his forehead, with a ſmile in his countenance, he gave a little groan, and ſo expired *July* 7, 1647.

Mr *Hooker*, when but young, was advanced to a Fellowſhip in *Imanuel* college in *Cambridge*. While he was there in that capacity, it pleaſed God to give him the experience of a true regeneration. His converſion was attended with ſuch a ſenſe of the wrath of heaven againſt ſin, as filled him with horror and anguiſh, and made him cry out,—'While I ſuffer 'thy terrors, O Lord, I am diſtracted.' He was for a long time under the ſpirit of bondage, and was

greatly taught by his ſoul-troubles under that diſpenſation.

His comfort it ſeems aroſe from the free promiſes of God; and he would therefore ſay,—'That the 'promiſe is the boat which is to carry a periſhing 'ſinner over to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.'

When Mr *Hooker* left the univerſity he ſojourned in the houſe of Mr *Drake*, a Gentleman of great note near *London*; and on his leaving that Gentleman's family he frequently preached in the city. At length he accepted of an invitation to *Chelmsford* in *Eſſex*, about the year 1626.

But the joy of the people in this light was but for a ſeaſon. For ſcrupling ſome rites vigorouſly preſſed in the church of *England*, he laid down his public miniſtry; and, at the requeſt of ſome eminent perſons, kept a ſchool in a houſe he hired at *Little Baddow*, near *Chelmsford*; and Mr *John Elliot* was his Uſher.

'I have in my hands a manuſcript, ſays Dr *Cotton* '*Mather*, written by the hands of our bleſſed *Elliot*, 'wherein he gives a very great account of the little 'academy then maintained in the houſe of Mr *Hooker*; 'and among other things he ſays,—To this place I 'was called through the infinite riches of God's 'mercy in Chriſt Jeſus to my poor ſoul. For here 'the Lord ſaid to my dead ſoul, Live; and through 'the grace of Chriſt I do live, and I ſhall live for 'ever. When I came to this bleſſed family, I then 'ſaw, and never before, the power of godlineſs in its 'lively vigour and efficacy.'

It was by Mr *Hooker*'s means that many godly Miniſters were brought into that country, and held their monthly meetings for faſting, and prayer, and profitable conferences.

What aggravated the ſilencing of this great and good man was, that no leſs than ſeven and forty conforming Miniſters in the neighbouring towns, underſtanding

ſtanding that the Biſhop of *London* pretended that Mr *Hooker*'s miniſtry was injurious or offenſive to them, ſubſcribed a petition to the biſhop for his continuance in the miniſtry at *Chelmsford*; in which petition, tho' he was in judgment different from them, they teſtify in ſo many words,—'That they eſteem 'and know the ſaid Mr *Thomas Hooker*, to be for 'doctrine orthodox, for diſpoſition peaceable, and in 'no wiſe turbulent or factious:' But it did not avail. *Hooker* was ſtigmatized for a Puritan.

The ſpiritual court, which ſate at *Chelmsford* about the year 1630, had not only ſilenced Mr. *Hooker*, but alſo bound him over, in a bond of fifty pounds, to appear before the high commiſſion. But being afflicted with an ague at the time appointed for his appearance, his friends adviſed him rather to forfeit the ſum to the court, than throw himſelf into their hands. And accordingly he did ſo.

After this he embarked for *Holland*; when it ſo happened, that though the wind was at firſt contrary, it came about, and they were under ſail juſt as an officer arrived at the port in order to detain him.

Having ſtaid in *Holland* upwards of two years, he returned to *England* in order to embark with ſome of his friends for *New England*. But on his return, officers were quickly employed to lay hold of him; and one of them at length got ſo near him, as to knock at the door of the chamber where he was diſcourſing with Mr. *Stone*, who was become his companion and aſſiſtant for the voyage to *New England*, and was at that time ſmoking a pipe of tobacco, for which Mr. *Hooker* had been reproving him, as being a thing then uſed by few perſons of ſobriety. Mr. *Stone*, who was an acute pleaſant man, ſtept to the door with his pipe in his mouth, and with ſuch an air as gave him ſome credit with the Officer, who aſked him if Mr *Hooker* was there. Mr *Stone* replied, with

a braving ſort of confidence,—'What *Hooker* do you 'mean? *Hooker* that lived once at *Chelmsford?*' The Officer anſwered him,—'Yes.' 'Then, ſaid Mr '*Stone*, (with an ingenious evaſion, like that which 'once helped *Athanaſius*) if it be he you look for, I 'ſaw him about an hour ago at ſuch a houſe in the 'town; you had beſt haſten thither after him.' The Officer taking this for a ſufficient anſwer, went his way; and Mr *Hooker* concealed himſelf more carefully, till he embarked in the *Downs* in the year 1633, with Mr *Cotton* and Mr *Stone*, for *New England*; where after a proſperous voyage, they arrived to their inexpreſſible joy. And ſuch a multitude went over to *New England* after them, that the plantation of *New Town*, where they ſettled, becoming too ſtrait, in the month of *June*, 1636, they removed an hundred miles to the weſtward, with a purpoſe to ſettle on the delightful banks of *Connecticut* river: And Mr *Hooker* was the chief inſtrument in the firſt planning and ſettling the colony there.

Though Mr *Hooker* had thus removed from the *Maſſachuſet* bay, he ſometimes went down to viſit the churches there. And whenever he did ſo, he was received with an affection like that which St *Paul* found among the *Galatians*. Yea, 'tis thought, that once there ſeemed an intimation from heaven, as if the good people had over-done in that affection: For on the Lord's-day, *May* 26, 1639, Mr *Hooker* being to preach there in the afternoon, his great fame had gathered a vaſt multitude of hearers from ſeveral congregations, and brought the Governor himſelf to be a partaker of his miniſtry. But when he came to preach, he found himſelf ſo ſtrangely at a loſs, that after ſome ſhattered and broken attempts to get into his work, he made a full ſtop, and told the aſſembly,—'That every thing which he would have ſpoken 'was taken both out of his mouth and out of his 'mind.' Wherefore he deſired them to ſing a pſalm, while

while he withdrew a while from them. Half an hour after he returned to the congregation, and preached an admirable ſermon, wherein he held them for two hours in an extraordinary ſtrain both for pertinence and vivacity.

After ſermon, when ſome of his friends were ſpeaking of the Lord's thus withdrawing his aſſiſtance from him; he humbly replied,—'We daily confeſs 'that we have nothing, and can do nothing without 'Chriſt; and what if Chriſt will make this manifeſt 'in us and on us before our congregations? What 'remains, but that we be humbly content? And 'what manner of diſcouragement is there in all this?'

Mr *Hooker* was of a very watchful, prayerful, and fruitful ſpirit, and would ſay,—'That prayer way 'the principal part of a miniſter's work: It was bs 'this he was to carry on the reſt.'

And again:—'That ſuch extraordinary favours, 'as the life of religion, and the power of godlineſs, 'muſt be preſerved by the frequent uſe of ſuch ex-'traordinary means as prayer and faſting; and that 'if profeſſors grow negligent of theſe means, *iniquity* '*will abound, and the love of many wax cold.*'

A worthy ſpectator of his death, in a letter to Mr *Cotton*, had theſe words:—'Truly, Sir, the ſight of 'his death will make me have more pleaſant thoughts 'of death than ever I yet had in my life.'

Many writ after him in ſhort-hand, and publiſhed ſome of his ſermons with his name to them, without his knowledge, and have miſrepreſented him in many paſſages.

See a more full account of him in Dr *Cotton Mather*'s *Hiſtory of* New England.

LXXIX. Dr ANDREW RIVET.

THE laſt week of his health, walking one day with a friend in his garden, wherein he took great delight, he ſaid,—'If I live till the ſpring, this 'will be my ſolace; and if not, I ſhall be lodged in 'a garden far more pleaſant.'

His friend replying,—'That there was no probability of his dying ſo ſoon;' he chid him, ſaying,—'That he ſhould never ſpeak to him in that ſtrain; 'for now he was come to that age when death was 'certainly near at hand; and that God was his wit-'neſs, it was his chief meditation every day. Yea, 'he was ſo well reſolved, that with great joy, and 'no regret at all, he was ready to depart this life, 'even that very day, if ſuch was the will and good 'pleaſure of God.'

On the Lord's day following he preached to the *French* congregation on *Pſalm* cxliv. 3, 4. *O Lord, what is man that thou takeſt knowledge of him?* And afterwards he told a friend,—'That though he had 'laboured to pitch upon ſome other text, yet he 'found himſelf ſo powerfully drawn to meditate on 'this, that he could not fix on any other.'

In his diſcourſe on this occaſion he had the following words:—'*What is man?* He is but fleſh, ſub-'ject to corruption; a flower to day, to-morrow cut 'down and faded; a vapour that appeareth, and 'ſuddenly vaniſheth, as theſe puffs of breath which 'you ſee go from my mouth.'

On the ſecond day of his illneſs he ſaw the nature of his diſeaſe, and foretold the event:—'Yet, ſaid 'he, I will not neglect the ordinary remedies, for 'the ſatisfaction of my friends: I will do all that 'ſhall be thought fit, referring the iſſue to the divine 'providence.'

And

And talking with his neice, Mrs *Du Moulin*, he aſked her,—'What ſhe thought of his diſeaſe, which 'he judged to be mortal?' She anſwered,—'That 'ſhe thought ſo too; yet ſhe feared nothing as to 'him, who was ſo well prepared for it.' Whereupon he ſaid,—'Pray let your diſcourſe be always 'ſuch with me. Continue with me day and night 'during my ſickneſs; and promiſe that henceforwards you will not ſeem grieved, nor entertain me 'with any diſcourſe but ſuch as may comfort and 'ſtrengthen me.'

Then turning to God, he ſaid,—'Great God, 'thou art my Father. Thou didſt give me life, and 'a new life. Thou haſt taught me from my youth, 'and I have ſhewn forth thy wonders: Leave me not 'now in my old age. Thou haſt hitherto, by a 'ſingular favour, preſerved me in health of body, 'and in all the faculties of my ſoul: So that, till 'this heavy diſeaſe ſeized me, I found myſelf as able 'and ſtrong in the exerciſe of my calling, as in my 'youth. Lord, if it be thy will and pleaſure to 'employ me any longer in thy ſervice, thou canſt in 'a moment eaſe me; but if thou haſt otherwiſe ordained, behold, I am thy ſervant; thy will be 'done. I only pray thee with my moſt hearty affection, that it may pleaſe thee to make me in all 'things conformable to thy holy will. Let not thy 'good Spirit depart from me, to the end I may obtain the victory in this combat through thy ſtrength. 'Grant, Lord, for thine own ſake, ſeeing thou haſt 'employed me in thy work, that I may die, I humbly beg of thee, that I may die in an exemplary 'manner; that I may ſtand faſt in that ſound doctrine which I have preached; that I may make a 'clear profeſſion thereof, in the preſence of witneſſes, 'for the inſtruction and edification of thy church; 'and that, by a lively faith, I may apply to myſelf, 'all thoſe promiſes of the goſpel, that may be effectual

'fectual in me to my joy and everlaſting conſolation;
'ſo that nothing in the world, neither oppreſſion nor
'anguiſh, may either ſeparate me from, or make
'me in the leaſt ſort to doubt of thy love and favour.
'Thou knoweſt my weakneſs, Lord, and my infir-
'mities; let not extremity of pain caſt me into im-
'patience or murmuring. Make it either ſufferable,
'or grant me conſtancy and patience to bear it. Let
'me not ſin with my tongue, and keep thou the gate
'of my lips.'

Afterwards, with incomparable humility, he implored God's mercy; acknowledging himſelf a poor and wretched ſinner; renouncing, with an high and holy diſdain, all the good that ever he had done in his life; charging the whole courſe of it with imperfection; and giving to God all the honour of that little he had done; ſaying,—'God did by me do the
'work. Shall I ſet my righteouſneſs in his ſight?
'God forbid. If I ſhould juſtify myſelf, my own
'mouth would condemn me. I will rather humbly
'confeſs my ſin to him. I will pray him to aug-
'ment in me ſorrow to repentance. Let him bruiſe
'this body with pain; it matters not, ſo he give me
'a contrite heart and a broken ſpirit, which may be
'an acceptable ſacrifice to him. O, how heartily
'do I offer up myſelf to him! Accept, O Lord,
'this imperfect ſacrifice, and cover the faults of it
'with the perfections of that great High Prieſt, who,
'by the eternal ſpirit, did offer up himſelf without
'blemiſh. Let me be received as a living ſacrifice,
'holy and pleaſing to God, which is our reaſonable
'ſervice. Crucify, O Lord, this old man, that this
'body of ſin may be brought to nothing.

A while after, he ſaid,—'I am one of God's
'children; he will ſave me; he hath honoured me
'with an holy calling; he hath not ſuffered his gifts
'in me to be altogether unprofitable in the edifica-
'tion of his church; and indeed I may ſay truly,

'that

'that I laboured in his ſervice, not for any diſhoneſt 'gain, but out of a free heart; and that I was firſt 'perſuaded myſelf of the truths of the goſpel which 'I preached to others; yea, they were powerful in 'me. I found the ſweetneſs of God's word, and 'the piercing virtue of it, which reaches to the di-'viding of the ſpirit and the marrow, and which is 'the judge of the thoughts and intentions of the 'heart. Thou, O Lord, knoweſt my heart. Thou 'knoweſt that I was never aſhamed of the goſpel of 'Chriſt, and that I ever accounted it my greateſt 'honour to be thy ſervant. I have taken delight to 'do thy will, according as thy hand was favourable 'upon me. I acknowledge in all humility and truth, 'that whatever was good in me proceeded from thy 'pure grace, and all the faults I had were fruits of 'my natural corruption. Alas, I acknowledge, in 'all humility and unfeigned repentance, how many 'ways I have been faulty in the duties of ſo holy a 'calling; how often I have offended both by omiſ-'ſions and commiſſions; how great my negligence 'hath been on many occaſions. How long ſince 'had I been caſt off, had I not ſerved a good Maſter, 'whoſe lenity bore ſo much with my weakneſs, par-'doned me ſo often, and did not exact of me a ſtrict 'account in ſeverity. O Lord my God, *enter not 'into judgment with thy ſervant, for no fleſh ſhall be 'juſtified in thy ſight.* Let me not be found cloathed 'with mine own righteouſneſs, but with the 'righteouſneſs of thy Son. In his name I beg 'pardon. Forgive me, O my God; forgive, I 'beſeech thee, the iniquity of thy ſervant, who 'is inclined to thy fear. I do not refuſe thy 'correction: I know it is needful for me: Only I 'pray thee with my whole heart, that it may be pro-'fitable to me. Correct me, O Lord, but in mea-'ſure, leſt thou bring me to nothing. Let not my 'trial be more than I am able to endure; that ſo I

'may

'may not offend by impatience, and be a ſcandal in 'the place where I ſhould edify others. Let me 'never grudge, for my puniſhment is far leſs than 'my offences. What are theſe temporal ſufferings, 'in compariſon with thoſe eternal torments, from 'which I am redeemed by him who poured forth 'his ſoul unto death for me? For me! This is 'the language of faith, which particularly applies 'to itſelf the general promiſes. This word is truth, 'and worthy to be received of all, that *Jeſus Chriſt* 'is come *into the world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am* 'chief. *Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.* Seal 'all thy promiſes to my ſoul. Make me to hear, in 'the inmoſt corner of my heart, that ſweet voice,— '*Son, be of good comfort, thy ſins are forgiven thee.*'

A miniſter of the *Dutch* church being on a viſit to him, and aſking him how he did; he anſwered,— 'I am pretty ſtrong, neither doth my tongue fail 'me; but the paſſage in my bowels is not yet 'opened; and if it cannot be opened, I muſt go 'another way, even that which the everliving God 'did appoint me from my childhood. I were the 'moſt ungrateful man upon the earth, if I ſhould 'not acknowledge God's mercy towards me; who 'hath ſo wonderfully preſerved me, even from my 'cradle.' (This he ſpoke in reference to a dangerous fall he had in his infancy.) 'From that time 'my mother dedicated me to God's ſervice, and he 'hath abundantly bleſſed me in the whole courſe of 'my life; and therefore I put my whole truſt in his 'mercy, being ready either to live or to die. I be-'ſeech you, give this teſtimony to all the world, 'that I die in that faith and doctrine, which both 'by preaching and writing I have maintained. And 'if, as it may be, I have erred in any thing, I pray 'God that he would perfect all my imperfections.'

He gave order, that all ſhould be admitted who deſired to ſee him.—'For, ſaid he, it becomes a 'man

'man of my character to be an example to others, 'that they may learn how to die.'

To many perſons who were on a viſit to him together, he ſaid;—'Come, and ſee a man who is a 'mirror of the great mercies of God. What ſhall I 'render to him? His mercies are manifold towards 'me. He hath meaſured out my whole life with 'health; he hath heaped upon me his bleſſings both 'ſpiritual and temporal; and now, before the in-'conveniencies of old age overtake me, and make 'me peeviſh, he comes, he prevents me, he calls 'me, and gives me the grace to go willingly; and 'having given me notice of my end, he leaves me 'yet the faculties of my mind free, to the end I 'may edify others, and glorify his holy name in 'the land of the living. Pray to God for me, my 'friends, that this grace may be continued to me 'to the laſt breath of my life; and that he will 'ſtrengthen my faith and patience, and raiſe up my 'hope. He hath already ſubdued all my affec-'tions to a full obedience. I have reſigned to his 'fatherly care myſelf, and all mine; my life, and 'all my affairs. Let him diſpoſe of this body as he 'ſhall think fit for the welfare of my ſoul. None 'can go out of this world without pain. This fleſh 'muſt ſuffer; it muſt decay: But it matters not, 'if I be ſtrengthened with courage in my ſoul, and 'as by faith I look for a better manſion, not made 'with hands, which is my only aim. I am not ſorry 'for any thing I leave behind me: I have lived 'enough, and had time ſufficient to try all things, 'and to know that *all is but vanity and vexation of 'ſpirit*. One thing only is neceſſary, *To fear God, 'and to keep his commandments; for that is the whole 'buſineſs of man*. I now care for nothing, but that 'I may chearfully end my race, and the charge 'which I received of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, which is 'the beſt end of life; and as it is the end, ſo alſo it

'is the aim to which the Chriſtian Man ſhould direct
'his courſe. The end of this temporal life is the
'beginning of life everlaſting. O, happy change!
'Indeed I fear nothing. Chriſt is my ſecurity both
'in life and death. He doth not forſake me. If
'he increaſes my bodily pain, he at the ſame time
'augments the joy of my ſoul. Come, and I will
'ſhew you what he hath done for my ſoul. I called
'upon him, and he attended to my cry: He heard
'my voice, and hath blotted out mine iniquity as a
'cloud vaniſhes. As a father is tender-hearted and
'full of pity towards his children, ſo the Lord hath
'compaſſion upon all them that fear him.'

From ſome whiſpering of friends, and the knowledge himſelf had of his diſeaſe, he eaſily judged that he was not like to be delivered before he had undergone divers ſufferings; as a burning fever, attended with raving, and the voiding of his excrements upward; the apprehenſion of which raiſed divers fears in his mind, and made him very penſive. Whereupon he prayed:—'O Lord, have mercy
'upon me. Deliver me from the ſhame which I
'fear, for thou art merciful. I humbly thank thee,
'O Lord my God, that thou ſmiteſt me in the leaſt
'noble part of my body; leaving me yet a ſtrong
'heart, and my underſtanding free to meditate upon
'thy power and goodneſs. I beſeech thee, O Lord,
'to continue to me that unſpeakable grace, ſeeing I
'conſecrate my mouth to thee, that I may utter no
'words but of edification, praiſe, and thankſgiving.
'Let not my mouth be polluted with any filth, but
'let this houſe of my body fall on that ſide where
'the breach began, and let me look upon it with a
'calm ſoul, lifted up towards the things which are
'above, to which I aſpire; knowing that *fleſh and*
'*blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God*, nor corruption incorruption. Lord, what is man, that thou
'makeſt ſo great account of him, and that thou
'thinkeſt

'thinkeſt upon him? *He is like to vanity: He is but 'fleſh: A wind, that paſſeth away, and returneth not.* 'There needs no more to overthrow the ſtrongeſt, 'than a filthy excrement; a little obſtacle, which 'all the remedies of art cannot remove. Thou haſt 'done it, O Lord: It is thy will, and it is mine 'alſo. *Be it unto me according to thy word.* I am in 'thy tender and fatherly hands. I fear nothing. 'Thou art my defence, and my rich reward.'

When thoſe about him ſpoke any words of comfort, he ſaid,—'Courage. Continue theſe ſayings 'to ſtrengthen me. God will furniſh you with what 'is fit for that purpoſe; for he not only aſſiſteth 'the ſick perſon, but thoſe alſo who are called to 'his aid. *He is near to them that call upon him in 'truth.*'

One night he ſpake thus to his neice: —'Leave 'me not. Continue with me in prayers. Help my 'weakneſs. Fear not to ſpeak to me whatſoever 'God ſhall inſpire your heart with, or put into your 'mouth. Such ſweet and pleaſant conference will 'help me to paſs this night the more quietly; and 'God will be with us; for he eaſeth our infirmities, 'he aſſiſteth our good intentions, and furniſheth us 'with matter of prayer and thankſgiving. He is 'well pleaſed and attentive, when thoſe that fear him 'talk of ſuch things as relate to their ſalvation.'

And then turning to God, he ſaid,—'My God, 'thou haſt allured me. I have been drawn by thee. 'Thou haſt known me from my mother's womb 'with a merciful and powerful knowledge. Thou 'didſt call me by my name. Thou didſt open mine 'ear; and I have been attentive. I have ſhewed 'forth thy praiſe in the congregation. Thy word 'hath been more ſweet in my mouth than honey. 'What am I, O Lord, duſt and aſhes, an earthen 'veſſel; and yet thou haſt been pleaſed to put into 'this veſſel an immortal ſeed. Thou liveſt, O Lord,

'and

'and thou quickeneſt me. I ſhall not die, but live 'eternally that true life which is hid with Chriſt in 'God. Happy and holy is he, that is a partaker of 'the firſt reſurrection: The ſecond death ſhall have 'no power over him. Behold, I am dead; and I 'am riſen again. I live no more in myſelf, but I 'live in the life of the ſon of God, who loved me, 'and gave himſelf for me. I am leſs than the leaſt 'of all thy mercies. Thou didſt chooſe me before 'thou gaveſt me a being. Thou gaveſt me to be 'born of faithful parents, and particularly of a godly 'mother, who dedicated me to thy ſervice from my 'childhood. O, with what care and affection did 'ſhe implant in me the ſeeds of godlineſs! With 'what wiſhes and prayers did ſhe diſpoſe of me! 'That great God who worketh all things in us, 'bleſſed her endeavours, and heard her fervent 'prayers, in accepting me for his ſervant. I am thy 'ſervant, O Lord; thou haſt inſtructed me from my 'youth, and hitherto I have ſhewed forth thy won-'ders and mercies. Thy gifts have not been fruit-'leſs in me. Thou doſt thy work by weak inſtru-'ments. Thou haſt forgiven me: Thou haſt 'ſtrengthened me: Thou haſt accepted the upright-'neſs and ſincerity of my heart. And now, O Lord, 'ſince by all appearance thou wilt take me out of 'this vale of miſery, leave me not in this laſt and 'important ſcene of action. If thou wilt have me 'to die at this inſtant, I am willing, I am prepared, 'my heart is prepared. Lord, I give thee my heart; 'tis all thou requireſt. Accept this offering. Re-'ceive this gift. Lord, I thank thee that thou 'teacheſt me; thou enlighteneſt me; thou ſpeakeſt 'to my ſoul. Lord, thou embraceſt me in thy in-'finite mercies; let me alſo embrace thee by a lively 'faith. Grant, Lord, that I may apply to myſelf 'all the ſweet promiſes of the goſpel which I have 'preached to others. Let them be powerful in me

'to

'to uphold me in the midſt of my pains, and to 'ſtrengthen me againſt death itſelf.'

Seeing his neice weep, he ſaid to her,—'Weep 'not, but bleſs God for the patience he gives me, 'and wonder at his goodneſs to me. Mark well 'my words, even to the laſt ſigh of my breath. 'Strive to write them down, to the end that my dear 'brother, and others of my friends that are abſent, 'may thereby be edified and comforted.'

Then began his complaints to be more heavy, and his reſtleſneſs extraordinary; which his neice obſerving to be attended with ſilence and deep ſighs, ſhe ſaid to him,—'Whence doth this reſtleſneſs proceed? 'Methinks I ſee in you ſomething extraordinary. 'Where is that chearfulneſs that made you joyfully 'digeſt your pain? And where are thoſe fervent 'prayers which you uſed to pour out in your greateſt 'extremity?'

'Alas, ſaid he, how can I be joyful, when he 'that gave me courage is departed from me? That 'Spirit of comfort which filled my ſoul with peace 'and joy, is offended with me. For I have liſtened '(unhappy I) to thoſe who talked to me of coming 'into the world again. I have been tickled with a 'deſire of life, after having taſted the ſweet fruits 'of the heavenly *Canaan*, and conceived by faith 'thoſe riches above? What ſhall I now do? Whi-'ther ſhall I go? If I call, he gives me no anſwer. 'What a diſmal change is this? A holy fire had 'kindled my meditations, and now vain thoughts 'quench it. I cannot forget an old ſatire, and ſuch 'idle toys of no moment; ſo that I fall back while I 'am haſting to death. But, dear neice, ceaſe not 'ſtill to entertain me with good converſation. Call, 'call back the Comforter, that he may return and 'finiſh that good work he had ſo well begun in me. 'O, come again and ſtrengthen me, before I go 'hence and be no more!'

Scarcely had he wreſtled three quarters of an hour with this temptation, when he feel into a ſwoon; and, on his revival, he ſpoke thus to his wife:—'Farewel, 'my dear heart, whom I have loved better than my-'ſelf. We have lived now thirty years together in 'peace and love. I thank you for your aſſiſtance. 'You have been a good helper to me: I intreat you 'to continue your great love to my child.'

Then turning to his ſon, he ſaid,—'And you, 'my ſon, love and honour this dear comfort of my 'life, who hath been a mother to you. I pray and 'command you, if you would have God to bleſs 'you, that what I have purchaſed by my labours 'you will ſhare between you, according to equity 'and right, without contention or debate. Do all 'in love and chriſtian wiſdom. Love peace above 'all things.'

Then taking them both by the hand, he joined their hands, and ſaid,—'Promiſe me now, that there 'ſhall be a holy mutual love between you.' Which, when they had done, he ſaid,—'I will believe you; 'for I have no reaſon to doubt your ſincerity. I 'know you fear God, and that you will obſerve my 'laſt commands; as I pray God to make my bleſſing 'effectual upon you.'

Then he ſaid to his wife,—'The Lord bleſs you, 'my dear heart. The Lord comfort and ſtrengthen 'you. He is the huſband of the widow and father 'of the fatherleſs.'

And to his ſon he ſaid,—'The great God bleſs 'you, my ſon; lead thee in all thy ways; inrich 'thee in all chriſtian virtues; give thee to abound in 'all ſpiritual and temporal bleſſings. Contemn 'the world, and all the covetouſneſs of it. Let thy 'chief happineſs be the bleſſing of God. Be ſtrong 'in faith, and furniſhed to every good work. May 'the peace of God reſt upon thee, and make thee 'peaceable and charitable; and thoſe three young

'children, whom I commit to thy care, will be 'fit ſubjects to exerciſe thy charity upon.'

Then turning to his neice, he ſaid to her,—'Fare-'wel, dear neice; we have an affinity in the hea-'vens which ſhall laſt for ever. The Lord bleſs 'thee.'

On the return of his pain, he ſaid,—'I know, O 'Lord, that this tabernacle cannot be diſſolved with-'out pain. The heart is yet ſtrong, and I have yet 'many pangs to ſuffer. Lord, help my infirmities. 'Depart not from me in the day of my diſtreſs. Say 'to my ſoul, I am he that can deliver thee. *The 'Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.*'

When any about him ſpoke of repentance, and God's mercy in pardoning ſin, he anſwered,—'As 'for that, it is done. I am reconciled. I am 'cleanſed from my ſin, through the precious blood 'of my Redeemer. He hath already told me, that 'my ſins are waſhed away. I taſte already of that 'bleſſedneſs. *Bleſſed is the man to whom the Lord 'imputeth not his ſin. There is no condemnation to them 'that are in Chriſt Jeſus.* He is come to me in his 'loving-kindneſs. He draws me, and I follow him 'willingly. He eaſeth the pain of my body, and in-'creaſeth the joy of my ſoul. He refreſheth it with 'the dew of his grace. Behold, I am filled. I am 'made rich. *Man lives not by bread alone, but by 'every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. 'The kingdom of God is not meat nor drink, but righ-'teouſneſs, peace and joy.* Through the holy Spirit I 'am fed. I am filled by my Saviour, whoſe fleſh is 'truly meat, and his blood truly drink. And as he 'is the true quickning bread, which came down from 'heaven, ſo whoſoever eateth of that bread ſhall live 'by him: And therefore I live. It is now two days 'that I have not lived the life of man, but that life 'which I ſhall live eternally in heaven.'

Finding himſelf much weakened, he ſaid,—'Fare-
'wel once more my friends. I am going away.
'Look to me; and ceaſe not to ſtrengthen me by
'your prayers and exhortations. When I can ſpeak
'no more, I ſhall ſtrive to give you ſuch ſigns, as
'may be teſtimonies of my faith and perſeverance.

And to his ſon he farther ſaid,—'My ſon, I know
'you no more according to the fleſh. All my carnal
'affections are mortified and ſwallowed up in the love
'of God. My love to my wife and children is now
'altogether ſpiritual.'

Night coming on, he ſaid,—'And is it ſo that I
'yet live, and have ſtrength to ſpeak? It is God
'that doth it. My ſtrength is renewed, to the end
'I may glorify my God, and exalt his holy name.
'Lord, I am not impatient. I wait the moment
'that thou haſt ordained. I believe; I perſevere;
'I cannot be moved. The Spirit of God beareth
'witneſs with my ſpirit, that I am one of his chil-
'dren. O Lord, thou knoweſt me, even to my in-
'ward parts. I am thy ſervant; help all my infir-
'mities; perfect thy work in me.'

On the dawning of the next morning he ſaid,—'I
'ſhall ſhortly ſee no difference of day and night; for
'indeed, I am come to the eve of the great and ever-
'laſting day. I am going to a place where the ſun
'ſhall no more ſhine on me; but my God ſhall be
'my eternal light. Lord, thou already ſpreadeſt
'ſome beams of light in my ſoul; and thou giveſt
'me eyes to ſee it. O, how powerful is thy work
'in me! This old man dies, and thou clotheſt me
'with *the new man, which is renewed in knowledge,*
'*according to the image of him that created him.* He
'is ſtrong; he ſees; he hears; he goes forward a
'great pace; he only longeth to come into liberty.
'Deliver me out of this goal, that I may praiſe thy
'name. I do not yet ſlight this body; but, withal,

'I

'I think on the renewing of it; for I know that the 'dead ſhall live: Yes, and my dead body likewiſe. '*It is ſown in corruption, it ſhall riſe again in incor-* 'ruption. It ſhall be made conformable to the glo- 'rious body of Jeſus Chriſt, who was made the *firſt* 'fruits of them that ſleep. I ſhall ſee him in my fleſh. 'My own eyes ſhall ſee him. *I ſhall behold his face* 'in righteouſneſs, and ſhall be filled with his likeneſs 'when I ſhall be awaked again. He hath loved me 'with a cordial love. *He hath kiſſed me with the* 'kiſſes of his mouth. He hath put far from me all 'fear. He hath filled me with peace and joy in be- 'lieving. O, incomprehenſible love! What I feel is 'far beyond all expreſſion. Bleſſed be the Lord, who 'hath directed my heart to the love of God, and for 'the hope I have in Chriſt Jeſus.'

After many fainting fits he ſaid,—'I can do no 'more. I am going away. Lord, come and receive 'me. Make no delay. Receive thy creature. I 'long for thee, O my God. *My ſoul looketh for thee* 'as the parched earth for moiſture. When ſhall I 'enter, and preſent myſelf before the face of God? 'Come, Lord; come Jeſus; take me into thy bo- 'ſom. I am ready whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe thee. 'Hy heart is prepared. My ſoul is ready. I long 'for his coming; yet do I not fret myſelf. Thro' 'the help of God, I am not troubled. I wait; I 'believe; I perſevere. Though he delays my joy 'yet I am in my way; and the ſenſe of his favour 'grows in me every moment. My pain is ſuffer- 'able, and my joy is beyond value. I have no more 'earthly cares; nor any deſires, but of the things 'that are above. I have longed for the coming 'out of new books; but now, thou, O Lord, art 'all to me; and to be near to thee is all my hap- 'pineſs. O, what a brave library ſhall I have in 'God, in whom are hid all the treaſures of learning 'and knowledge. I ſhall no more ſee things afar

'off, and darkly. I ſhall not know in part; but I 'ſhall be filled with the knowledge of God, as the 'waters cover the bottom of the ſea. Thou art the 'Teacher of ſouls. I have learned more divinity in 'ten days, wherein thou haſt viſited me, than in fifty 'years before. Thou haſt made me to go home 'into myſelf, where I was not before; for I was in 'the world. But I am now in the ſchool of my God; 'and he inſtructs me after a different manner from 'that of all thoſe Doctors, in the reading of whoſe 'works I have employed ſo much time. O, what 'darkneſs, what dulneſs, what vanity, in whatever 'proceeds from the wit of man! What vaſt and 'large fields muſt we often ramble over, before we 'can find any pleaſing fruit? But thy doctrine, O 'Lord my God, is all ſufficient, and plentifully fur-'niſhed with good fruits. My ſoul is filled there-'with, as *with marrow and fatneſs*. I renounce from 'my heart all other knowledge, and hold faſt only 'to this,—'*Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified.*'

Laying his hand upon his breaſt, he ſaid,—'Here 'is inward joy, by the Spirit of God dwelling in me. 'What am I, O gracious God, that thou deigneſt 'to dwell under my poor roof? It is thy will, O 'Lord; and it is mine alſo. Let thy good Spirit 'dwell in me to the end. I have no more ſhare in 'any thing that is done under the ſun: But I wiſh 'the church may be in peace in all places.'

And then he repeated three or four lines to the following effect:

'Lord, now to *Sion* turn thy face:
'Pour out thy mercies on thy hill;
'And on *Jeruſalem* thy grace:
'Build up her walls, and love her ſtill.

'I am of that *Sion*. Have mercy on me. Deal 'with me after thy loving-kindneſs. The Lord

'caſteth

'caſteth me down; but he draweth my ſoul to him-
'ſelf. The beſt is, I am not troubled about my
'ſalvation. God gives me ſtrength to hold out mi-
'raculouſly, to the end I may edify others to the
'laſt. I am well contented. O my God, let me
'never repine. What are all theſe ſufferings, to
'that grace which thou giveſt me? Thou tempereſt
'theſe ſhort bitterneſſes with unſpeakable comfort.
'Thou ſpeakeſt to my ſoul with a ſweet voice, which
'I underſtand; for I am one of thy ſheep, and thou
'ſayeſt,—*My ſheep hear my voice, and I know them,*
'*and they follow me.*'

On ſeeing the company about him attentive, he ſaid,
—'Wonder not. I can do nothing of myſelf. 'Tis
'God that worketh all in all, that all may be hum-
'bled. Here is a ſchool of humility. Look on me,
'and remember the mercy of God in me. See how
'he caſteth me down with his mighty hand, in order
'to exalt and glorify me in his due time. The ſuf-
'ferings of this world are not to be weighed with
'the glory to come, which ſhall be revealed in us.
'It is my delight, that I can glorify God even in
'death. Sweet death! 'Tis a paſſage into life ever-
'laſting. O Lord, ſtrengthen the ſoul of thy ſer-
'vant, that he may remain conſtant to the end. I
'hope this combat will not laſt long. End, Lord,
'that the end may crown the work.'

Some time after he ſaid,—'God hath fulfilled all
'his promiſes in me. I have ſeen them afar off, be-
'lieved, and welcomed them. I only wait now to
'give up my laſt breath to God, who hath taken
'poſſeſſion of my heart; and I feel it. He dwelleth
'abundantly in me. Nothing remains, but that he
'give me the wings of an angel, to the end I may fly
'out of this dead carcaſe.

'O holy Word, enable me
'With longing heart to fly to thee.'

When all the ſymptoms of approaching death were upon him, he ſaid,—'Be not ſorry for me. Theſe 'laſt hours have nothing terrible in them. This 'body indeed ſuffers; but the ſoul is comforted, 'ſtrengthened, and filled according to my wiſh. 'The Lord is my ſhepherd, I ſhall not want. His rod 'and his ſtaff ſhall lead me ſafely through this ſhort 'valley of the ſhadow of death. This little cloud 'hides not from me the light of heaven: It ſhines 'in my ſoul. Lord, thou enlighteneſt me; thou 'warmeſt me; thou draweſt me upward; and I fol-'low thee willingly. I lift up myſelf by the wings 'of faith. The more violent my pains are, the 'nearer I draw to the time of my deliverance. My 'wound, my wound ſmarteth; but I hold my peace 'becauſe thou, Lord, didſt it. Have mercy on 'me. Deliver me, O Lord. I am not impatient; 'for I know that God is faithful, and that he will 'give the temptation an iſſue, that ſo I may be able 'to bear it.'

A little after he ſaid,—'Have I not ſaid all? No-'thing is now to be done, but to give up this ſoul 'into the hands of God, Is it not time, O Lord? 'My God, let this ſuffice. O everliving God, re-'ceive my ſoul: I reſign it into thy hands; for thou 'haſt ranſomed me, O God of verity. Look upon 'my ſorrows and my ſufferings, and pardon all my 'ſins. Yes; it is done. He hath done away all 'mine iniquities: Shorten therefore and abate my 'pain. O Lord, hear my prayer; for it is time.'

Being told, that God was near to all that call upon him in truth; he anſwered,—'He is. He dwelleth 'with me here (clapping his hand on his breaſt.) 'He worketh powerfully, according to his good 'pleaſure.'

On its being ſaid to him,—*Death is ſwallowed up in victory*; he added,—*Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.*

And

And on his hearing the words,—*Whom he did predeſtinate, them he alſo called; and whom he called, them he alſo juſtified; and whom he juſtified, them he alſo glorified:*—'Yes, ſaid he, grace upon grace. O, 'what a lovely chain! It is a golden chain. There 'is no more than the laſt link of it to be finiſhed in 'me. O, *let me die the death of the righteous*, that I may 'behold thoſe riches *which eye hath not ſeen*, and 'which are not entered *into the heart of man.* Thou 'giveſt me ſome taſte of them already. They are 'ſweet things; they are refreſhings not to be ex-'preſſed.'

To a Miniſter who had prayed with him, he ſaid,—'You have helped me. While you were calling 'upon God, I found my infirmity eaſed. Encou-'rage me ſtill. I have but a ſhort race to run. I 'almoſt touch the goal. I advance. I get new 'ſtrength. I touch the prize, and lay hold on eter-'nal life. This body decays; but I have in heaven '*an eternal houſe, which is not made with hands; an* '*incorruptible inheritance, which cannot be defiled, nor* '*fade away*, reſerved for me in heaven.'

On his pains increaſing, he cried unto God to help him ſaying,—'Come, Lord Jeſus, come. I can do 'no more; yet do I not loſe my patience. My ſoul 'waiteth for thee, as the thirſty earth for rain. *As* '*the hart panteth after the water brooks, ſo my ſoul* '*panteth after thee, O God.* O, when ſhall I enter, 'and preſent myſelf before the face of my God? I 'am very weak, but my ſoul is ſtrengthened and 'joyful.'

His wife perceiving him to be at the point of death, ſaid chearfully to him,—'Farewel, dear heart. En-'ter now joyfully into life everlaſting.'

'Yes, ſaid he, I am going to thy God and my 'God. We have gained all. *Amen.* Farewel, my 'ſon. Farewel, my dear neice. Be not afraid. I 'have prayed for you. You will be all happy. Per-

'ſevere.

'ſevere. Let none take away your crown from you,
'I go before. You ſhall follow, doubt not. We all
'ſhall be together, and meet our Lord in the air,
'and ſo ſhall be with him for ever. There is nothing
'more to be ſaid or done. I am ready. I am pre-
'pared. Come, Lord Jeſus; take thy creature.
'Come. I climb. I hope. I knock at the gate.
'Open, open; Lord, to thy poor ſervant!'

Afterwards, a mortiferous change and contraction being obſerved in his face, his neice aſked him, —'Whether he could yet underſtand?'—'O! Yes,
'ſaid he: ſpeak.'

'Are you not very joyful, ſaid his neice?'

'Yes, ſaid he; there is a faſt aſſurance in me.'

On his ſon's ſaying, 'Fear nothing; *for he that 'believeth in Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not periſh*;' he added, —'*But have life everlaſting.*'

His ſon, praying with him, beſought God to ſend him (his father) the ſpirit of comfort. The father anſwered,—'He is come.'

His ſon farther prayed, that he (his father) might be enabled to take the ſhield of faith, and all the armour of God. The father anſwered.—'I have them;
'I have fought the good fight, *&c.*'

His ſon farther prayed,—'O Lord, give wings
'to thy ſervant. Open to him thy paradiſe. Let
'him behold thy face:' The father added,—'With
'the ſouls of the righteous ſanctified.'

His ſon farther prayed;—'Let him receive the
'white ſtone, the hidden manna; and bear a part in
'that ſong which no one underſtandeth but he that
'ſingeth it.' The father added,—'So be it. *Amen.*'

A while after, one of thoſe who attended him ſaying,—'I believe at this inſtant he enjoys the viſion
'of God;' he made an effort to ſpeak, and ſaid,—
'Yes.' And nearly with that word he ſweetly expired, *January* 7, 1651, at *Breda*, in the ſeventy eighth

eighth year and ſixth month of his age, and in the twelfth day of his ſickneſs.

LXXX. Mrs ELIZABETH WILKINSON, Wife of the Rev. Dr HENRY WILKINSON.

SHE was the daughter of Mr *Athony Gifford*, by his wife Mrs *Elizabeth Cottle*, who was of a good family in *Devonſhire*.

Her converſion was very early, and her attention to God ſo cloſe, that ſhe kept a diary of his dealings with her.

The letter to her from Dr *Harris*, concerning Satan's method and ſubtilty in temptation, is an excellent performance, and therefore worthy of all commendation to ſuch as are tempted.

In her laſt ſickneſs ſhe ſaid,—'I am at my Father's diſpoſal; but of myſelf I am rather inclined 'to die than to live.'

Being deſired to favour herſelf with regard to ſpeaking, on account of the lowneſs of her ſpirits, ſhe ſaid, —'Shall I, for this poor carcaſe, be wanting to my 'ſoul's comfort and my Saviour's praiſes?'

She often, with a view to her grave, repeated the words of *Job*,—*There the weary are at reſt*; and often ſaid,—*Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly.* Her huſband, at her requeſt, read to her the ſeventeenth chapter of St *John*'s goſpel, and prayed with her. When he he had ended, ſhe ſaid,—*My fleſh and my heart faileth*; to which her huſband ſubjoined,—That *God* was *the ſtrength of* her *heart, and* her *portion for ever. He* would *never fail* her. She anſwered,—'He will never fail me.'

About an hour after, her laſt words being,—*I have finiſhed my courſe*, ſhe gave up her ſpirit to God, *December* 8, 1654.

LXXXI.

LXXXI. Mr ANDREW PERN.

HE was a laborious and ſucceſsful preacher at *Welby* in *Northamptonſhire*, and a member of the aſſembly of Divines at *Weſtminſter*.

'He was full of ſpiritual warmth, ſays Mr *Ainſ-*
'*worth*, in a funeral ſermon for him, filled with
'holy indignation againſt ſin, active in his work,
'and never more in his element than in the pulpit.'

As his life was holy, ſo his death was comfortable. He bleſſed God that he was not afraid to die; nay, he earneſtly deſired to be gone; often ſaying in his laſt ſickneſs,—'When will that hour come? One aſ-
'ſault more, and this earthen veſſel will be broken,
'and I ſhall be with God.'

He died in *December*, 1654, Aged 60.

Neal's *Hiſtory of the* Puritans, Vol. IV. Page 130.

LXXXII. Dr JAMES USHER,

Archbiſhop of *Armagh*, Primate and Metropolitan of all *Ireland*.

HIS converſion to God was ſo early, that at fourteen years old he was judged fit for, and admitted to the ſacrament of the Lord's-Supper. With regard to which, in his youthful years, his uſual cuſtom was, the afternoon before, to retire from all company and obſervation, and to paſs the time alone, in a ſtrict examination of himſelf, and deep humiliation before the Lord for his ſins; a practice in which he had ſuch enlargement of heart, as uſually threw him into abundance of tears. And this in elder years he often called to mind, by way of cenſure on himſelf,

ſelf, for the remiſneſſes which had followed, and by way of ſpur to excite himſelf to the vigorous purſuit of his duty and comfort; as he had, on thoſe occaſions, enjoyed ſuch ſweet and abundant communion with God.

His piety and great learning, and his diligence in preaching, together with his public diſputations with Jeſuits and others, made him very popular, and highly eſteemed and beloved of God's people.

But he wanted not enemies, who ſought to diſcredit him with King *James* I. by repreſenting him as a Puritan; a name which was very odious to that Prince. But notwithſtanding this, and the oppoſition made by ſome great men, the King appointed him biſhop of *Meath*, and often boaſted that he was a biſhop of his own making.

In the year 1624, he ſaid before many witneſſes, and often repeated it afterwards,—'That he was perſuaded the greateſt ſtroke to the reformed churches was yet to come, and that the time of the utter ruin of the *Roman* Antichriſt would be, when he thought himſelf ſecure; according to that paſſage, *Rev.* xviii. 7. *When ſhe ſhall ſay, I ſit as a Queen, and and ſhall ſee no ſorrow*, &c.'

A ſermon he preached on *James* i. 25.—*Sin, when it is finiſhed, brings forth death*, was much taken notice of; as in that diſcourſe he ſpake very affectingly of the growing ſins of this nation, and of the great deſtruction which, when come to their fulneſs, they would certainly bring on it. He often hinted, in private converſations, his judgment concerning theſe things, and the trials to come on the reformed churches; and many laid up his ſayings in their hearts: And by what hath fallen out ſince his days, we may meaſure our expectations of what is to come.

He lamented with great thoughts of heart the ſad diviſions among Chriſtians, and the ſpreading of damning doctrines, hereſies, and blaſphemies. He

was

was confident that thoſe evils among us has had for their authors, Friers, Jeſuits, and ſuch like Miſſionaries from *Rome*; and that if they were not ſeaſonably and duly ſuppreſſed, the iſſue would be either an inundation of Popery, or a maſſacre, or both.

In 1640 he came from *Ireland* to *London*, on a ſpecial invitation from ſome friends; but the matter was ſurely moved and accompliſhed by a more ſpecial hand of the providence of God in his favour: For the year following, the Rebellion broke out in *Ireland*; from the circumſtances of which, and the calamities that attended it, one might ſay, in the language of the angel to *Lot*, that nothing could be done in it, till this good man had eſcaped hither.

He was taken ill the 20th of *March*, 1655, and died the next day; praying for the forgiveneſs of his ſins:—'But, Lord, ſaid he, in ſpecial, forgive my 'ſins of omiſſion.' Which were the laſt words he was heard to utter.

Oliver Cromwel had a high eſteem for him, and was greatly his friend.

His funeral was at the public charge, and his body interred in the chapel of *Henry* VII. at *Weſtminſter*.

Dr *Prideaux* calls him,—'The moſt rich magazine of ſolid learning, and of all antiquity.'

And Dr *Davenant* ſays,—'He was a man of ſingular piety, abounding with all manner of learning.'

LXXXIII. Mr JOHN JANEWAY, Miniſter of the Goſpel.

HE was born *October* 27, in the year 1633, of pious parents, in *Tylly* in *Hertfordſhire*. There was an early appearance of ſomething very promiſing in

in him, which raiſed their expectations as high, as the loſs of him could poſſibly ſink them.

At about twelve years old, he had made a conſiderable proficiency in mathematic ſcience, and in the ſtudy of aſtronomy, and other parts of uſeful literature; at about ſeventeen, he was choſe to King's-College in *Cambridge*; and at about eighteen, God was pleaſed to ſhine upon his ſoul, and diſcover to him, that the knowledge of himſelf, and the conſciouſneſs of an intereſt in his love, through Chriſt, was vaſtly preferable to every thing elſe. His heart being now opened, God was pleaſed to make the exemplary life and ſacred diſcourſe of a young man in the college, together with the preaching of two eminent Divines, and Mr *Baxter*'s *Saints everlaſting Reſt*, of great uſe and ſingular advantage to him.

Now he knew that aſtronomy ſurveyed but a dunghil, in compariſon of that which the religion of Jeſus contemplates. Stars are but dirty clods, when compared with that glory that lies beyond the reach of the Chriſtian's thoughts. He was now ſo filled with divine contemplations, and taſted ſo much ſweetneſs in the knowledge of Chriſt, that it was diſcernable in his very appearance, he now *counted every thing but as droſs and dung, in compariſon of the knowledge of Chriſt and him crucified.*—'Not that he looked upon 'human learning as uſeleſs: But when fixed below 'Chriſt, and not improved for Chriſt; he looked 'upon wiſdom as folly, and learning as madneſs, 'and that which would make one more like the Devil, 'more fit for his ſervice, and put a greater accent 'upon their miſery in another world.' *

When he was arrived to the age of twenty, he was admitted a Fellow of the college; which did not a little forward his ſchemes for promoting the intereſt of Chriſt, and the good of ſouls. He could and did ſpeak in the language of St *Paul* to all his brethren, whether

* See his Life, Page 7.

whether related in a natural, civil, or religious ſenſe, ----'*Brethren, my heart's deſire and prayer to God for* 'you all is, *that you may be ſaved.*' We may read the language of his heart to them in the few following extracts.

'Give me leave to deal plainly, and to come cloſe 'to you; for I love your ſouls ſo well, that I can- 'not bear the thoughts of the loſs of them. Know 'this, that there is ſuch a thing as the new birth; 'and *except a man be born again, he cannot enter into* 'the *kingdom of heaven.* This new birth hath its 'foundation laid in a ſenſe of ſin, and a godly ſor- 'row for it, and a heart ſet againſt it; without theſe 'there can be no ſalvation. Upon repentance and 'believing comes juſtification; after this ſanctifica- 'tion, by the Spirit's dwelling in us. By this we 'come to be the children of God, to be made par- 'takers of a divine nature, to lead new lives, and to 'have a ſuitableneſs to God. It is unworthy of a 'Chriſtian to have ſuch a narrow ſpirit, as not to act 'for Chriſt with all our heart, and ſoul, and ſtrength, 'and might. Be not aſhamed of Chriſt. Be not 'afraid of the frowns and jeers of the wicked. Be 'ſure *to keep a conſcience void of offence*; and yield by 'no means to any known ſin. Be much in prayer, 'in ſecret prayer, and in reading the ſcriptures.— 'Therein are laid up the glorious myſteries which 'are hid from many eyes. My greateſt deſire is, that 'God would work his own great work in you. I 'deſire to ſee you, not as formerly, but that the 'Lord would make me an inſtrument of your ſouls 'good, for which I greatly long.'*

His affection to his relations appeared in his tender concern for the good of their ſouls, in the ſucceſs of his addreſſes to them for that purpoſe. He was mighty in prayer, and his ſpirit was oftentimes ſo tranſported in it, that he forgot the weakneſs of his body,

* See his Life, Page 21.

body, and of others ſpirits. Indeed the acquaintance he had with God was ſo ſweet, and his converſe with him ſo frequent, that he ſcarce knew how to leave that which was ſo delightful and ſuited to his ſpirit *. He uſed to wreſtle with God, like one that was ſure to prevail for a bleſſing; and this was very evident in the many immediate anſwers of prayer which he often received on his own and others account. The author of his life mentions ſomething of this kind very peculiar, reſpecting his honoured father, Mr *William Janeway*, to which I refer.

When his father died, he endeavoured to fill up that relation in the care of his mother and other relatives in the moſt tender and affectionate manner.

His comforts came from the fountain-head, and he would willingly lead them there to drink with him. —'We, poor fooliſh creatures, ſaith he, ſcarce 'know what is good for ourſelves; but it is no ſmall 'encouragement to the people of God, that wiſdom 'itſelf takes care of them, and one who loves them 'better than they love themſelves looks after them; 'and he hath given his promiſe, that *all ſhall work* '*together for their good.* And what better founda-'tion of comfort can there be than this? Let not 'your ſouls ſink under afflictions, for what reaſon 'have you to be diſcomfited under them? Can you 'gather from thence that the Lord does not love 'you? No ſurely, but rather the contrary; *for* '*whom the Lord loveth he chaſteneth, and ſcourgeth* '*every ſon whom he receiveth.* Let this ſerve as a 'remedy againſt exceſſive grief. Get your love to 'God increaſed. Remember that ſcripture, and let 'it impreſs your ſpirits: *He that loves father or mo-*'*ther, brother or ſiſter, yea, or children, more than me,* '*is not worthy of me.* Labour to have your affections 'more raiſed to him who is moſt worthy of them.' With much more to the ſame purpoſe †.

* See his Life, Page 24. † See Chap. VI. Page 34.

After his father's death he returned to King's-College, and became a member of a ſmall ſociety of Chriſtians, who met chiefly to diſcourſe of experimental religion, and that with happy ſucceſs; this being a means of ripening him a-pace for the heavenly world *. And here I cannot but ſtep aſide a little, and remark the uſefulneſs of ſuch aſſociations for the purpoſes of vital religion; and that if any Chriſtian has arrived to any eminence therein, it has uſually been this way. He has been a lover of ſacred company and holy converſation. His own gifts and graces have been divinely advantageous to others, and theirs have been ſo to him; ſo that they have been mutually improving for the exalted ſociety of heaven. But to return.

Mr *Janeway* left the college, and went to live in Dr *Cox*'s family; where I doubt not but that they received great advantages from his holy converſation and life; and he acknowledged,—'The goodneſs of 'God to him, in the benefit that he got by the graces 'and experiences of ſome Chriſtians in, and relating 'to it, whoſe tender love to him he did gratefully 'remember upon his death-bed †.' But here I muſt obſerve, his hard ſtudy, and application to the buſineſs he went into the family to perform, was by far an overmatch for him. His body grew weak, and great pain ſoon broke his conſtitution, ſo that he was obliged to retire into the country for the benefit of the air. And here his firſt dangerous ſickneſs commenced.

I ſhall now enter upon that which is the more immediate deſign of theſe memoirs; namely, To ſhew the power of religion upon the mind in a time of ſickneſs and death §. He

* See his Life, Chap. VII. † Chap. VIII. Page 39.

§ I hope the candid reader will excuſe ſo long a digreſſion from the principal deſign, when I acquaint him that every part of this excellent perſon's life appears ſo uſeful, and ſo eminently adapted to promote real religion, that it is more difficult to know what to leave, than what to take.

He was now in a decline, and could have but little hopes of life; yet he was ſo far from being affrighted, that he received the ſentence of death in himſelf with great joy. In order to wean his friends from him, and his affections from them,—'He was aſhamed to 'deſire and pray for life. O, ſaid he, is there any 'thing here more deſirable than the enjoyment of 'Chriſt? Can I expect any thing below comparable 'to that bleſſed viſion? O that crown! that reſt 'which remains for the people of God; and, bleſſed 'be God, I can ſay I know it is mine. *I know that 'when this tabernacle of clay ſhall be diſſolved, that I 'have a houſe not made with hands*; and therefore I 'groan, not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon 'with Chriſt. *To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is 'gain.* I can, through infinite mercy ſpeak in the 'Apoſtle's language,—'*I have fought the good fight, 'henceforth there is laid up for me a crown incorrup-'tible, that fadeth not away,*'

When he perceived one of his neareſt relations greatly troubled at the thoughts of his death, he charged him not to pray for his life, except it were purely with reſpect to the glory of God.—'I wiſh, 'ſaid he, I beg you to keep your minds in a ſub-'miſſive frame to the will of God concerning me. 'The Lord take you nearer to himſelf, that you 'may walk with him; to whom if I go before, I 'hope you will follow after *.'

He recovered this indiſpoſition in ſome good meaſure, and returned to his former practice of engaging in the ſecret and public duties of religion. He ſet apart an hour every day for ſecret retirement and ſolemn meditation, which was uſually in the evening: Where one obſerving his conſtant practice, concealed himſelf, that he might be acquainted with that divine intercourſe that was kept up between God and him. —'But, O, what a ſpectacle did I ſee! Surely a

* See his Life, Chap. IX. Page 41.

'man walking with God, converſing intimately with 'his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity 'with the great Jehovah! Methought I ſaw a ſpi-'ritual merchant in an heavenly exchange, driving a 'rich trade for the treaſures of the other world. O, 'what a glorious ſight it was! Methinks I ſee him 'ſtill. How lovely was his countenance! How 'ſweetly did his face ſhine! His looks, and ſmiles, 'and every motion, ſpeak him to be upon the con-'fines of glory. To uſe his own words,—God, 'ſaith he, holds mine eyes moſt upon his goodneſs, 'his unmeaſurable goodneſs, and the promiſes which 'are moſt ſure and firm in Chriſt. His love to us is 'greater, ſurer, fuller, than ours to ourſelves: For 'when we loved ourſelves ſo as to deſtroy ourſelves, 'he loved us to ſave us *.'

He uſed frequently to exhort his friends to keep cloſe to God, and to place their ſupreme affections upon him.—'Let us, ſaith he, behold him till our 'hearts deſire, till our very ſouls are brought to ac-'quaintance, intimacy, and delight in him. It is 'good for me to draw near to God. His love is a 'ſea: Fling thyſelf into it, and thou ſhalt be com-'paſſed with the height, and depth, and breadth, 'and length of love, and be filled with all the ful-'neſs of God†.'

Yet ſo gracious and ſo beloved of God as he was, he was not free from the aſſaults of the Tempter.—The writer of his life ſays,—'It would make a 'Chriſtian's heart ake, to hear and read what ſtrange 'temptations he was exerciſed with. But he was 'well armed for ſuch a conflict, having on the ſhield 'of faith, whereby he quenched the fiery darts of the 'wicked one §.'

'He never preached publicly but twice, ſays 'my author; and then he came to it as if he had 'been

* See his Life, Page 42. § Page 46.
† Page 44.

'been uſed to that work forty years, delivering the 'word of God with that power and majeſty, with 'that tenderneſs and compaſſion, with that readineſs 'and freedom, that it made his hearers almoſt 'amazed. His firſt and laſt ſermons were upon 'communion with God, from *Job* xxii. 21. A ſub-'ject that few Chriſtians under heaven were better 'able to manage than himſelf.'

In the cloſe of life he ſeemed quite ſwallowed up with the thoughts of Chriſt, heaven and eternity; and the nearer he came to it, the more ſwift his motion was, and the more earneſt his deſires for it. *

He was much concerned about Miniſters, that they ſhould be careful not to be engaged in low and ſordid deſigns. He judged, that to take up the miniſtry as a ſecular employ to get gain, and to aggrandize ſelf, was abſolutely inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of a true goſpel Miniſter.

He thought it neceſſary that they who were devoted to the miniſtry, ſhould have firſt given themſelves and their all to God, and be filled with a real diſintereſted affection to precious and immortal ſouls, that they might more ardently promote his glory. †

He was full of compaſſion to ſouls, ‡ and would greatly lament the barrenneſs of Chriſtians in their converſe with each other. ‖

'He once ſat down ſilent, ſaith my author, and 'took out his pen and ink, and wrote the conver-'ſation thut paſſed between ſome friends, even ſome 'that pretended to more than common underſtanding 'in the things of God. And after a while he took 'his paper and read it to them; and aſked them, 'whether ſuch talk was ſuch as they would be willing 'God ſhould record. — O, ſays he, to ſpend an 'hour or two together, and to hear ſcarce a word

* See his Life, Chap. XI. Page 60.
† Chap. XII.
‡ Chap. XIII.
‖ Chap. XIV.

'for Chriſt, or that ſpeaks peoples hearts in love 'with holineſs! Where is our love to God and 'ſouls all this while? Where is our ſenſe of the pre-'ciouſneſs of time? Of the greatneſs of our account? 'Should we talk thus if we believed we ſhould hear 'of it again at the day of judgment? Doth not 'this ſpeak aloud our hearts to be very empty of 'grace, and that we have little ſenſe of thoſe ſpi-'ritual and eternal concerns upon us?' *

And as the empty converſe of Chriſtians was matter of grief, ſo was their want of love, and their little concern for each other. Theſe coſt him many a tear and groan, and he did all in his power to make up differences, heal the breaches, and cement their hearts to a cordial eſteem and chriſtian behaviour towards one another. There are two letters peculiarly adapted to this amiable purpoſe, to which I muſt refer my reader in the fifteenth chapter of his life; in the cloſe of which chapter my author ſays,—'He ſaw ſo 'much pride, peeviſhneſs, and diviſion amongſt pro-'feſſors, that it did not a little vex his righteous ſoul, 'and made him think long to be in ſweeter air, 'where there ſhould be nothing but union, joy, and 'love.'

And now we ſhall conſider him as pretty near this heavenly ſtate. Near the cloſe of life he evidently lived like a man quite weary of the world, almoſt in the immediate view of a better. His temper, his language, his deportment, all ſpoke him one of another world. His meditations were ſo intenſe, long, and frequent, that they ripened him apace for heaven.

'I remember, ſays the author of his Life, once 'there was a great talk that one had foretold that 'doom's-day ſhould be upon ſuch a day; although 'he blamed their daring folly, that would pretend 'to know that which was hid,—Yet granting their 'ſuſpicion to be true, what then, ſaid he? What 'if

* See his Life, Page 73.

'if the day of judgment were come, as it will moſt 'certainly come ſhortly? If I were ſure the day of 'judgment were to begin within an hour, I ſhould 'be glad with all my heart. If at this very inſtant 'I ſhould hear ſuch thunderings, and ſee ſuch light-'nings as *Iſrael* did at mount *Sinai*, I am perſuaded 'my very heart would leap for joy. But this I am 'confident of, through infinite mercy, that the very 'meditation of that day hath even raviſhed my ſoul, 'and the thought of the certainty and nearneſs of it 'is more refreſhing to me than the comforts of the 'whole world.'

He relates a dream he had, that the judgment-day was really come. And at the cloſe he ſays,—'O, 'but with what an extaſy of joy was I ſurpriſed! 'Methought it was the moſt heart-raiſing ſight that 'ever my eyes beheld; and then I cried out,—I have 'waited for thy ſalvation, O God; and ſo I mounted 'into the air to meet my Lord in the clouds.'*

But this was but a dream. He awaked, and found himſelf on this ſide the grave. The time draws nigh when he will be more awake than ever, and wherein his longings ſhall be ſatisfied. He is called to his laſt work, and his deportment in it was ſo honour-able, his carriage ſo eminent, ſo gracious, ſo meek, prudent, fruitful, joyful, and thankful, that it made all his friends ſtand and wonder, as being abundantly above their experience and reading. He falls into a deep conſumption.

When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother and ſaid,—'Dear mother, I am dying, 'but I beſeech you be not troubled; for I am, thro' 'mercy, quite above the fears of death. It is no 'great matter: I have nothing troubles me, but the 'apprehenſions of your grief. I am going to him 'whom I love above life.'

* See his Life, Chap. XVI. Page 96.

It pleaſed the Lord to raiſe him again out of this fainting, having yet ſomething more for him to do, to experience himſelf, and make known to others inviſible realities. His graces were never more active, and his experiences were never greater. His ſoul was almoſt filled with thoſe *joys unſpeakable and full of glory*. How would he cry out,—'O, that I could 'but let you know what I now feel! O, that I could 'but ſhew you what I now ſee! O, that I could 'expreſs the thouſandth part of that ſweetneſs that I 'now find in Chriſt! You would all think it well 'worth the while to make it your buſineſs to be re-'ligious. O my dear friends, we little think what 'Chriſt is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for 'a world, nay, for a million of worlds, be now with-'out Chriſt and a pardon. I would not for a world 'be to live any longer. The very thought of a poſ-'ſibility of recovery makes me even tremble.' O the rare attainment, the high and divine expreſſions that dropped from his mouth!

'O, ſays he, how ſweet is Jeſus! Come, Lord 'Jeſus, come quickly! Death, do thy worſt.—Death 'has loſt its terribleneſs. Death is nothing. I ſay, 'Death is nothing, through grace, to me. I can as 'eaſily die as ſhut my eyes, or turn my head and 'ſleep. I long to be with Chriſt, I long to die!'

His mother and his brethren ſtanding by him, he ſaid,—'Dear mother, I beſeech you earneſtly, as ever 'I deſired any thing of you in my life, that you 'would chearfully give me up to Chriſt. I beſeech 'you do not hinder me, now I am going to reſt and 'glory. I am afraid of your prayers, leſt they pull 'one way, and mine another.'

And then, turning to his brethren, he ſpake to them.—'I charge you all, do not pray for my life 'any more. You do me wrong if you do. O that 'glory, that unſpeakable glory that I behold! My 'heart is full, my heart is full. Chriſt ſmiles, and I

'cannot chooſe but ſmile. Can you find in your 'heart to ſtop me, who am now going to the com-'plete and everlaſting enjoyment of Chriſt? Would 'you keep me from my crown? The arms of my 'bleſſed Saviour are open to embrace me. The An-'gels ſtand ready to carry my ſoul into his boſom. 'O, did you but ſee what I ſee, you would all cry 'out with me, How long, dear Lord, how long! 'Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! O, why are his 'chariot wheels ſo long a coming?'

And all this while he lay like a triumphing conqueror, ſmiling and rejoicing in ſpirit.

The death-bed of this ſaint can ſcarce be drawn
By mortal hand.—It merits a divine.
Angels ſhall paint it; Angels ever there;
There, on a poſt of honour and of joy.

Young.

A reverend and holy Miniſter came often to viſit him, and diſcourſed with him of the excellency of Chriſt, and the glory of the inviſible world.—'Sir, 'ſaid he, I feel ſomething of it. My heart is as full 'as it can hold in this lower ſtate. I can hold no 'more here. O, that I could but let you know what 'I feel!'

This holy Miniſter praying with him, his ſoul was raviſhed with the abundant incomes of light, life, and love, ſo that he could ſcarce bear it, or the thoughts of ſtaying any longer here.

Though he was, towards his end, moſt commonly in a triumphant frame, yet ſometimes he had ſome ſmall intermiſſions. He would cry out,—'Hold out 'faith and patience, yet a little while, and your 'work is done.' And when he found not his heart wound up to the higheſt pitch of thankfulneſs, admiration, and love, he would with great ſorrow bemoan himſelf, and cry out in this language:—'And 'what

'what is the matter now, O my ſoul? What wilt 'thou, canſt thou thus unworthily ſlight this admi-'rable and aſtoniſhing condeſcenſion of God to thee? 'Seems it a ſmall matter, that the great Jehovah 'ſhould deal thus familiarly with this worm? And 'wilt thou paſs this over as a common mercy?'

And then he breaks out again into another extaſy of joy and praiſe.—'Stand aſtoniſhed, O ye heavens; 'and wonder, O ye Angels, at this infinite grace! 'Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free 'grace than I? O, bleſs the Lord with me! Come, 'let us ſhout for joy, and boaſt in the God of our 'ſalvation. O, help me to praiſe the Lord, for his 'mercy endureth for ever!

Another of his brethren praying with him, ſeeing him near his diſſolution, deſired that the Lord would be pleaſed to continue thoſe extraordinary comforts to him. At the end of the duty he burſt out into a wonderful paſſion of joy; crying out,—'*Amen*, *Amen*, '*Amen*, *Hallelujah!*'

'I verily believe, ſays the writer of his Life, that 'it exceeds the higheſt rhetoric, to ſet out to the life 'what this heavenly creature did deliver. I ſay 'again, I want words to ſpeak, and ſo did he; for he 'ſaw things unutterable.'

An old experienced Chriſtian and Miniſter ſaid again and again, that he never ſaw, nor read, nor heard the like. He talked as if he had been in the third heavens, and brake out into ſuch words as theſe:

'O, he is come! He is come! O, how ſweet, 'how glorious is the bleſſed Jeſus! How ſhall I do 'to ſpeak the thouſandth part of his praiſes! O, 'for words to ſet out a little of that excellency! But 'it is inexpreſſible. O how excellent, glorious, and 'lovely is the precious Jeſus! He is ſweet. He is 'altogether lovely. And now I am ſick of love, for

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'he hath raviſhed my ſoul with his beauty. I ſhall 'die ſick of love.

'O my friends, ſtand and wonder; come, look 'upon a dying man and wonder. I cannot myſelf 'but ſtand and wonder. Was there ever a greater 'kindneſs! Was there ever more ſenſible manifeſta-'tions of rich grace! O, why me, Lord? Why me? 'Sure this is akin to heaven. And if I were never 'to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all 'the torments men and devils could invent, to come 'through even a hell to ſuch tranſcendent joys as 'theſe. If this be dying, dying is ſweet. Let no 'Chriſtian ever be afraid of dying. O, death is ſweet 'to me! This bed is ſoft. Chriſt's arms, his ſmiles 'and viſits, ſure they would turn hell into heaven! 'O, that you did but ſee and feel what I do! Come, 'and behold a dying man more chearful than ever 'you ſaw any healthful man in the midſt of his 'ſweeteſt enjoyments. O Sirs, worldly pleaſures are 'pitiful, poor, ſorry things, compared with one 'glimpſe of his glory which ſhines ſo ſtrongly into 'my ſoul. O, why ſhould any of you be ſo ſad, 'when I am ſo glad! This, this is the hour that I 'have waited for.'

About forty eight hours before his death, his eyes were dim, and his ſight much failed, and every part had the ſymptoms of death upon it; yet even then, if poſſible, his joys were greater ſtill. He ſpake like one entering into the gates of the new *Jeruſalem*. The greateſt part of him was now in heaven. Not a word dropped from his mouth, but it breathed of Chriſt and heaven. Moſt of his work was praiſe: An hundred times admiring the boundleſs love of God to him.—'O, why me, Lord? Why me?' And then he would give inſtruction to them that came to ſee him. He was ſcarce ever ſilent, the love of Chriſt and ſouls ſo conſtrained him:—'So that I believe, ſays 'my

'my author, there was much work done for Chriſt 'in his laſt hours.*

He took his leave of his friends every evening, expecting to ſee them no more till the morning of the reſurrection.—'Now, ſays the dying ſaint, I want 'but one thing, and that is, a ſpeedy lift to heaven. 'O, help me, help me to praiſe and admire him that 'hath done ſuch aſtoniſhing wonders for my ſoul! 'Come, help me with praiſe; all is too little: Come 'help me, all ye glorious and mighty Angels, who 'are ſo well ſkilled in this heavenly work of praiſe.

'Praiſe is now my work, and I ſhall be engaged 'in that ſweet employment for ever. Come, let us 'lift up our voice in praiſe. I with you as long as 'my breath doth laſt, and when I have none I ſhall 'do it better.'

According to his deſire, moſt of the time was ſpent in praiſe, and he would ſtill be calling out,—'More praiſe ſtill. O, help me to praiſe him! I 'have nothing elſe to do. I have done with prayer, 'and all other ordinances. I have almoſt done with 'converſing with mortals. I ſhall preſently be be-'holding Chriſt himſelf, that died for me, and loved 'me, and waſhed me in his blood. I ſhall in a few 'hours be in eternity, ſinging the ſong of *Moſes*, and 'the ſong of the Lamb. I ſhall preſently ſtand upon 'mount *Sion* with an innumerable company of An-'gels, and the ſpirits of the juſt made perfect, and 'Jeſus the mediator of the new covenant. I ſhall 'hear the voice of much people, and be one amongſt 'them which ſay,—*Hallelujah; ſalvation, glory, and* '*honour, and power unto the Lord our God!* And 'again, we ſay *Hallelujah!* Methinks I ſtand as it 'were one foot in heaven, and the other on earth. 'Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by 'faith I ſee the Angels waiting to carry my ſoul to 'the boſom of Jeſus, and I ſhall be for ever with 'the

* See his Life, Chap. XVII. Page 109.

'the Lord in glory. And who can chooſe but re-
'joice in all this?'

The day before his death he looked earneſtly upon his brother *James*, and ſaid,—'I thank thee, dear 'brother, for thy love. Thou art praying for me, 'and I know thou loveſt me dearly: But Chriſt 'loveth me ten thouſand times more than thou doſt. 'Come and kiſs me, dear brother, before I die.'—And ſo with his cold dying lips he kiſſed him, and ſaid,—'I ſhall go before, and I hope thou ſhalt fol-'low after to glory.'

A few hours before his death, he called all his relations and brethren together, that he might bleſs them, and pray for them; which he did with much affection, authority, and ſpirituality.

Then the godly Miniſter who had uſed to viſit him, came to pay him his laſt, and to do the office of an angel, to help to convoy his ſoul to glory. When he ſpake to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears from the holy man; being amazed to hear a dying man talk as if he had been with Jeſus, and came from the immediate preſence of God. O the ſmiles that were then in his face, and the unſpeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in his countenance. O the praiſes, the triumphant praiſes that he put up! A little before he died, in prayer, or rather praiſe, he was ſo full of admiration, that he could ſcarce forbear ſhouting for joy. And at length, with abundance of faith and fervency, he ſaid aloud,—'*Amen*, *Amen*.'

And now his deſires were ſoon ſatisfied. Death was coming apace to do his laſt office. And after a few moments he turned himſelf on one ſide, and immediately fell aſleep in Jeſus, *June* 1657, Aged 24.*

* See his Life, Page ult.

Oh,

Oh, might I feel the heav'nly flame
With equal ardor burn;
Chearful I'd quit this mortal frame,
Nor wiſh one ſhort return!

Tranſported with unknown delight,
Should ſcorn all mortal things;
To take an everlaſting flight
On ſome kind Seraph's wings.

Now let me ſee the bliſsful ray
This ſecond *Moſes* did:
Then break this priſon of my clay,
And none my joys forbid.

LXXXIV. EDWARD HOPKINS, Eſq;
Governor of *Connecticut* colony in *New England.*

HE was born near *Shrewſbury* about the year 1600, was bred a *Turkey* merchant, and lived many years in *London* in good faſhion and eſteem. But being a Nonconformiſt in times when hatred and perſecution attended every one of that character, he withdrew with his excellent father-in-law, Mr. *Theophilus Eaton*, and many others, to *New England*; where having very important truſts committed to him, he diſcharged them all with great faithfulneſs and reputation. But there his wife, the deſire of his eyes, fell into an incurable diſtraction; which, tho' ſo heavy and ſore an affliction, he bore with meekneſs and fruitfulneſs to the end of his life.

On the death of his elder brother, who was Warden of the Fleet, he returned to *England*, in order to look after an eſtate which then fell to him. On his return hither, he was appointed to ſucceed his brother in the wardenſhip, was made a Commiſſioner of the

admiralty and navy, and choſen Member of Parliament. Notwithſtanding all which, he ſlackned neither watch nor diſcipline in his private walk, but kept his heart warm for God and beating for heaven.

He was ſo beloved and eſteemed in the *Connecticut* colony, that he was earneſtly ſollicited to return thither; but could not be prevailed on ſo to do, becauſe having had a very dangerous voyage in his return hither, he was apt to conſider it as a divine intimation that he was to paſs the reſt of his days in this kingdom.

Not long before his death he expreſſed himſelf in the following manner:—'How often have I pleaſed 'myſelf with the thoughts of a joyful meeting with 'my father *Eaton!* I remember with what pleaſure 'he uſed to come down the ſtreet, that he might meet 'me when I came from *Hartford* to *New-Haven.* 'But with how much greater pleaſure ſhall we ſhortly 'meet each other in heaven!'

And as a heavenly mind is often a preſaging one, he ſaid in that ſpirit more than once, to ſome who were near and dear to him,—'God will ſhortly take 'away the proteſts; and ſoon after you will ſee great 'changes overturning the preſent conſtitution, and 'ſore troubles come upon thoſe who now promiſe 'themſelves better things.'

And yet this pious Gentleman was from time to time not a little harraſſed with the fears of death. And in his laſt ſickneſs he ſaid with tears to his friends, —'O, pray for me; for I am in extreme darkneſs.' But at length, on a Lord's day, at the time it was judged when Mr *Caryl* was publicly praying for him, light ſhone from heaven, his darkneſs was all diſpelled, and he expreſſed himſelf in the following manner:—'O Lord, thou haſt kept the beſt wine till the 'laſt. O friends, could you believe this? I ſhall be 'bleſſed for ever. I ſhall quickly be in eternal glory. 'Now let the whole world count me vile, and call

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'me hypocrite, or what they will; I matter it not:
'I ſhall be bleſſed. There is reſerved for me a crown
'of glory. O, bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt! I
'have heretofore thought it a hard thing to die, but
'now I find it is not ſo. If I might chooſe, I would
'now die. O my Lord, I pray thee ſend me not
'back into this evil world. I have enough of it.
'No, Lord; now take me to the kingdom and glory
'prepared for me.' Whereupon one of thoſe about him ſaid,—'Sir, the Lord hath enlarged your faith.' He replied,—'Friend, this is ſenſe. The Lord hath
'even ſatisfied my ſenſe. I am ſenſibly ſatisfied of
'everlaſting glory.'

After this, being viſited by ſome perſons of diſtinction in eminent public ſtations, he ſaid to them,—
'Sirs, take heed to your hearts, while you are in
'your work for God, that there be no root of bitter-
'neſs cheriſhed in them. It may be pretended, your
'deſires are to ſerve God; but if, at the ſame time,
'you have ſecret aims of advancing yourſelves and
'your own intereſts, the Lord will not accept your
'ſervices as pure before him.' He died at *London* in *March*, 1657.

He had often wiſhed, on ſome important accounts, that he might live till the beginning of that year: And when he lay on his death-bed, he ſaid, alluding to the accompliſhment of his wiſh,—'Lord, thou haſt
'fulfilled my deſires according to thy word, That
'thou wilt fulfil the deſires of them that fear thee.'

LXXXV. Dr ROBERT HARRIS.

HE was born at *Broad-Camden* in *Gloceſterſhire*, in the year 1578, was many years Miniſter of *Hanwel*, and was likewiſe one of the aſſembly of Divines at *Weſtminſter*.

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He often ſaid in the times of his beſt health,—'That little was to be expected from him on his 'death-bed.' And this judgment of himſelf induced him to write his advice to his family many years before he died.

In the beginning of his laſt ſickneſs, being deſired to receive company, he ſaid;—'I am, when alone, 'in company. 'Tis all one to me, to be left alone, 'or to have friends with me. My work is now to 'arm myſelf for death which aſſaults me; and I ap-'ply myſelf, according to my ability, for that great 'encounter.'

He conſtantly exhorted every one who viſited him, and all about him, above all things to get faith.—'It is, ſaid he, your victory, your peace, your life, 'your crown, and your chief piece of ſpiritual ar-'mour. Notwithſtanding which, put on likewiſe all 'the other pieces; and then go forth in the Lord's 'might. Stand to the fight, and the iſſue ſhall be 'glorious. Only forget not to call in the aid of your 'General. Do all from him, and under him.'

When his friends came to ſee him, he uſed to ſay,—'I cannot ſpeak, but I can hear.'

And being aſked where his comfort lay? He anſwered,—'In Chriſt, and in the free grace of 'God.'

'Sir, ſaid one to him, you may take much com-'fort in your labours. You have done much good.' He anſwered,—'All is nothing without a Saviour. 'Without him my beſt works would condemn me. 'Oh, I am aſhamed of them, as they were mixed 'with ſo much ſin. O, I am an unprofitable ſer-'vant! I have not done any thing for God as I 'ought. Loſs of time ſits heavily on my ſpirit. 'Work, work apace; aſſuring yourſelves that no-'thing will more trouble you when you come to die, 'than that you have done no more for God, who 'hath done ſo much for you.'

Sometimes he expreſſed himſelf in the following manner,—'I never in all my life ſaw the worth of 'Chriſt, nor taſted the ſweetneſs of God's love in 'that meaſure I do now.'

Being aſked what he would have done for him, he anſwered,—'Do not only pray for me, but praiſe 'God for his unſpeakable mercy to me, and in par-'ticular for keeping Satan from me in this my weak-'neſs. O, how good is God! Always entertain 'good thoughts of him. However it be with us, we 'cannot think too well of him, or too badly of our-'ſelves.'

And a ſenſe of the goodneſs of God in Chriſt Jeſus was continually and ſo deeply imprinted on his heart, that in all his wills the following legacy always had a place,—'*Item*, I bequeath to all my children, and to 'their childrens children, to each of them a Bible 'with this inſcription,—*None but Chriſt.*'

Being once viſited by two reverend Doctors, his choice friends; and they, before they prayed with him, deſiring him to tell them what he chiefly re-queſted, he anſwered,—'I praiſe God he ſupports 'me, and keeps off Satan; beg that I may hold out. 'I am now a good way homeward, but quite ſpent. 'I am now near the ſhore, and leave you toſſing on 'the ſea. O, it is a good time to die in!'

Being aſked from time to time how he did; he ſtill anſwered to this effect:—'In no great pain, I 'praiſe God; only weary of my unuſeful life. If 'God hath no more ſervice for me to do here, I 'would be gladly in heaven, where I ſhall ſerve him 'better, freed from ſin and diſtractions. I paſs from 'one death to another, yet I fear none. I praiſe 'God, I can live, and I dare die. If God hath more 'work for me to do here, I am willing to do it, 'though my infirm body be very weary.'

Being once, particularly towards the cloſe of the day, aſked how he did;—'O, ſaid he, this hath been

'a

'a ſweet day! I have had ſweet communion with 'God in Jeſus Chriſt.'

Having deſired one to pray with him and for him, that God would haſten what concerned him, he was aſked whether pain put him on that deſire; he anſwered,—'No. But I now do no good, and I hinder 'others, who might be better employed if I were not. 'Why ſhould any deſire to live, but to do God ſervice; and as I now ceaſe from that, I do not live.'

Taking his ſon by the hand, he ſaid,—'Pray with 'me. It is the laſt time probably that I ſhall ever 'join with you.'

His ſon anſwered,—'There remains a reſt.' To whom he replied,—'My ſabbath is not far off, and 'yours is at hand. Ere that, I ſhall be rid of all my 'trouble, and you will be eaſed of ſome.'

He died *December* 11, 1688, Aged 80.

See his Life, in which are inſerted many of his pathetical and weighty ſayings.

LXXXVI. Dr PETER DU MOULIN.

HE was Miniſter of God's word, and Profeſſor at *Sedan*.

Three years and a half before his death he had a great hurt by a fall from his horſe, after which he enjoyed no good health; yet gave he not over the works of his calling, either in the church or ſchools; rarely failing to preach once a week, and read two divinity lectures. Through his whole life he was much in prayer and meditation; but in his laſt ſickneſs he was ſo much in them, that he minded in a manner nothing elſe.

One day when he was expected in the pulpit, he awaked in the morning ſo weak, and with ſuch oppreſſion in his breaſt, that he thought he ſhould be

unable to preach that day; yet encouraging himſelf in God, he went ſupported to the church; but when he was with difficulty got into the pulpit, he fainted; on which occaſion ſome wine being brought him, he refuſed it; chooſing rather to expect God's help, than do any thing that might ſeem to border on indecency. His text was, *Pſalm* xvi. 9. *My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope:* And, by God's aſſiſtance, he ſpoke with more vigour than he had done of a long time before. He applied the doctrine to himſelf, and gave his hearers an account of his faith and hope, as foreſeeing that this would be the laſt ſermon he ſhould preach them.

Two days after, the oppreſſion in his breaſt was become ſo great as to make it feared it would ſuddenly terminate in his death. Whereupon, being viſited by his collegues, he ſaid to them,—'Fare you 'well, Gentlemen; I have good ſatisfaction in my 'mind, that I leave this church in the hands of per-'ſons whom God hath endowed with great gifts; 'and, above all, with exemplary piety. I make no 'doubt, but you will carefully look to the flock com-'mitted to you.'

To this one of them returned,—'The Lord grant, 'Sir, that we may imitate you: For you are that 'good ſervant, who not only have not buried your 'talent, but have very much improved it. You 'have done good ſervice in your life, and your la-'bours will live and do good when you are gone.'

To which he anſwered,—'Ah, Sir, you know not 'how much you grieve me by ſuch language. I 'have not done all the good I ought to have done; 'and that little benefit which the church hath reaped 'by my labours, is not from me, but from the grace 'of God which is in me; as it is uſual with him to 'produce a good effect by a weak inſtrument. I am 'conſcious that I have neglected my duty in many 'things, and offended my God; but I have loved 'his holy truth, and hope in his mercy. He is my

'Father and my God, and Jeſus Chriſt is my Sa-
'viour;---*Whoſoever believes on him ſhall not periſh,*
'*but have life everlaſting.*'

His friends told him, that he hurt himſelf by ſpeaking ſo much.---'Tis true he replied; but I will die 'glorifying God.'

His prayers were fervent, and full of penitential ſorrow. He ſaid,---'He was the greateſt of ſinners, 'and the moſt unworthy of the graces which he had 'received from God.' He abhorred his unthankfulneſs, aggravated his faults, and diſtaſted all that commended him.

'Lord, ſaid he, I have deſerved nothing but 'puniſhment. Thou haſt heaped bleſſings upon 'me. Thou haſt honoured me with an holy calling, 'but I have not laboured according to the worth of 'it. I have mingled my own glory with thine. I 'have often neglected thy ſervice, in order to ſeek 'my particular intereſt. O, how much ſelf-love! 'What perverſeneſs hath oppoſed the kingdom of 'thy Son within me! How often have I grieved thy 'holy Spirit by idle thoughts and carnal affections! 'But though it had been but juſtice in thee to have 'cruſhed me in thy wrath, yet thou haſt always 'ſhewed thyſelf a gracious and merciful Father to 'me. *In very faithfulneſs thou haſt afflicted me.* In-'deed thou haſt ſometimes chaſtened me with thy 'moſt terrible rod. Thou haſt hid thy face from 'me for a moment, but thou haſt remembered me in 'thy great compaſſion. Lord, thou wilt do it. 'Thou art faithful in thy promiſes. I am thy crea-'ture. Thou haſt led me and taught me from my 'youth; O forſake me not in this laſt period of my 'life. Have mercy upon me, my God; my Father, 'have mercy upon me. O Lord, hear; O Lord, 'forgive; O Lord, hearken and do. Defer not 'for thy own ſake, O my God; even for thy Son's 'ſake, *who hath loved me and given himſelf for me.*

'The mercy of God, ſaid he, is infinite as himſelf is. There is no ſin ſo great but it may be remitted. How great was *Aaron*'s ſin, who made the golden calf? How grievous that of *David* in the buſineſs of *Uriah?* And that of *Solomon*, whom God had ſo highly honoured, whoſe heart was ſeduced by the love of ſtrange women to the abominable worſhip of falſe gods? And yet God ſaid of him,—*That if he brake God's ſtatutes, and kept not his commandments, he would viſit his tranſgreſſion with the rod, and his iniquity with ſtripes: Nevertheleſs, he would not utterly take his loving-kindneſs from him.* And, ſaid he, thou wilt pardon me alſo, O my God. Thou wilt *deliver me from every evil work*, and preſerve me to thy heavenly kingdom. *Let me die the death of the righteous.* Let me ſee thy face in righteouſneſs. Let me enjoy thoſe good things of which thou haſt given me many foretaſtes. O how happy a thing is it to live in God's fear and to die in his peace!'

His illneſs being violent, and his pain acute, a friend of his in the miniſtry, in order to comfort and ſtrengthen him, ſaid to him, — 'Be of good chear, for the time of your deliverance draws nigh.'

'O how welcome, replied he, are you to me with that good news! Welcome kind death! O how happy ſhall I be to ſee my God, to whom my heart hath been of a long time aſpiring! He will be merciful to me. Pray that he will be pleaſed to perfect his work in me.'

Yet ſometimes the violence of his pain forced a complaint from him.

'O Lord, ſaid he once, lay not too heavy a hand upon thy poor ſervant. Thou haſt ſufficiently afflicted me, to make me ſenſible of my ſin. (But, correcting himſelf, he added) Yet, Lord I am far from murmuring againſt thee. I have kept myſelf from that in my long trials. I have deſerved

'infinitely

'infinitely more than I ſuffer. Bruiſe this duſt and 'theſe aſhes. Bruiſe this body, and ſave my pre-'cious ſoul. Miſerable as I am, I would not change 'my condition for that of a King, while I hope in 'the grace of my God.'

When one of his friends put him in mind of the words of *Jacob*,—*I have waited for thy ſalvation, O God*; he ſaid,—'Many of our Doctors by that ſalva-'tion underſtand the temporal deliverances which 'God promiſed his people: But I will apply it to 'myſelf in the ſenſe you take it in.'

Another friend having mentioned the words of the hymn of *Zacharias*,—*The tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-ſpring from on high hath viſited us*; he added,—'Yes, it is that *Son of righteouſneſs with 'healing in his wings.*'

When he heard the words, *Pſalm* cxxx.—*I wait for the Lord*; *my ſoul doth wait*; *and in his word do I hope*; he ſaid,—'That word is the promiſe of the 'goſpel, that *whoſoever believeth in* Jeſus Chriſt *hath 'everlaſting life.* That is the word which my ſoul 'doth wait for.'

He was much in the mention of paſſages from the fifty-firſt *Pſalm*, particularly of that verſe, —*The ſacrifices of God are a broken ſpirit: A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe.* To which he uſually added, —'That ſacrifice, O my God, I 'offer to thee.'

Being viſited by a Student, and by him aſked, Whether he thought the *Hebrew* was the language ſpoke in heaven? He anſwered,—'This is not re-'vealed: Neither do I think that the language of 'heaven is known here on earth; but I judge we 'ſhall learn it in a moment, when God ſhall be *all 'in all.* This is that *tongue of angels* which St *Paul* 'mentions; and is as other things which God hath 'prepared for thoſe that love him; and they are all

'of them *ſuch as eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard*, and 'which are not come into man's heart.'

Having repeated thoſe words, *Pſalm* xxxii. 1, 2. —*Bleſſed is he whoſe tranſgreſſion is forgiven, whoſe ſin is covered. Bleſſed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whoſe ſpirit there is no guile*; he added,—'Thou knoweſt, Lord, that in 'ſincerity, and without guile, I humble myſelf be- 'fore thy face. I am a miſerable ſinner, and could 'not dare to lift up my eyes towards thee, did I not 'truſt both in thy commandment and promiſe. 'Such as labour under a ſenſe of their miſeries, are 'thoſe whom thou calleſt; for thou ſayeſt,—*Come 'unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and 'I will give you reſt.* O then, let me come to thee. 'Draw me, O Lord, that I may run after thee. I 'am tired; I am quite weary of being abſent from 'my God. *My ſoul thirſteth for God, for the living 'God. When ſhall I come and appear before God?* 'Alas, I am unworthy of it; for I was conceived in 'ſin, and my whole life hath been a continued tranſ- 'greſſion. Yet far be it from me to doubt of God's 'power and faithfulneſs. *Where ſin aboundeth, his grace 'aboundeth much more.* It is not for the righteous, 'but for repenting ſinners that he hath given 'his Son, that *whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not 'periſh, but have life everlaſting. Lord, I believe; 'help thou my unbelief.* Increaſe and ſtrengthen my 'faith. It is now weak and ſmall, but it is true and 'unfeigned, and reſteth upon Jeſus Chriſt only. 'There is no ſalvation in any other. He is *the way, 'the truth and the life. None can come to the Father 'but by* him. Away with all other interceſſors. 'Away with all merit of works. All our righteouſ- 'neſſes are but pollutions. Ah, my God, I have no 'righteouſneſs but thine; for I was conceived in ſin, 'and never did any work ſo good but it needed par-

'don,

'don. Mercy, Lord; mercy. Pardon me my 'ſins. Pardon me my unrighteouſneſs. Waſh me 'throughly from my iniquity, and cleanſe me from 'my ſins. Purge me with hyſſop, but let it be dipt 'in the blood of the Lamb *without blemiſh and with-* 'out ſpot, *which taketh away the ſins of the world.* 'Thou knoweſt, O Lord, that I have loved thy 'holy truth, and that I have believed thy promiſes. 'They are the joy of my heart. They are the com- 'forts which have kept up my heart from dejection. 'O God, perfect thy work in me. *Create in me a clean* 'heart, *O God, and renew a right ſpirit within me.* 'Reſtore unto me the joy of thy ſalvation, *and uphold me* 'with thy free Spirit.'

He was ſo humble and ſo vile in his own eyes, that when any thing was ſpoken in his praiſe, he rejected it with a kind of indignation; ſaying,—'Away 'with this flattery, and pray to God to have mercy 'on me.'

His ſickneſs was an inflammation of the lungs, with a quotidian ague, which returned with double violence every day at the ſame hour. Coming out of a fit he ſaid,—'My God, how weary am I! When ſhall I 'reſt in thy boſom? When ſhall I be filled with the 'true riches? When ſhall I drink of the river of thy 'pleaſures? I am unworthy of it, O my God; but 'thou art glorified by doing good to the unworthy. 'It is not for them who are whole, but for thoſe who 'are ſick, that thy Son, the great Phyſician, was 'ſent. Whoſoever believeth on him is paſſed from 'death to life.'

Being aſked, Whether he did not perfectly hope in the grace of God, he anſwered,—'I hope, but not 'perfectly; yet as much as I am able. I ſuffer now 'the pains of death, but God will redeem my ſoul 'from the power of the grave, for he ſhall receive 'me.'

When

When ſome comforting paſſage of ſcripture was mentioned to him, by which he found himſelf ſtrengthened, he took the hand of the perſon who uttered it, and kiſſing it, ſaid,—'The ſpirit of God 'hath ſpoken by your mouth. The Lord bleſs you, 'and increaſe his graces in you.'

After an exhortation which had greatly affected him, he ſaid, —'Theſe are excellent words. The 'Lord, by his grace, deeply imprinted them on my 'heart.'

Sometimes when thoſe about him ſpake of the excellency of that glory he was going to enjoy, he ſeemed to be in an extaſy, and ſaid but little; and what he ſaid was with long pauſes between his words; as—'O what is it to ſee God's face in righteouſneſs! 'O when ſhall I be ſatisfied with his likeneſs!'

He often repeated the words of *David*, Pſalm xxxvi. ---*How excellent is thy loving-kindneſs, O God: Therefore the children of men put their truſt under the ſhadow of thy wings. They ſhall be abundantly ſatisfied with the fatneſs of thy houſe, and thou ſhalt make them drink of the river of thy pleaſures. For with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light ſhall we ſee light.*

And *Pſalm* lxv.--*Bleſſed is the man whom thou chooſeſt, and cauſeſt to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts. He ſhall be ſatisfied with the goodneſs of thy houſe, even of thy holy temple.*

He often repeated *Pſalm* xxvii, lxiii, and lxxi; dwelling on thoſe words in the laſt,----*O God, thou haſt taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now alſo, when I am old and grey-headed, O God forſake me not.*

For the ſix laſt days of his illneſs, he was moſtly in ſlumbers; againſt which he much ſtrove, and ſaid, ---'Rouſe me, I ſhould now watch. 'Tis now no 'time to ſleep, but to die. *Watch and pray*, ſaid 'my Saviour, *leſt ye enter into temptation.* O great 'God, abandon me not to my infirmities; but ſo

'preſerve

'preſerve and keep my ſpirit, that I may glorify thee 'when I am dying.'

He often ſaid, lifting up his eyes and hands,---- 'Lord, be merciful to me: Be gracious to me.'

Even when he ſeemed to be faſt aſleep, it appeared that his heart waked; for he now and then, in that circumſtance, whiſpered out a ſhort ſentence, as--- *Death is ſwallowed up in victory! The Word was made fleſh!* He was therefore once aſked, after he awoke, after ſuch heart-wakings, whether he lifted up his ſoul to God?---'Yes, he replied, continually.'

He often felt his own pulſe, and then uſually ſaid, ---'O what a grief is this! I cannot die. My God, 'have mercy on me, and ſet my ſoul free. I am 'weary of being abſent from my God. *I deſire to 'depart, and to be with Chriſt.* O my God, come 'fetch me. Shorten the days of my combat. Let 'me die, I beſeech thee. *Into thy hands I commend 'my ſpirit; for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord God of 'truth.*'

When many of his flock were got about him, and deſired his bleſſing, he ſaid,---'The Lord bleſs you, 'and give you his fear, and the promiſed ſalvation.'

A little before his death, awaking about midnight, he ſaid to a perſon attending him,---'I ſhall now 'ſoon be eaſed. I am going to my Father and my 'God. He hath heard me indeed. I go to him 'with confidence; for he hath arrayed me with his 'robe.' And then, in the greateſt rapture, he ſaid, ---'I ſee him. O how beautiful he is! I renounce 'all earthly affections. I will no more love any thing 'in the world but thee, O God, who doſt alone 'poſſeſs me.'

And then his eyes were bright and ſparkling, and panting after the living God, his arms were ſtretched out towards heaven; and there was a viſible and wonderful effort in him to riſe, and with his whole body

body to welcome, as it were, and embrace the beautiful object of his love.

After which, one who attended him ſaid,---'Sir, 'you will ſee your Redeemer with your own eyes.' He replied,---'I believe it.' And theſe were the laſt intelligible words he uttered.

A few minutes after, he ſweetly expired, and left on his countenance the features of joy. He died *March* 10, 1658, Aged 90.

LXXXVII. The laſt Speech of the Marquis of ARGYLE.

'MANY will expect that I ſpeak many things; 'but I reſolve to diſappoint many: For I 'come not hither to juſtify myſelf, but the Lord, '*who is holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his* '*works: Holy and bleſſed is his name.* Neither come 'I to condemn others. I know many will expect that 'I ſpeak againſt the hardneſs of the ſentence pro-'nounced againſt me; but I will ſay nothing to it. 'I bleſs the Lord, I pardon all men as I deſire to be 'pardoned of the Lord myſelf. Let the will of the 'Lord be done. This is all I deſire.

'My condition is a ſuffering condition. But I 'bleſs the Lord, he that hath gone before me hath 'trod the wine-preſs of the Father's wrath; by 'whoſe ſufferings I hope that my ſufferings ſhall not 'be eternal. I bleſs him who hath taken away the 'ſting of my ſufferings. I muſt ſay that my charter 'was ſealed to day; for the Lord hath ſaid to me, '—*Thy ſins are freely forgiven thee.* And ſo I hope 'my ſuffering will be very eaſy. And you know 'the ſcripture ſaith,—*The Captain of our ſalvation* '*was made perfect by ſufferings.* The times are like 'either to be very ſinning or very ſuffering times. 'Let Chriſtians make their choice. There is a ſad

'dilemma

'dilemma in the buſineſs, *ſin* or *ſuffer*: And ſurely, 'he who ſhall chooſe the better part will chooſe to 'ſuffer. Others who ſhall chooſe to ſin, ſhall not 'eſcape ſuffering. They ſhall ſuffer, but it may be 'not as I do, but worſe. Mine is but temporal; 'theirs ſhall be eternal. When I ſhall be ſinging, 'they ſhall be howling.

'Yet I cannot but ſay of my own condition, that 'the Lord, in his providence, hath mercy on me 'with reſpect to this world: For if I had been more 'favourably dealt with, I fear I ſhould have been 'overcome with temptations, as many others are, 'and many more I fear will be. 'Tis fit that God 'ſhould take me away, to prevent my falling into 'thoſe temptations I ſee others falling into.

'Bleſſed be his name that I am kept both from 'preſent evils, and from evils to come. Some may 'think, I ſhould regret my condition, but truly I 'neither grudge nor repine, nor deſire any revenge. 'I deſire not that the Lord ſhould judge any man; 'nor do I judge any but myſelf. I wiſh, as the 'Lord hath pardoned me, that he may pardon them 'for this and other things; and that what they have 'done for me may never meet them in their accounts. 'I have no more to ſay, but to beg of the Lord that 'when I go away, he would bleſs every one that 'ſtayeth behind.'

He was executed at *Edinburgh*, May 27, 1661.

Naphtali; *or, The Wreſtlings of the Church of* Scotland.

LXXXVIII. Mr JAMES GUTHRIE.

HE was a miniſter of the goſpel at *Stirling* in *Scotland*, who for a good conſcience ſuffered death at *Edinburgh*, June 1, 1661. On the ſcaffold he made the following ſpeech:

'I am

'I am come hither to lay down this earthly ta-
'bernacle and mortal fleſh of mine; and, I bleſs
'God, through his grace I do it willingly, and not
'by conſtraint. I ſay, I ſuffer willingly; for if I
'had been ſo minded, I might have made a diver-
'ſion, and not been a priſoner. But being conſcious
'to myſelf of nothing worthy of death or of bonds,
'I would not ſtain my innocence with the ſuſpicion
'of guilt, by my withdrawing. I did judge it
'better to ſuffer than to ſin; and therefore I am
'come hither to lay down my life this day; and, I
'bleſs God, I die not as a fool. Not that I have
'any thing wherein to glory in myſelf. I acknow-
'ledge that I am a ſinner; yea, one of the greateſt
'and vileſt that have profeſſed religion, and one of
'the moſt unworthy that have preached the goſpel.
'My corruptions have been ſtrong and many, and
'have made me a ſinner in all things; yea, even in
'following my duty. And therefore, righteouſneſs
'have I none of my own: All is vile. But I believe
'that *Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners,*
'*of whom I am chief.* Through faith in his righ-
'teouſneſs and blood have I obtained mercy; and
'through him, and in him alone, have I the hope of
'a bleſſed victory over ſin and Satan, and hell and
'death; and that I ſhall attain to the reſurrection of
'the juſt, and be made partaker of eternal life. *I*
'*know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to*
'*keep that which I have committed to him againſt that*
'*day.* I have preached ſalvation through his name;
'and as I have preached ſo I believe, and do com-
'mend the riches of his free grace and faith in his
'name to you all, as the only way whereby you can
'be ſaved.

'The matters for which I am condemned, are
'matters belonging to my calling and function as a
'Miniſter of the goſpel: ſuch as the diſcovery and
'reproving of ſin, the preſſing and the holding faſt

'of the oath of God in the covenant, and preſerving 'and carrying on the work of religion and reforma- 'tion. You that lament after the Lord, and mourn 'for all the abominations that are done in this city, 'and in this land, and take pleaſure in the ſtones and 'duſt of *Sion*; caſt not away your confidence, but be 'comforted and encouraged in the Lord. He will 'yet appear to your joy. God hath not caſt away 'his people and work in *Britain* and *Ireland*. I hope 'it will once more revive, by the power of his Spirit, 'and take root downward, and bear fruit upward.

'Do not decline the croſs of Chriſt. Chooſe ra- 'ther *to ſuffer affliction with the people of God, than* 'to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon; and account 'the reproach of Chriſt greater riches than all the 'treaſure of the world. Let my death grieve none 'of you. It will be more profitable and advan- 'tageous both for me and for you, and for the church 'of God, and for Chriſt's intereſt and honour, than 'my life could have been. I forgive all men the 'guilt of it, and deſire you to do ſo alſo. *Pray for* 'them that perſecute you, and bleſs them that curſe you; 'bleſs, I ſay, *and curſe not*. I die in the faith of the 'Apoſtles and primitive Chriſtians, and Proteſtant 'reformed churches, particularly of the church of 'Scotland, where I am a member and Miniſter.'

'Popery and Prelacy, and all the trumpery of 'ſervice and ceremonies that wait on them, I do 'abhor.

'And, in the laſt place, I bear my witneſs to the 'croſs of Jeſus Chriſt; and that I never had cauſe to 'repent of any thing I have ſuffered for his name. 'I take God to record upon my ſoul, I would not 'exchange this ſcaffold with the palace or mitre of 'the greateſt Prelate in *Britain*. Bleſſed be God, 'who hath ſhewed mercy to ſuch a wretch, and 'hath revealed his ſon in me, and made me a Mi- 'niſter of the everlaſting goſpel, and given me to

'ſeal

'ſeal it on the hearts of not a few of his people, and 'eſpecially the congregation at *Stirling*. God for-'give the poor empty man that hath there intruded 'on my labours, and made a prey of many poor 'ſouls, and expoſed others to reproach and oppreſ-'ſion. God forgive the miſleaders of that part of 'the poor people, who tempted them to reject their 'own Paſtor, and to admit of intruders; and the 'Father of mercies pity that poor miſled people. 'And the Lord viſit the congregation and preſbytery 'of *Stirling* once more with faithful Paſtors, and 'grant that the work and people of God may be re-'vived throughout all *Britain*, and ſpread over all 'the world. Jeſus Chriſt is my light and my life, 'my righteouſneſs, my ſtrength, and my ſalvation, 'and all my deſire. Him, O him, I do with all the 'ſtrength of my ſoul commend to you. Bleſſed are 'they that are not offended in him. Bleſſed are they 'that truſt in him. Bleſs him, O my ſoul, from 'henceforth even for ever. Rejoice, rejoice all ye 'that love him; *be patient, and rejoice in tribulation.* 'Bleſſed are you, and bleſſed ſhall you be for ever 'and ever. Everlaſting righteouſneſs and eternal 'ſalvation is yours. *All things are yours, and ye are 'Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's. Remember me, O Lord, 'with the favour thou beareſt to thy people. O viſit 'me with thy ſalvation, that I may ſee the good of thy 'choſen; that I may rejoice in the gladneſs of thy na-'tion; that I may glory with thy inheritance. Now 'let thy ſervant depart in peace, ſince mine eyes have 'ſeen thy ſalvation.*'

Naphtali; *or, The Wreſtlings of the Church of* Scotland, page 291.

LXXXIX. Mr

LXXXIX. Mr SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

HIS laſt words were,—'I ſhall ſhine; I ſhall 'ſee him as he is, and all the fair company 'with him; and ſhall have my large ſhare. It is 'no eaſy thing to be a Chriſtian; but as for me, I 'have got the victory, and Chriſt is holding forth 'his arms to embrace me. I have had my fears and 'faintings as another ſinful man; but as ſure as ever 'he ſpake to me in his word, his Spirit witneſſed to 'my heart, ſaying,—Fear not; he had accepted my 'ſufferings, and the outgate ſhould not be matter of 'prayer, but of praiſe. Thy word was found, and I 'did eat it; and it was to me the joy and rejoicing 'of my heart. Now I feel, I believe, I enjoy, I 'rejoice.'

And turning to Mr *Blair*, then preſent, he ſaid,—'I feed on manna; I have angels food; my eyes 'ſhall ſee my Redeemer. *I know that he ſhall ſtand 'at the latter day on the earth*, and I *ſhall be caught 'up in the clouds to meet him in the air.*

'I ſleep in Chriſt; and when I awake, I ſhall be 'ſatisfied with his likeneſs. O, for arms to embrace 'him.'

To one who ſpoke of his painfulneſs in the miniſtry, he ſaid,—'I diſclaim all. The port I would be 'at is redemption and forgiveneſs of ſins through his 'blood.'

His laſt words were,—'Glory, glory dwells in 'Immanuel's land.'

XC. Mr SAMUEL NEWMAN.

HE was born at *Banbury* in *Oxfordſhire*, about the beginning of the laſt century, and was the compiler of the famous Concordance that goes by his name.

He was very well in health when he preached a ſermon on *Job* xiv. 14.—*All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.* But it proved his laſt: For preſently after, he fell into his laſt ſickneſs; in which, on a Lord's day in the afternoon, having deſired a Deacon of his church, who then attended him, to pray with him, the pious Deacon had no ſooner finiſhed his prayer, than Mr *Newman* turned about and ſaid,—'And now, ye angels of the Lord Jeſus 'Chriſt, come, do your office.' With which words his holy ſoul immediately departed with the angelic choir for heaven, *July* 5, 1663.

His education was finiſhed at the univerſity of *Oxford*, and he became an able Miniſter of the New Teſtament: But being accounted a Puritan, he was ſo moleſted in the exerciſe of his miniſtry, that after ſeven removes, he went in the year 1638, as did many others in thoſe times, as choice Chriſtians as any then upon earth, to *New England*. And there he paſſed a year and a half at *Dorcheſter*, five years at *Weymouth*, and nineteen at *Rehoboth*, which laſt place owes its name to him; and he called it *Rehoboth*, becauſe his flock, which had been ſtraitened for room, might then ſay,—*The Lord hath made room for us, and we ſhall be fruitful in the land.*

XCI. The Sufferings and Death of Mr HUGH MACKAIL.

AFTER ſentence of death was pronounced on him, he ſaid to a friend,—'O, how good 'news to be within four days journey of enjoying 'the ſight of Jeſus Chriſt!' And he proteſted,—'He was not ſo cumbered how to die, as he had 'been ſometimes to preach a ſermon.'

To ſome good women who lamented for him, he ſaid,—'One drop of my blood, through the grace of 'God, may make more hearts contrite than many 'years ſermons. Many croſſes have come in our 'way, and wrought but weakly upon us; but here 'is a croſs that hath done more good than all the 'many that befel us before.'

After which, lamenting the condition of the church of God, with much earneſtneſs he cried out, in the words of *Daniel*, — *What, Lord, ſhall be the end of theſe wonders!* The laſt night of his life he propounded and anſwered himſelf ſeveral queſtions, and by that means was enabled to ſtrengthen his fellow-priſoners, and greatly refreſhed his hearers. He then aſked,—'How he ſhould go from the Tolbooth, 'through a multitude of gazing people, and guards 'of ſoldiers, to a ſcaffold and gibbet, and overcome 'the impreſſion of this?' To which he anſwered,—'By receiving a deeper impreſſion of a multitude of 'angels who are all lookers on; for we are a gazing-'ſtock to the world, angels, and men. The angels 'rejoice at our good confeſſion, are preſent to con-'vey and carry our ſouls, as the ſoul of *Lazarus*, 'into *Abraham*'s boſom; not to receive them, for 'that is the work of Jeſus Chriſt alone, who will 'welcome them to heaven himſelf, with the ſongs

'of angels and bleſſed ſpirits. But the angels are 'miniſtring ſpirits, always ready to ſerve and 'ſtrengthen all dying believers. And as *Stephen* 'ſaw the heavens opened, and Jeſus ſtanding on the 'right hand of God, and then ſaid,—*Lord Jeſus, 'receive my ſpirit*; ſo do I believe that Jeſus Chriſt 'is alſo ready to receive the ſouls of his dying ſuf-'ferers.'

The ſecond queſtion was,—'How ſhall we con-'ceive of heaven, who are haſtening to it; ſeeing 'the word ſaith,—*Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, 'neither have entered into the heart of man, the things 'which God hath prepared for them that love him?*' And he anſwered,—'That the ſcripture helps us two 'ways to conceive of heaven: The firſt is by way 'of ſimilitude, as in *Rev.* xxi. where heaven is re-'preſented as a glorious city, which is there deſcribed. 'But the ſcripture ſhews us yet a more excellent way 'to conceive of heaven, by pointing to the love of 'Chriſt, and calling us to contemplate the breadth, 'and length, and depth, and height of his love for 'us, which paſſeth knowledge, and which is there-'fore the higheſt and ſweeteſt motive of praiſe to '*him that loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in 'his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Prieſts 'unto God and his Father: To him be glory and domi-'nion for ever and ever.* Amen.

'And this way likewiſe the ſcripture farther ſhews 'us, by teaching us to love the Lord Jeſus in ſin-'cerity, which is the very joy and exultation of hea-'ven, *Rev.* v. 12.—*Worthy is the Lamb that was 'ſlain to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and 'ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing.* And 'no other thing than the ſoul's panting in love after 'Jeſus Chriſt, can lead to the right apprehenſions of 'the joys of heaven.'

The morning of the day on which he ſuffered, he ſaid,—'That on his waking, he had a clear ray of

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'the majeſty of the Lord, but it was become a little 'clouded.' After which, he prayed in the following terms:—'Now, Lord, we come to thy throne; 'a place we have been acquainted with. The thrones 'of earthly Kings have advocates againſt poor men; 'but thy throne hath Jeſus, an advocate for us. Our 'ſupplication this day, is not to be freed from death, 'nor from pain in death, but that we may witneſs 'before many witneſſes a good confeſſion.'

His father came to him that morning; of whom, after prayer and a little diſcourſe, he took his leave; telling him at parting,—'That his ſuffering would 'be more edifying to God's people, than his con-'tinuance in the miniſtry for twenty years longer.'

But it muſt not be omitted, that on this occaſion he ſaid to his father,—'I deſire it of you, as the beſt 'and laſt ſervice you can do me, to go to your 'chamber, and pray earneſtly to the Lord that he 'would be with me. For my care is, to carry it 'well on the ſcaffold, and ſo to be ſtrengthened as 'to endure to the end.'

When he turned himſelf to go up the ladder, he ſaid aloud,—'That he was no more concerned about 'going up that ladder, than if he were going home 'to his father's houſe.'

From the ladder he called to his fellow-ſufferers, and ſaid,—'Friends and fellow-ſufferers, be not 'afraid. Every ſtep of this ladder is a degree nearer 'heaven.'

From thence likewiſe he ſaid,—'I partly believe 'that the Rulers of this land would have mitigated 'this puniſhment, had they not been inſtigated by 'the Prelates; ſo that our blood lies principally at 'their doors. But this is my comfort now, that '—*I know my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand* '*at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after* '*my ſkin, worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I* '*ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my eyes ſhall*

'*behold, and not another*; *though my reins be conſumed* '*in me.*

'And now I do willingly lay down my life for 'the truth and cauſe of God, and the covenant and 'work of reformation, which were once counted the 'glory of this nation. And it is for endeavouring 'to defend theſe, and to extirpate that bitter root of 'Prelacy, that I am brought to this rope:' (The Executioner then putting the rope about his neck.) And hearing the people lament, he ſaid to them,— 'Your work is not to weep, but to pray that we may 'be honourably borne through: And bleſſed be the 'Lord that ſupports me. Now, as I have been be-'holden to the prayers and kindneſs of many, ſince 'my impriſonment and ſentence; ſo I hope that you 'will not be wanting to me now in this laſt ſtep of 'my journey, to the end I may witneſs a good con-'feſſion. And that you may know the ground of 'my encouragement in this work, and what my 'hope is, I will read to you the laſt chapter of the 'Bible.'

And when he had read it, he ſaid,—'Here you 'ſee the glory that is to be revealed upon me;—*A* '*pure river of water of life, where the throne of God is,* '*and the Lamb is in it*; *where his ſervants ſerve him,* '*and ſee his face, and his name is in their foreheads*; '*and the Lord giveth them light, and they ſhall reign* '*for ever.* And here you ſee my acceſs to my glory 'and reward:—*Let him that is a-thirſt, come*; *and* '*whoſoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.* 'Here you ſee alſo my welcome; for *the Spirit and* '*the Bridegroom ſay, Come.*'

He then ſaid, looking down to the ſcaffold,—'I 'have one word more to ſay to my friends: Where 'are you? You need neither lament me nor be 'aſhamed of me in this condition; for I may make 'uſe of that expreſſion of Chriſt, *I go to your Father* '*and my Father, to your God and my God*, to your

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'King and my King, to the bleſſed Apoſtles and 'Martyrs, *to the general aſſembly and church of the 'firſt-born, and to God the judge of all, and to the 'ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the medi-'ator of the new covenant*; and ſo I bid you all fare-'wel: for God will be more comfortable to you than 'I could be; and he will alſo be more refreſhing to 'me than you can be: farewel, farewel in the Lord.

'I hope you have perceived no alteration or diſ-'couragement in my countenance or carriage: and 'as it may be your wonder, ſo, I profeſs, it is a 'wonder to myſelf; and I will tell you the reaſon 'of it: beſides the juſtneſs of my cauſe, this is my 'comfort, which was ſaid of *Lazarus* when he died, 'that the Angels did carry his ſoul into *Abraham*'s 'boſom; for as here is a great confluence of people, 'a ſcaffold, a gallows, and people looking out at 'windows, ſo is there greater and more ſolemn pre-'paration of heavenly angels to carry my ſoul into 'Chriſt's boſom. Again, this is my comfort, that 'my ſoul is to go into Chriſt's hands; and he will '*preſent it blameleſs and faultleſs to the Father*; and 'then I ſhall be *ever with the Lord*. And now I leave 'off to ſpeak any more to creatures, and turn my 'ſpeech to thee, O Lord. And now I begin my 'intercourſe with God, which ſhall never be broken 'off: farewel father and mother, friends and rela-'tions: farewel the world and all its delights: fare-'wel meat and drink: farewel ſun, moon, and 'ſtars: welcome, God and Father; welcome, ſweet 'Lord Jeſus, the Mediator of the new covenant; 'welcome, bleſſed Spirit of grace and God of all 'conſolation; welcome glory; welcome eternal life; 'welcome death. *O Lord, into thy hands I commit 'my ſpirit, for thou haſt redeemed my ſoul, O Lord 'God of Truth.*'

He ſuffered *December* 22, 1666, in the 26th year of his age.

Naphtali; *or, The Wreſtlings of the Church of* Scotland, page 355.

XCII. Mr JOHN WILSON.

HE was born at *Windſor* in the year 1588, and was the third ſon of Dr. *William Wilſon*, Prebendary of St. *Paul*'s.

He was for ſome time a diſtinguiſhed Preacher in *Eſſex*; from whence he went to *New England*, where he lived in great eſteem and uſefulneſs, till he was taken off from his work in order to be received into the joy of his Lord. He concluded his laſt ſermon in the following manner.

'If I were ſure this were the laſt ſermon that ever 'I ſhould preach, and my words, on this occaſion 'the laſt I ſhould utter, I would ſtill ſay,—Halle-'lujah, Hallelujah! Praiſe ye the Lord!' With theſe triumphant words ending his miniſtry.

His ſickneſs had brought him near his departure, when having by ſolemn prayer commended his relations and attendants to the grace of God, he ſaid, as in a prophetic ſpirit,—'I ſhall, ere long, be with 'my old friends, Dr *Preſton*, Dr *Sibs*, Dr *Taylor*, 'Dr *Gouge*, Dr *Ames*, Mr *Cotton*, Mr *Norton*, my 'Inns-of-Court friends; and my conſort, children, 'and grand-children in the kingdom of God.'

And when ſome, then with him, magnified God for making him of ſuch uſe, and lamented their own loſs of him, he ſaid,—'Alas, alas, uſe no ſuch 'words concerning me; for I have been an un-'profitable ſervant, not worthy to be called a ſer-'vant of the Lord. But I muſt ſay,—'*The Lord be* '*merciful to me a ſinner*; and—*Let thy tender mercies* '*come unto me, O Lord; even thy ſalvation, according* '*to thy word.*'

He quietly fell aſleep in the Lord on *Auguſt* 7, 1667, in the ſeventy ninth year of his age.

When he left his native country, it was ſaid by a great perſonage,—'*New England* will flouriſh, free 'from all general deſolations, ſo long as that good 'man lives in it.'

See Dr Mather's *Hiſtory of* New England.

XCIII. Mr JONATHAN MITCHEL.

JONATHAN MITCHEL was born at *Halifax* in the year 1624.

In an extremely hot ſeaſon a fever ſeized him juſt after he was come from preaching on theſe words, *I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and unto the houſe appointed for all the living:* but it did not ſeem to threaten his death: however, in this beginning of his illneſs, he ſaid to his viſiters,

'If the Lord Jeſus Chriſt have any more ſervice for 'me to do for him and his dear people, I am willing 'to do it; but, if my work be done, his will be 'done.'

But afterwards, the diſtemper ſuddenly aſſaulting him with a mortal malignity, and ſummoning him to the *houſe appointed for all the living*, he fell to admiring the manifold grace of God to him, and ſaid —'Lord, thou calleſt me away to thee; I know not 'why, if I look to myſelf; but at thy bidding I 'come.'

When he was dying, he ſaid to a young gentleman, who lodged in his houſe, and was then ſtanding by his bed.—'My friend, as a dying man I now 'charge you, that you do not meet me out of Chriſt 'in the day of Chriſt.' And the words made a wonderful impreſſion on the young gentleman's heart.

Mr

Mr *Mitchel* died *July* 9, 1668, in the forty third year of his age.

A fever he had in the tenth year of his age ſo diſabled one of his arms, that he could not ſtretch it out from that time to his dying day. On which viſitation, he afterwards inſerted in his diary the following reflection:

'Thus the Lord ſought to make me ſerious, (O, 'when will it once be!) by ſteeping my firſt entrance 'into years of underſtanding, and into the changes 'of life, and my firſt motions to *New England*, in 'imminent and ſpecial ſorrows.'

His godly father, with this his ſon, and the reſt of his family, went over to *New England* with Mr *Richard Mather* in 1635, for the perſecuted cauſe of Non-conformity.

He was not placed in *Harvard* college till ſeven years after his arrival in *New England*.. But his improvements there in a ſhort time were wonderful; and with them all, as his diary witneſſes, which he kept in *Latin*, he was *clothed with humility*.

Before he appeared in public as a Preacher, he had a call to trial in order to ſucceed the ever famous *Hooker* of *Hertford*. On which occaſion this humble man entered the following reflections in his diary:

'I had more need get alone into a corner and 'weep, than think of going out into the world to do 'ſuch work. Darkneſs and death cloud my ſoul.'

However, he was prevailed on to go; and accordingly at *Hertford* preached his firſt ſermon, which was on *Hebrews* xi. 27.—*He endured, as ſeeing him who is inviſible.* And on this occaſion he writ in his diary the following reflections:

'In preaching I was not to ſeek of what I had 'prepared: But my heart was dry, carnal and un-'affected; and methought, I could not ſpeak with 'any evidence or preſence of the Spirit of God. So 'that when I had done, I was deeply aſhamed in 'myſelf,

'myſelf, and could not but lothe myſelf when I con-
'ſidered how miſerably I had behaved in that high
'employment. I thought that I, and all I did, de-
'ſerved to be lothed of God and man.'

But that judicious aſſembly of Chriſtians were ſo well pleaſed with his performance, that they concluded to give him an invitation to ſettle with them. But the great Mr *Shepard* got him from them to his own people at *Cambridge*; on which he writ the reflections following in his diary:

'I wondered at this matter. What is it that the
'people of God ſee in me? I left the whole buſineſs
'to the divine management.'

And at *Cambridge*, he no ſooner came into the pulpit, which was on *Auguſt* 12, 1649, but Mr *Shepard* muſt go out of it. For Mr *Shepard* in the evening ſaid to him,—'This is the place where you
'ſhould by right be all the reſt of your days.' And inquiring of ſome good people, how Mr *Mitchel*'s firſt ſermon was approved among them; and being told very well;—'Then, ſaid he, my work is done.' And in a few days after, that great man died, and Mr *Mitchel* became his ſucceſſor.

In the very beginning of his miniſtry at *Cambridge*, he fell dangerouſly ill of the ſmall pox. And no ſooner was he recovered from it, but he writ in his diary thus:

'It has been of late a ſpecial time of adverſity
'with me: The Lord help me to conſider it. I
'might ſay,—*My ſkin is broken, and become lothſome;*
'*and there is no reſt in my bones becauſe of my ſin. My*
'*loins are filled wieh a lothſome diſeaſe, and there is no*
'*ſoundneſs in my fleſh.* That at this time, when I am
'as a city ſet upon a hill, when I was attempting
'the pure and ſacred work of the miniſtry, I ſhould
'be ſurpriſed with that horrible diſeaſe! Do I begin
'to be ſomebody in the world? God will make me
'vile in the eyes of the whole country. God will
'humble

'humble me before the ſun, and in the ſight of all 'Iſrael. He will have me to begin my miniſtry with 'this diſeaſe. He knows that I have need of a great 'deal of purifying before I come to that. A loth-'ſome ſinner ſhall have a lothſome ſickneſs.'

'Perhaps, ſays my author, it will be many ways 'profitable to ſome candidates for the miniſtry, as 'well as others, to ſee in theſe papers ſome account 'of the humbling things which paſſed over the ſoul 'of a moſt lovely Preacher, when he was beginning 'to publiſh the goſpel of peace. We find him then, 'at a time when every one admired the excellencies 'that were upon him, writing and thinking of him-'ſelf as the moſt deformed ſinner in the world. At 'one time he expreſſed himſelf in his diary in the 'following manner:

'I have lived in this world almoſt twenty-five 'years, and to this day have known little of God in 'Chriſt, made little proviſion for eternity, got little 'acquaintance with the favour and love of God. 'How have I improved this time? Wo to me! I 'may be aſhamed to ſpeak, amazed to think.'

At another time thus:

'Lord, I know not whether ever ſuch a ſinner as 'I came to thee for mercy; whether ever ſuch a 'work was done to any poor wretch, as the ſaving 'of my ſoul muſt be.'

At another time:

'I have run through all the means of knowledge, 'and yet ſee no truth really and in the glory of it; 'all afflictions, and yet am not humbled nor ſerious; 'all mercies, and yet am not thankful; all means of 'good, and yet am evil to the higheſt degree to this 'day.'

At another time:—'If God do me any good, or 'do any good by me, it muſt be a creating work. 'Lord, I am fit for nothing, good for nothing at 'all, neither fit to live nor die, neither to teach nor

'learn,

'learn, neither to drink nor ſpeak, neither to do nor 'ſuffer, neither to communicate good nor receive 'any. Conſider all that I am, either within or with-'out, what am I but vileneſs and abomination?'

At another time:—'The church will, I ſuppoſe, 'this day conſider and determine a day for ordina-'tion; but did there ever ſuch a creature as I am go 'about ſuch a buſineſs? I was low and vile this time 'twelve-month, when they firſt made the motion; 'but I am far lower and viler now.'

The death of Mr *Shepard* was a grievous wound to the ſoul of Mr *Mitchel*; who, when he had once occaſion to mention his own living four years under Mr *Shepard*'s miniſtry, added,—'Unleſs it had been four 'years living in heaven, I know not how I could 'have more cauſe to bleſs God with wonder, than 'for thoſe four years.'

Under his heavy affliction in the loſs of that excellent perſon, he thus expreſſed himſelf:—'What a 'bleſſed thing it is to have this mediator, the man 'Chriſt Jeſus, to go to; when I have no friend that 'I can fully ſpeak to, and into whoſe boſom I can 'pour all my complaints and ails! I think, were 'Mr *Shepard* now alive, I would go and intreat his 'counſel, help, and prayer. Why now I may go 'freely into the boſom of the man Chriſt Jeſus, who 'is able, faithful, and tender-hearted above the beſt 'of meer men. And I may go and tell him, not 'only my ſorrows, and yet that is no ſmall matter, 'but alſo my ſins, all my ſins; though not without 'ſhame, yet without fearful deſpair. I may com-'plain to him of a ſtrong luſt, and of a hard heart; 'and he does not only pity me (and that he does 'more than any man can do) but is likewiſe fully 'able to help me againſt ſorrow; yes, and againſt 'ſin too. And in him I may ſee and take hold of 'the pity, love, and grace of God the Father, who 'through him is well pleaſed.'

He

He was, as holy men uſe to be, very ſolicitous to make a due improvement of all the afflictions which the providence of heaven diſpenſed to him. He would ſay,—'When God perſonally afflicts a man, 'it is as if he called to the man by name, ſaying,— 'O, repent, be humbled, be ſerious, be awakened.'

Mr *Mitchel* publiſhed the ſermons of Mr *Shepard*, on the parable of the ten virgins, and writ the judicious and excellent preface which ſtands before them.

After his own death, his ſermons on the glory to which God hath called believers by Jeſus Chriſt were, by ſome friends, publiſhed in *London*; and at the end of his diſcourſe on glory, may be ſeen the golden letter he ſent to his brother *David*, when the latter was in deep diſtreſſes of mind about his everlaſting intereſts.—'Though he writ this letter while a ſtu- 'dent, it equals, ſays my author, the moſt conſum- 'mate pieces in the methods of addreſſing a troubled 'mind.'

He was paſtor to the church at *Cambridge* eighteen years, and wonderful were the lamentations with which his death filled the churches of *New England*; an event concerning which ſome eminent perſons have written,—'That all *New England* ſhook when 'that pillar fell to the ground.'

See his Life and Labours at large in Dr Cotton Mather's *Hiſtory of* New England.

XCIV. Mr SAMUEL MATHER.

HE was born *May* 13, 1626, at *Much-Wooton* in *Lancaſhire*. His father was the famous Mr *Richard Mather*.

As he had, in the time of his health and ſtrength, maintained an even walk with God, in which was diſcovered nothing of thoſe raptures ſome Chriſtians experience;

perience; ſo in the time of his laſt illneſs he enjoyed an even tranquility of ſoul, without any approaches towards them. He was not a man of words, but of a temper a little tinged with melancholy: So that in his laſt ſickneſs he ſpoke not much to thoſe that were about him, but what he did ſpeak was weighty and full of worth; and he then ſolemnly told them,—'That he had preached to them the truths of the 'great God, and that he now charged them to adhere 'to thoſe truths, in the firm and full faith whereof he 'was now entering into glory. That he did particu-'larly exhort them to waſh every day in the precious 'blood of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and by faith apply 'his perfect and ſpotleſs righteouſneſs to their own 'ſouls.'

He died *October* 29, 1671, wanting about ſix months of ſix and forty years of age; and was buried in the church of St *Nicholas* in *Dublin*.

Mr *Mather* gave tokens of a pious turn of mind before he was ſix years of age. He went over to *New England* with his honoured Father in 1635. In the year 1655 he returned into *England*; and the Lord *Henry Cromwel* then preparing to go over as Lord Deputy to *Ireland*, ſeveral Miniſters of great note were pitched upon to go over with him, for the ſervice of the Chriſtian religion there; of whom were Dr *Harriſon*, Dr *Winter*, Mr *Charnock*, and our Mr *Mather*.

In the year 1656 he married an accompliſhed Gentlewoman, the ſiſter of Sir *John Stevens*, by whom he had four or five children, only one of which lived, which was a daughter.

In the year 1668 this Gentlewoman fell into her laſt ſickneſs, in which ſhe lay five or ſix weeks; in all which time ſhe was full of divine peace and joy.

When ſhe drew near her end, her huſband finding her in much pain, ſaid,—'You are going where 'there will be no more pain, ſighing, or ſorrow.'

To which ſhe anſwered,—'Ah, my dear, and where 'there will be no more ſin.'

And her ſiſter ſaying to her,—'You are going to 'heaven:' She anſwered,—'I am there already.' Her laſt words were,—'Come, Lord! Come, Lord 'Jeſus!'

Mr *Samuel Mather* was author of that excellent book on the *Types*, publiſhed after his death by his worthy brother, Mr *Nathaniel Mather*.

Of his great labours, piety, and his ſufferings for Non-conformity, ſee at large in his *Life*, in Dr *Cotton Mather*'s Hiſtory of *New England*.

CXV. Mr CHARLES CHANCEY.

HE was born in *Hertfordſhire* in the year 1589, and was of an honourable and religious family.

He was firſt educated at *Weſtminſter* School, from whence being ſent to *Cambridge*, he became *Greek* Profeſſor in that univerſity. He was a diligent and eminent Preacher of the goſpel, and was in the exerciſe of his miniſtry at *Ware* in *Hertfordſhire*, where the hand of the Lord was with him, and many believed and turned unto the Lord, when a licence was ſent him for ſports on the Lord's day. And when he heard the drums beat for dances and frolicks on it accordingly, he was, like other good men, afraid that God would break in on the quiet of the kingdom, by cauſing drums to be beat for marches and battles on that day of reſt.

Yet this worthy man was, by the terrors of the high commiſſion court, ſurpriſed into a ſort of ſubmiſſion to it. But though he was not long without the faith of having his ſudden compliance forgiven in heaven, he never forgave himſelf while he was on earth.

After

After various trials and perſecutions, he withdrew to *New-England*, and arrived at *Plymouth* in that province a few days before the great earthquake, *January* 1, 1638.

In *New-England* he preached the goſpel nine years at a little town called *Scituate*. At the end of which time, being choſen Preſident of *Harvard* college, he continued in that capacity the reſt of his days; bending his care for the ſtudents, to bring them to the pitch of the following leſſon, which he gave them all.

'When you ſhall be yourſelves intereſted in the 'Lord Jeſus Chriſt and his righteouſneſs, you will 'be fit to be teachers of others. *Iſaiah* cries,—*Now 'ſend me*; when his ſins were pardoned: But, with-'out this, you are fit for nothing.'

He was in the eightieth year of his age, when going on a winter's day, and through deep ſnow, accompanied and ſupported by the Fellows of the college, to preach a ſermon; thoſe Gentlemen, out of tender affection for him under ſuch years and infirmities, endeavouring to diſſuade him from his purpoſe, ſaid,—'Sir, you will certainly die in the pul-'pit.' But he, laying hold on their words by a different handle, made them matter of the greateſt encouragement, and preſſed vigorouſly through the ſnow, ſaying,—'How glad ſhould I be, if what you 'ſay ſhould prove true!'

He was, in his laſt illneſs, become ſpeechleſs, when the Reverend Mr *Urian Oakes*, after praying with him, deſired him to give a ſign of his aſſurance, if he yet had it, of going to eternal glory. Whereupon the ſpeechleſs old man lifted up his hands as high as he could, and then expired, *February* 19, 1671, Aged 82.

He left ſix ſons, all Preachers of the goſpel; namely, *Iſaac*, *Ichabod*, *Barnabas*, *Nathanael*, *Elnathan*, and *Iſrael*.

See a farther account of the eminent learning, labours, and piety of Mr Charles Chancey, *in his Life, written by Dr* Cotton Mather, *in his Hiſtory of* New England.

XCVI. Dr THOMAS GOODWIN.

HE was born *October* 5, 1600, at *Rolſeby*, a little village in *Norfolk*.

In *February* 1679, a fever ſeized him, which, in a few days, put an end to his life. But in all the violence of it, he diſcourſed with ſuch ſtrength of faith, and aſſurance of Chriſt's love, with ſuch holy admiration of free grace, with ſuch joy in believing, and ſuch thankſgivings and praiſes, as extremely moved and affected all who heard him. That excellent man, Mr *Collins*, praying earneſtly for him, offered up this petition,—'That God would return 'into his boſom all thoſe comforts, which he had, 'by his miniſtry of free grace, poured into ſo many 'diſtreſſed ſouls.' And the Doctor felt this prayer anſwered in the precious comforts with which he was filled. He rejoiced that he was dying, and going to have a full and uninterrupted communion with God.

'I am going, ſaid he, to the Three Perſons with 'whom I have had communion. They have taken 'me; I did not take them. I ſhall be changed in 'the twinkling of an eye. All my luſts and cor-'ruptions I ſhall be rid of, which I could not be 'here.'

After mentioning thoſe great examples of faith, *Hebrews* xi. he ſaid,—'*All theſe died in faith.* I 'could not have imagined I ſhould ever have ſuch a 'meaſure of faith as in this hour: No, I could never 'have imagined it. *My bow abides in ſtrength. Is 'Chriſt divided?* No; I have the whole of his 'righteouſ-

'righteouſneſs. I am *found in him*; *not in my own* 'righteouſneſs, *which is of the law*; *but in the* 'righteouſneſs *which is of God, which is by faith of* 'Jeſus Chriſt, *who loved me, and gave himſelf for* 'me. Chriſt cannot love me better than he does; 'and, I think, I cannot love Chriſt better than I do. 'I am ſwallowed up in God.'

He exhorted his two ſons to value the privilege of the covenant.—'It is, ſaid he, a privilege which 'cannot be valued enough, nor purchaſed with a 'great ſum of money:' Alluding to the words of the chief Captain to *Paul*, *Acts* xxii. 28.

Then he exhorted them,—'To be careful that 'they did nothing to provoke God to reject them. 'Now, ſaid he, I ſhall be ever with the Lord.'

With this aſſurance of faith and fulneſs of joy, his ſoul left this world, and went to ſee and enjoy the reality of that bleſſed ſtate of glory, of which, in a diſcourſe on that ſubject, he had given a very lively deſcription. He died in *February*, 1679, and in the eightieth year of his age.

XCVII. JOHN, Earl of ROCHESTER.

ANother illuſtrious and inſtructive inſtance of the power of religion upon the mind in the time of ſickneſs and death, is *John* Earl of *Rocheſter*; deſcendant of a great family, of a liberal education, and as great perſonal accompliſhments; and by his ſincere repentance, and happy death, he appeared to be (as it is judiciouſly expreſſed of him) — 'A very 'great man every way; a great wit, a great ſcholar, 'a great poet, a great ſinner, and a great peni- 'tent.'

Such he is deſcribed to be by two learned * Divines, who perſonally knew him, and attended him in his laſt ſickneſs. And herein God has ſhewn the freeneſs and richneſs of his mercy, to ſave one who ſeemed to have made a *covenant with death*, and was *at an agreement with hell*; ſomething ſimilar to the Apoſtle *Paul*, though *before a blaſphemer, a perſecutor, and injurious; yet obtained mercy, that in him Chriſt Jeſus might ſhew forth all long-ſuffering, for a pattern to them that ſhould hereafter believe on him to everlaſting life*, 1 Tim. i. 13—16. So God ſtruck him to the ground, as it were, by a light from heaven, and a voice of thunder round about him. Inſomuch that now the ſcales fell from his eyes, as they did from St *Paul*'s; his ſtony heart was opened, and ſtreams of tears guſhed out, the bitter but wholſome tears of true repentance †.

His lordſhip had advanced to an uncommon height of impiety, having been an advocate in the black cauſe of atheiſm, and an ‡ encomiaſt to *Beelzebub*. He had raked too in the very bottom of the jakes of debauchery, and had been a ſatyriſt againſt virtue §. But when, like the prodigal in the goſpel, he came to himſelf, what horror filled his mind, and forced ſharp and bitter invectives from him, againſt himſelf; terming himſelf the vileſt wretch that ever the ſun ſhined upon; wiſhing he had been a crawling Leper in a ditch, a Link-Boy, or a Beggar, or had lived in a dungeon, ‖ rather than offended God as he had done.

Upon the firſt viſit of the Reverend Mr *Parſons* to him, on *May* 26, 1680, after his journey from the

* *Gilbert*, Lord Biſhop of *Sarum*, who wrote the *Remarkable Paſſages of his Life*; and Mr *Parſons*, who preached his *Funeral Sermon*; both of them being charged by the dying Peer to be impartial in his character; both which I humbly recommend to my reader's peruſal.

† Sermon, Page 10. ‡ Sermon, Page 9. § Sermon, *ibid.*
‖ Paſſages of his Life, Page 151.

the *Weſt*, he gladly received him with every token of great reſpect; ſaying,—'He thanked God, who in 'mercy and good providence had ſent Mr *Parſons* to 'him, who ſo much needed his prayers and counſels; 'acknowledging how unworthily heretofore he had 'treated that order of men, reproaching them that 'they were proud, and propheſied only for rewards: 'But now he had learnt how to value them; that he 'eſteemed them the ſervants of the moſt high God, 'who were to ſhew to him the way to everlaſting 'life.'

At this time Mr *Parſons* found him labouring under great trouble of mind, and his conſcience full of terror. He told him,—'When on his journey, 'he had been arguing with greater vigour againſt 'God and religion, than ever he had done in his life-'time before, and that he was reſolved to run them 'down with all the arguments and ſpite in the world; 'but, like the great convert, St *Paul*, he found it 'hard to kick againſt God.' For God at that time ſtruck his heart ſo powerfully, that he argued as much for God and virtue, as ever he had done againſt it. He had ſuch tremendous apprehenſions of the divine Majeſty, mingled with ſuch delightful contemplations of his nature and perfections, and of the amiableneſs of religion, that he ſaid,—'I never was ad-'vanced thus far towards happineſs in my life before, 'though upon the commiſſion of ſome ſins extraor-'dinary, I have had ſome checks and warnings con-'ſiderable from within; but ſtill ſtruggled with 'them, and ſo wore them off again. One day, at 'an atheiſtical meeting at a perſon of quality's, I 'undertook to manage the cauſe, and was the prin-'cipal diſputant againſt God and piety, and for my 'performances received the applauſe of the whole 'company. Upon which my mind was terribly 'ſtruck, and I immediately replied thus to myſelf. '—Good God, that a man that walks upright, that

'ſees the wonderful works of God, and has the uſe 'of his ſenſes and reaſon, ſhould uſe them to the 'defying of his Creator!' But though this was a 'good beginning towards my converſion, to find my 'conſcience touched for my ſins, yet it went off 'again; nay, all my life long, I had a ſecret value 'and reverence for an honeſt man, and loved mo-'rality in others. But I had formed an odd ſcheme 'of religion to myſelf, which would ſolve all that 'God or conſcience might force upon me; yet I 'was not ever well reconciled to the buſineſs of 'Chriſtianity, nor had that reverence for the goſpel 'of Chriſt as I ought to have *.'

This ſtate of mind continued till the fifty third chapter of *Iſaiah* was read to him, together with ſome other parts of the ſacred ſcriptures; when it pleaſed God to fill his mind with ſuch peace and joy in believing, that it was remarkable to all about him. And he frequently deſired thoſe that were with him, to read the fifty third of *Iſaiah* to him; upon which he uſed to deſcant in a very affectionate paraphraſe, applying the weighty ſentences thereof to his own humiliation and comfort †.

'O bleſſed God, can ſuch a horrid creature as I 'am be accepted by thee, who has denied thy being, 'and contemned thy power? Can there be mercy 'and pardon for me? Will God own ſuch a wretch 'as I?'

And in the middle of his ſickneſs, he ſaid—'Shall 'the unſpeakable joys of heaven be conferred on me? 'O mighty Saviour, never but through thine infi-'nite love and ſatisfaction! O, never but by the 'purchaſe of thy blood!' Adding,—'That with all 'abhorrence he did reflect upon his former life; that 'ſincerely and from his heart he did repent of all that 'folly and madneſs which he had committed.'

His

* Sermon, Page 23. † Sermon, Page 25.

His faith was very remarkable, in embracing the articles of the Chriſtian religion; and he juſtly condemned—'That fooliſh and abſurd philoſophy which 'the world ſo much admired, propagated by the late 'Mr *Hobbes* and others; which had undone him, and 'many more of the beſt parts in the nation *.'

His faith reſted alone on Chriſt for ſalvation, and therefore appeared to be of the right kind. He would often intreat God to ſtrengthen his faith, crying out, —'Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief.'

He had a growing eſteem for the ſacred ſcriptures, and evidently ſaw their divine uſefulneſs and excellency:—'For having ſpoken to his heart, he ac-'knowledged, all the ſeeming abſurdities and contra-'dictions, fancied by men of corrupt and reprobate 'judgments, were vaniſhed; and the excellency and 'beauty appeared, being come to receive the truth 'in the love of it †.'

He was very conſtant and fervent in his devotions, and would frequently call upon the Miniſter who attended him, to pray with him, or read the ſcriptures to him; and towards the end of his ſickneſs, would heartily deſire God—'To pardon his infirmities, if 'he ſhould not be ſo wakeful and intent through the 'whole duty as he wiſhed to be; and that *though the 'fleſh was weak, yet the ſpirit was willing*; and he 'hoped God would accept that §.'

Satan, the grand adverſary of ſouls, uſed to aſſault him with many temptations and diabolical ſuggeſtions, and every thing which might be prejudicial to that religious temper of mind God had now endued him with. One night eſpecially, the Tempter did make no little uſe of his fiery darts, by caſting upon him lewd and wicked imaginations:—'But I thank God, 'ſaith he, I abhor them all; and by the power of 'his grace, which I am ſure is ſufficient for me, I 'have overcome them. 'Tis the malice of the Devil,

* Sermon, Page 26. † Sermon, *ibid.* § Sermon, Page 27.

'becauſe I am reſcued from him; and 'tis the good-
'neſs of God, that frees me from all my ſpiritual
'enemies *.'

There are many proofs of the ſincerity of his faith and the ſoundneſs of his repentance; among others, I ſhall ſingle out thoſe that follow.

He greatly rejoiced at his Lady's converſion from Popery, which he termed,—'A faction ſupported 'only by fraud and cruelty †.'

His hearty concern for the pious education of his children; wiſhing—'His ſon might never be a wit, 'as he explained it, one of thoſe wretched creatures 'who pride themſelves in abuſing God and religion, 'denying his being or his providence; but that he 'might become an honeſt man, and of a truly reli-'gious character, which could only be the ſupport 'and bleſſing of his family ‡.

He left a ſtrict charge to the perſons in whoſe cuſtody his papers were, to burn all his profane and lewd writings;—'As being only fit to promote vice 'and immorality, by which he had ſo highly of-'fended God, and ſhamed and blaſphemed that holy 'religion into which he had been baptized, and all 'his obſcene and filthy pictures which were ſo noto-'rioufly ſcandalous §.'

He

* Sermon, Page 27, † Sermon, Page 28. ‡ Paſſages of his Life, Page 143.

§ 'Strephon, of noble blood and mind,
'(For ever ſhine his name)
'As death approach'd, his ſoul refin'd,
'And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame.

'Burn, burn, he cry'd, with ſacred rage;
'Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
'Hell be the fate. (But, O, indulgent heav'n!
'So vile the muſe, and yet the man forgiv'n!)

'Burn

He proteſted,—'He would not commit a known 'ſin to gain a kingdom:' And ſent awful meſſages to his companions in iniquity. He adviſed a Gentleman of character that came to ſee him on his death-bed,—'O remember that you contemn God no more. 'He is an avenging God, and will viſit you for your 'ſins; and will, I hope in mercy touch your con-'ſcience, ſooner or later, as he has done mine. You 'and I have been friends and ſinners together a great 'while, therefore I am the more free with you. We 'have been all miſtaken in our conceits and opinions; 'our perſuaſions have been falſe and groundleſs; 'therefore God grant you repentance.'

And ſeeing the Gentleman the next day, he ſaid, 'Perhaps you were diſobliged by my plainneſs with 'you yeſterday; I ſpake the words of *truth and ſober-'neſs*. And, ſtriking his hand upon his breaſt, ſaid, —'I hope God will touch your heart *.'

He laid his commands on the reverend perſon that attended him,—'To preach abroad, and to let all 'men know, if they knew it not already, how God 'had diſciplined him for his ſins by his afflicting 'hand: That his ſufferings were moſt juſt, though 'he had laid ten thouſand times more upon him. 'How he had laid one ſtripe upon another, becauſe 'of his grievous provocations, till he had brought 'him home to himſelf. That his former viſitations 'had not had that bleſſed effect he was now ſenſible 'of. He had formerly ſome looſe thoughts and 'ſlight

'Burn on my ſongs: For not the ſilver *Thames*,
'Nor *Tiber*, with his yellow ſtreams
'In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
'Can e'er dilute the poiſon, or waſh out the ſtain.

'So *Moſes*, by divine command,
'Forbid the lep'rous houſe to ſtand;
'When deep the fatal ſpot was grown:
'Break down the timber, and dig up the ſtone. WATTS.

* Sermon, Page 30.

'ſlight reſolutions of reforming, and deſigned to be 'better; becauſe even the preſent conſequences of ſin 'were ſtill peſtering him, and were ſo troubleſome 'and inconvenient to him. But now he had other 'ſentiments of things, and acted upon other princi-'ples.'

That none, whom he had been the inſtrument of drawing into ſin, might loſe the benefit of his ſincere though late repentance, he ſubſcribed the following recantation, and ordered it to be publiſhed to the world.

'For the benefit of all thoſe whom I may have 'drawn into ſin by my example and encouragement, 'I leave to the world this my laſt declaration, which 'I deliver in the preſence of the great God, who 'knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and before whom I 'am now preparing to be judged: That from the 'bottom of my ſoul I deteſt and abhor the whole 'courſe of my former wicked life: That I think I 'can never ſufficiently admire the goodneſs of God, 'who has given me a true ſenſe of my pernicious 'opinions and vile practices; by which I have hitherto 'lived *without hope, and without God in the world:* 'Have been an open enemy to Jeſus Chriſt, doing 'the utmoſt deſpite to the holy *Spirit of Grace.* And 'that the greateſt teſtimony of my charity to ſuch is, 'to warn them in the name of God, and as they re-'gard the welfare of their immortal ſouls, no more to 'deny his being or his providence, or deſpiſe his 'goodneſs; no more to make a mock of ſin, or con-'temn the pure and excellent religion of my ever 'bleſſed Redeemer, through whoſe merits alone I, 'one of the greateſt of ſinners, do yet hope for mercy 'and forgiveneſs. *Amen.*'

Declared and ſigned in the preſence of
ANN ROCHESTER,
ROBERT PARSONS,
June 19, 1680

J. ROCHESTER.

It

It hath been ſaid, and I think very juſtly, that theſe are ſigns and evidences of true and evangelical repentance.

We ſhall now attend him to his bed of languiſhing and death, and view the power of religion upon his mind in that important ſeaſon. The poet ſays, and experience proves, that,

——*Death is a detector of the heart.*

And indeed ſo it proved to him; for his willingneſs to die was an evidence his heart was ſincere and upright before God.

He was not willing to live, but only to teſtify the truth of his repentance, and to bring glory to God. —'If God, ſays he, ſhould ſpare me yet a little 'longer time here, I hope to bring glory to his name, 'proportionably to the diſhonour I have done to 'him in my whole life paſt; and particularly by my 'endeavours to convince others, and to aſſure them 'of the danger of their condition, if they continued 'impenitent; and to tell them, how graciouſly God 'hath dealt with me *.

And when he came within the nearer views of death, about three or four days before it, he ſaid,— 'I ſhall now die. But, O, what unſpeakable glories 'do I ſee! What joys, beyond thought or expreſſion, 'am I ſenſible of! I am aſſured of God's mercy to 'me through Jeſus Chriſt. O, how I long to die, 'and to be with my Saviour †!'

To conclude. The worthy perſon to whom we are indebted for this account of ſo illuſtrious a convert, ſays,—'There are many more excellent things which 'have occaſionally dropt from his mouth, in my 'abſence, that will not come within the narrow com-'paſs of a ſermon. Theſe I hope will ſufficiently 'prove what I produce them for.'

And

* Sermon, Page 31. † Sermon, Page 33.

And ſo we hope they will have a tendency, in this republication, to demonſtrate the power of real religion to an incredulous and ungodly world.

XCVIII. Mr HENRY DORNEY.

HE was born in the year 1613, at *Uley* in the county of *Gloceſter*, the fifth child and ſon of Mr *Thomas Dorney*. He was judged to be converted about the fifteenth year of his age.

His piety and wiſdom were very conſpicuous, as in the general courſe of his life, ſo particularly in his laſt ſickneſs, in which he lay from the 11th of *March*, 1682, to the 26th of *April* following; and during which he ſaid the following things:—'I am paſſing, 'and I long to paſs (meaning through death.) O 'faith, faith; that would bring down heaven to 'earth, and carry the ſoul up to heaven. I would 'willingly go out of ſelf, and place the ſoul wholly 'in God. He calls me to come away; ſaying, Come 'up hither.'

To a friend who aſked him,—'If Satan troubled 'him? He anſwered,—'No, not at all. Chriſt 'doth not ſuffer him.'

The ſame perſon having ſaid to him,—'Sir, you 'are not likely to continue long with us:' He re-'plied,—'Bleſſed be the Lord, bleſſed be the Lord; 'it is ſome refreſhment to me to think, that the com-'fortable minute of my ſliding off is ſo near at hand. 'The ſaints and people of God that have ever lived, 'except *Enoch* and *Elijah*, have paſſed thro' death; 'and it is needful it ſhould be ſo, for then all dirt 'and filth will be wiped off. Though now I can do 'little, I am perſuaded he loves me, becauſe he hath 'made me to love him. I have received a ſentence 'of death in myſelf, and I wholly acquieſce in God's

'will therein; yet if it pleaſe him that I ſhould live 'any longer, I deſire it may be with greater ſpiritu-'ality, and more in the life and power of holineſs; 'for I would not live one moment longer, than I may 'ſacrifice ſomething. But in the caſe I am in, I ſig-'nify very little. I am in deaths oft; and which 'will be the concluding one I know not.'

Concerning the converſe of the godly with one another, he ſaid,—'If I were in another country, I 'ſhould value the ſociety of thoſe of that country. 'Now they who obey the high goſpel call, enter into 'another country, paſſing out of the power of Satan 'into Chriſt's kingdom; and their converſe ſhould 'be of the glorious country they are got into. I am 'very ſick, but I have no ſorrow. I would be un-'clothed, that I might be clothed upon; that mor-'tality might be ſwallowed up of life. And O that 'it might be now, now. I am as a traveller who 'ſees his home a little before him; which makes 'my evening as a ſweet morning to me.'

To a friend who was taking leave of him, he ſaid, —'The Lord's bleſſing be upon you. We here take 'leave one of another; but ſhortly there will be no 'more taking leave: And the next viſit on the other 'ſide of the voyage will be with another kind of 'luſtre. How ſlowly do the hours paſs? I ſpeak as 'one that would fain paſs, I would fly out of time.'

To another, who ſpoke to him of the joys of hea-ven he was drawing near to, he ſaid;—'I would be 'in them. I would be in them. I would be in 'them.'

To a friend who came to ſit up a night with him, he ſaid,—'You are come to give me your helping 'hand at the going over the laſt ſtile. I thank you. 'I know that there is a glory that will follow this 'darkneſs.'

'The grave, ſaid he at another time, is ready for 'me, and I for it, bleſſed be God. And O, how

'welcome

'welcome is it to me! How do I delight in it! O 'the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, which 'are written in heaven, and God the judge of all, and 'the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, that I am going 'to be with. Chriſt hath ſtopped the mouth of the 'roaring Adverſary, ſo that he incumbers me not in 'the leaſt. And though I have the ſame matter 'within me that others have, Chriſt holds him ſo faſt 'that he hath no power at all to trouble me.'

At another time:—'I am like one hurrying to-'wards the head quarters. I long vehemently to be 'gone out of the preſent ſtate, and that God would 'ſay to me,—Come away, Come away, Come up hi-'ther.'

One morning he deſired the third of *John* to be read; and at the words concerning the change in a new-born ſoul, he ſaid,—'Ever ſince the Lord, in his free grace, 'took hold of my heart, I have had a ſincere reach 'after him, and a love to him; and I have not dal-'lied with him. I have in ſome meaſure walked 'before him in truth now theſe ſcores of years, and 'he hath made me to find no eaſe, nor to take any 'reſt any where but in himſelf, and in being near him. 'And what I have done all along, hath been in 'truth and with an upright heart. God and I, we 'were both agreed; He mine, and I his. His con-'cerns I took to be my concerns, and mine were his. 'And I could never take content in any thing but 'in him. I could get no comfort in any duty, in 'any prayer, in any ordinance, but in getting nigh 'to him, in reſigning up myſelf to him, in cloſing 'with him, and in having my ſoul brought over to 'his will.'

At another time:—'I know the Lord minds me. 'I can do but little, but yet I love him. What a 'poor pitiful thing is a dying creature! There is no 'death in dying. One good lift would ſet me free 'from all. I am uſeleſs, as one out of the world. I

'cannot

'cannot manage thoughts. Thus a poor life expires; 'bleſſed be God. I am as an hireling, drawing to-'wards the cloſe of the day. What ſhall I ſay? 'When, when, when, when?'

On *April* 3, with his eyes looking upwards, he ſaid;—'I have lain ſo many days and ſo many nights, 'and the days have been even as nights to a poor 'dead thing: But I believe all is in love, in tender 'love. I have been taught in the goſpel God's free 'grace in Chriſt; and I faſten on and cling to that, 'which is all I can do. I languiſh in pain. Here 'are all the tokens of a diſſolution, and yet no diſſo-'lution. And how long the Lord may continue me 'thus, I know not: But the Lord is wiſe.'

To ſome of his friends he ſaid,—'I deſire you to 'pray to the Lord for me, that he would give me a 'fit meaſure of ſuitable grace, and that he would 'preſerve and continue it. I earneſtly deſire you to 'pray, that I may be ſo preſerved, as that I may ſay 'nothing unbecoming my dear Lord. Chriſt will 'loſe none of his. He will ranſack heaven and 'earth, rather than any one of his ſhall miſcarry. I 'have been, like *Jonah*, in the whale's belly now for 'many days. Chriſtians are never more like them-'ſelves, as Chriſtians, than when they are in con-'verſe about ſpiritual things, things above; and 'there are no relations to be compared with ſpiritual 'relations.'

At another time he ſaid,—'I ſhall have liberty. 'Good, good, good is the Lord. Theſe things will 'have an end; they will have an end.'

He then would have the fourth and fifth chapters of St *John*'s goſpel read to him; which being done, he ſaid,—'The Lord help me to ponder all; all is 'good news. I have endeavoured to live Jeſus 'Chriſt, and to be found in him both in life and 'death.'

April

April 14, in the afternoon, he groned in his ſleep; and when he awoke, ſaid,—'I have had ſome trouble 'in my ſpirit. This dogged enemy (meaning Satan) 'would make me very wretched, and ſo I am.'

Upon which, one by him replied,—''Tis recorded 'in ſcripture,—*My covenant will I not break*, &c.'

To which he anſwered,—'I know he will not. 'But this enemy is ſo dogged, that when I begin to 'fix my thoughts upon any good thing, he endea-'vours to diſturb me; ſo that I cannot maintain my 'communion with God as I would. Bleſſed be 'God's holy name, he leaves me not, and he will 'never leave me. I have heard and read much of 'death and the attendants of it, and now I come to 'experience the very thing itſelf, even what that 'great change is. It would be a great ſight to be-'hold two mighty Angels contending together, hav-'ing equal aſſiſtance on one ſide and the other; but 'what will it be to ſee the God of Angels ſetting all 'his glorious retinue in battle array? This, ere 'long, will be ſeen. And the goſpel will not be 'handled only in pulpits, as now; but the glory of 'it will ſhine far and near, filling the whole world 'with its luſtre.'

April 15. In the morning he expreſſed himſelf thus:—'I lie at eaſe, and my ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe. 'If the Lord would have me to be the laſt man that 'ſhould ſuffer in this world, I would, through his 'divine grace and help, readily ſubmit to his will. 'However, if it might be, I have an earneſt longing 'to have now a caſt given me into the other world.'

In the afternoon he ſaid:—'How good is it to 'have all the terms of the covenant of grace ratified 'between God and the ſoul! Lord, let thy righteouſ-'neſs be my lodging, my delight, and my joy. Let 'me have ſweet and intimate communion with thee. 'Thou haſt called me, O Lord; I come to thee.

'Let

'Let all the grace promiſed to thy people in this 'paſſage be given to me. Temptations are many, 'vanities are many; away with them, becauſe Chriſt 'came to remove all vanity, to remove all ſin. O, 'let thy truth, let the ſealing of thy word be to my 'ſoul as the refreſhing waters of life. O for ſolid 'acquaintance with thee! Intimate communion with 'thee, as between father and ſon; as between thee 'and one that is thy child, begotten of thee now at 'the end of all things. O ſhine forth. Tempta-'tions will be working whatſoever they can. Now, 'Lord, glorify thy abounding grace. Now, O Lord, 'let the grace of Chriſt ſhine like a burning lamp. 'Now let me be as one climbing up to the top of 'the mount. Be with me and with them I leave be-'hind, and let them be found in thee in the day of 'Chriſt. And O, let the majeſty, greatneſs, and ſo-'lemnity of ſpiritual things be kept up in the world; 'and let Chriſt reign and be very conſpicuous, and 'his people alſo. Let him ſave his church and re-'deem it. Be with all thine. I cannot pray as I 'ſhould. But wilt thou, who knoweſt thy own 'mind and will, wilt thou accompliſh all the deſigns 'of thy grace for thy own glory, and fulfil the deſires 'of all them that fear thee, and all in Chriſt? My 'own God, my own God; and may I have no other 'God but thee. My gracious God, now be with 'me. Lord, what thou doſt mean, reveal it to me 'in thy good time; and let me be ſignificant for thee 'ſome way. Here I am even bound up, having no 'ſtrength, no capacity. If I be for another world, 'reveal thy mind. Now I am incapacitated. I 'cannot conceive thoughts conſiſtently one with an-'other. I am as one in a great part dead all the 'while I live: But, Lord, let me be a living ſerver 'of thee, who wilt have a living ſervice from all 'thine. O Lord, be the conductor, the near con-'ductor of them I leave behind me. Carry my

'yoke-fellow in thine own arms, and our offspring
'with her; and be with my gracious friends thou
'haſt made to tender me, and let them be glorious
'in this world in holineſs, and be bound up with
'thee for ever in the covenant of grace into which
'thou haſt called them. Let my poor afflicted friends
'that have loved me, and have ſeen but little grace,
'ſomething it may be they have ſeen, through thy
'goodneſs: O be with them, and make them grow
'abundantly. Let thy glory ariſe. Haſten it. Let
'the kingdom of Chriſt be exalted. O that the days
'of this darkneſs were blown away. Let there be a
'mighty coming in of truth, holineſs, ſincerity, and
'ſpiritual light and manifeſtation; that there may
'be a mighty child-like ſpirit in all thy children. I
'offer up all theſe petitions in truth. Let thy people
'be the wiſdom, the truth, the joy of the earth. Be
'with me, and be with all thine; and this I beg in
'the Lord Jeſus. Let thy good Spirit come upon
'all thine. O glorify thyſelf now and for ever. O,
'let thy good will be done. O, let thy own will be
'done. Let my will follow thy will, and let it be
'ſo eternally. Let my ſoul believe that every word
'thou haſt ſpoken ſhall be accompliſhed. Thou wilt
'never leave, till thou haſt made thy name conſpi-
'cous, and all thy people rejoice. O why, why,
'why may not the ſlow coming on now make haſte?
'O that I might have more of the Spirit, much,
'much more, and might ſee the power of God from
'heaven mightily changing me. O let not the Spirit
'be wanting. O let truth and power be given
'in. O let there be a nearneſs between thee and the
'ſouls of thy people. O that that dull ſpirit in re-
'ligion might never come into the world again; a
'God-provoking temper of ſoul. O that thy people
'may judge of the love they bear thee, by the out-
'goings of their love to thee. I have been a withered
'dry branch. O haſten a ſpring time in one world

'or

'or the other. Thou haſt given me truth in the in-
'ward parts; I bleſs thee: But there is no anſwer
'anſwerable. I wait now; I wait every day and
'every night: A poor waiter I am. O Lord be
'found. O let God be glorified. I have profeſſed
'the Chriſtian religion ſcores of years, one after an-
'other; and yet to have got no more of the glory of
'the grace of that religion!'

On another day he ſpoke to the following effect:—'Ah, ſweet grave, where I ſhall not need any cool-
'ing drink.'

On a near friend's ſaying,—'I hope the Lord will
'give you ſome ſuch view of himſelf as he did to
'*Stephen*.' He replied,—'I have a little ſight of
'him,' and I find no dark paſſage to the enjoyment
'of him.'

To a near relation he ſpake thus:—'Say to your
'ſoul,—I have a fountain that will never dry up.
'The lines are fallen to me in a pleaſant place; yea,
'I have a goodly heritage. There ſhould be frequent
'fondneſſes between God and us, as between children
'and parents.'

He declared,—'That though he had an earneſt de-
'ſire to be gone, yet, if the Lord pleaſed, he could
'be content and willing to be the laſt man in the
'brunt of ſuffering for his ſake and name in this
'world.'

'O Lord, ſaid he, come quickly, come quickly.
'Anſwer me by thyſelf. My wiſe God is ſtill pleaſed
'to continue me, though there be no ſigns of a re-
'ſerve for further ſervice for him in this world. I
'bleſs the Lord for his goodneſs towards me. The
'conſolation of God is no ſmall thing. It is no ſmall
'thing; it is ſtrong conſolation. The conſolation of
'of Chriſt is a great thing.'

On another day, a friend taking leave of him, and ſaying,—'That he was going to viſit a perſon of ho-
'nour:' He commended himſelf to that honourable

perſon in the following manner:—'Pray remember 'me to my Lord, and tell him, that I am an ex-'pectant, hoping for a meeting where we may dwell 'together for ever.'

One morning he ſpoke to the following effect:—'O Lord, how do I paſs through nights and days! 'O wiſe God! And doſt thou (ſpeaking to himſelf) 'account him ſo? Lord, make me to account thee 'wiſe: And, good Lord, pardon and receive me. 'O happy day that is coming. O bleſſed day that 'is coming. I paſs through death to eternal life. 'The captive ſhall return. There will be no more 'captivity. O ſweet redemption! when we ſpeak a 'word of it, we have ſcarce a thought ſuitable to the 'greatneſs of the ſubject.'

Some ſpace after, he fetched a deep grone; and with his eyes lifted up, and his right hand ſtretched out, as if the pains of death were upon him, ſaid,—'Sharp and welcome, ſharp and welcome.'

Awhile after which, he expreſſed himſelf in prayer to the following purpoſe:—'Lord, let me not die 'with any guilt upon me; but let me leave it all be-'hind. O, let not any ſin remain in me unrepented 'of. Let not any concurrence with the leaſt guilt be 'in me. Let there be upon my will an edge of 'hatred againſt every ſin. Create it in me now. 'Thou canſt make me to delight in that which is 'contrary to my own will. O let thy will be pleaſing 'to me, and let my will be every way according to 'thy will. Let not the agonies of death be too ter-'rible. Let not the ſurge of it be too terrible to me, 'nor to any of the race thou haſt redeemed from 'death. Let the agonies of death be pleaſing to me 'in Chriſt. O the woful travail of Chriſt! I have 'undervalued that bloody agony. Lord, forgive 'me my guilt in this thing. I have not been a Chri-'ſtian in earneſt as I ought. O, he that made him-'ſelf the bottom of all ſorrow! He ſuffered infinitely!

'O,

'O, ſuch a Redeemer! O, ſuch a Redeemer! 'Alas, how unſuitable have I been to him! I have 'been as a beaſt before thee. I have not come up to 'anſwer the call of that unutterable grace. And 'now, O Lord, I cannot ſtand in the battle: I can-'not, now the arrows of death ſtick in my fleſh; 'and I cannot bear it without great concuſſions of 'ſoul within me. But, O thou who art the God of 'all grace, who holdeſt the kingdom of grace, and 'art the head of that kingdom, wilt thou now ſhew 'thy glory? Make death ſweet. Make the tenden-'cies to death ſweet. Make every ſtep to deliverance 'a pleaſing ſtep, O my God. Save thy worm. Save 'thy worm, O my God, according to thy promiſes 'made to *Jacob*. I hearken what the Lord will ſay. 'He will ſpeak peace in the blood of Jeſus. Suſtain 'me, O Lord, ſuſtain me. Thou art my friend, as 'thou ſpakeſt to *Abraham*; thou art my friend. 'Doſt thou love me? Doſt thou at this time love 'me with thy whole heart and with thy whole ſoul? 'Doſt thou love me more than my deareſt and 'neareſt friends? Than thoſe intimate relations here, 'who continue with me in my tribulation? With a 'more inward intenſe love? Lord, let me know that 'thou loveſt me in very deed. Let me know that 'thou knoweſt me by name. Let me know that 'every act of thine towards me is the effect of thy 'love. O make me to believe it. Help me to ap-'prehend that thou art with me every moment; with 'me as to my preſent caſe and concernment. 'Tis 'dead friendſhip when friends cannot hear or ſee one 'another; but ſurely there is another ſort of friend-'ſhip between thee and thine, whom thou ſtandeſt in 'relation to. Art not thou my father? Thou art my 'huſband, my brother, my friend; and art not 'aſhamed to be called my brother. O wonderful! 'I am born of thee. Lord, what ſhall I do with the 'great things of the goſpel, if thou doſt not give the

Spirit of faith? O Lord, wilt thou who art truth, 'who art life, wilt thou enable me ſo to conduct 'myſelf under my afflictions, that they may anſwer 'the very deſign thou aimeſt at. I have been praying through the days of thy drawing me after thee, 'O Lord, I would come to that kind of praying 'while I am here in the world, which might be a 'lovely copy of that converſe which will be with thee 'in heaven. Will prayer altogether ceaſe in heaven? 'No ſurely. Lord, glorify thyſelf, glorify thyſelf: 'Glorified be God. O, that the very life and ſoul 'of that ſtate may now be begun. O that I might 'haſten to that ſtate. Thou detaineſt me here in thy 'wiſdom. I would go to thee, and into that life 'which will glorify thee eternally. I would go where 'there is life, and no death. I would go where the 'fulleſt expreſſions of the power of grace overcoming ſinners, may be manifeſt in me; even in me 'who am a poor mortal. The heart is deceitful 'above all things, and it will have its working one 'way or other: But, Lord, I would go where there 'is purity without impurity. I would be with thee, 'Lord; for then I ſhall better ſpeak to thee in thy 'own language. I am under ſome ſufferings, but 'they ſhall be ſweetened.'

Then ſpeaking to himſelf, he ſaid,—'Thou ſhalt 'lie down in thy bed.'

And then he proceeded thus:—'Lord, thou wilt 'not throw me into the grave in anger. Thou wilt 'put me into the grave. Thou wilt not ſay,—Sleep 'there in death: Thou wilt ſay,—Sleep there a little, 'till the indignation be overpaſt.'

XCIX. Mon-

XCIX. Monſieur HOMEL.

HE was Paſtor of the Proteſtant church at *Vivaretz*, in the province of *Cevennes* in *France*; and was, with moſt helliſh cruelty, broken upon the wheel at *Tournon*, a city in the ſame province, *October* 1683.

The following account was written by an eye and ear-witneſs, who declared he had trembled, and his hair ſtood upright, at the remembrance of it.

'I count myſelf happy, ſaid this ſaint at his execution, that I can die in my Maſter's quarrel.—What; would my gracious Redeemer deſcend from heaven to earth, that I might aſcend from earth to heaven? Would he undergo an ignominious death, that I might be poſſeſſed of a moſt bleſſed life! Verily, if after all this, to prolong a frail and miſerable life, I ſhould loſe that which is everlaſting; ſhould I not be a moſt ungrateful wretch to my God, and a moſt cruel oppoſer of my own happineſs? No, no; the dye is caſt, and I am immoveable in my reſolution. I breathe after that hour. O when will that good hour come, that will put a period to my preſent miſerable life, and give me the enjoyment of one which is infinitely bleſſed? Farewel, my dear wife. I know your tears, your continual ſighs, hinder your bidding me adieu. Don't be troubled at this wheel upon which I muſt expire: 'Tis to me a triumphal chariot, which will carry me into heaven. I ſee heaven opened, and my ſweet Jeſus, with his outſtretched arms ready to receive me; for he is the divine ſpouſe of my ſoul. I am leaving the world, in which is nothing but adverſity, in order to get to heaven, and enjoy everlaſting felicity. You ſhall come to me; I ſhall never come back to you.

'All that I recommend to you is, to educate our 'dear children in the fear of God; and to be careful 'that they ſwerve not from the way preſcribed to 'them in the holy ſcriptures. I have bequeathed 'them a little formulary for their inſtruction, to the 'end that if ever they be brought into the like con-'dition with myſelf, they may undergo it courage-'ouſly, and be confident in the goodneſs of our God; 'who will ſend the divine Comforter to ſtrengthen 'them in all their ſtraits and diſtreſſes. Prepare them 'for ſuffering betimes, to the end that in the great 'day, when we ſhall appear before the judgment-'ſeat of Chriſt, we may be able to beſpeak him; 'Lord, here we are, and the children which thou 'haſt graciouſly given us. Ah, I ſhall never have 'done. Ah, why am I hindered from departing? 'Farewell, my dear people. 'Tis the laſt farewell I 'ſhall ever give you. Be ſtedfaſt; be fixed; and 'know that I never preached to you any thing but 'the pure truth of the goſpel, the true way which 'leads to heaven.'

Some body telling him, that he had ſpoke too much:—'How! ſaid he, have I ſpoke too much? 'I have ſpoke nothing but the very truth. I have 'neither ſpoken nor done any thing that is in the 'leaſt injurious to the ſacred majeſty of our auguſt 'Monarch; but, on the contrary, I have always ex-'horted the people, committed by the Lord to my 'charge, to render thoſe honours which are due to 'our King. I have taught them, that our lives and 'fortunes are at his diſpoſal, and that we are bound 'to employ them in the defence of his eſtate and 'crown. But as for our conſciences, we hold them 'of our God, and muſt keep them for him.'

Then his Judges turning from him, ordered the Executioner to do his office; which thereupon he did, by breaking his arms and his legs. And being then demanded, Whether he would die a *Roman* Catholic?

Catholic? He anſwered,—'How, my Lords! Had 'it been my deſign to have changed my religion, I 'would have done it before my bones had been thus 'broken to pieces. I wait only for the hour of my 'diſſolution. Courage, courage, O my ſoul! Thou 'ſhalt preſently enjoy the delights of heaven. And 'as for thee, O my poor body, thou ſhalt be reduced 'to duſt; but 'tis that thou mayeſt be raiſed a ſpi-'ritual body. Thou ſhalt ſee things that never 'entered into the heart of man, and which are in this 'life impoſſible to be conceived.'

Again addreſſing himſelf to his wife, he ſaid,—'Farewell once more, my well-beloved ſpouſe. I am 'waiting for you. But know, though you ſee my 'bones broken to ſhivers, my ſoul is repleniſhed with 'inexpreſſible joys.'

Every limb, member, and bone of his body were broken with the iron bar forty hours before the Executioner was permitted to ſtrike him upon the breaſt; a ſtroke which they call—*Le coup de grace*, The blow of mercy; that death-ſtroke which put an end to all his miſeries.

C. Mr THOMAS SHEPARD.

HE was born at *Charles Town* in *New England*, *July* 5, 1658. He had an unaccountable apprehenſion, that in his early death he ſhould be like his uncle *Samuel*; and under the influence of this apprehenſion, he ſo lived and ſo preached, as to avoid the danger of a ſudden death, by being always prepared for it.

Accordingly it came to paſs, that on *Friday June* 5, 1685, he became indiſpoſed in his bowels; yet he continued his pains and hopes all the day following, in order to be ready for the exerciſes of the Lord's day,

day, when the Lord's ſupper was to have been adminiſtered. But on *Saturday* night his illneſs became ſo great, that he ſaid to his wife,—'I would gladly 'have been once more at the table of the Lord; but 'I now ſee that I ſhall no more partake there, till I 'do it after a new manner in the kingdom of heaven.'

'On the Lord's day at noon I viſited him, ſays my 'author, and at my parting with him he ſaid,—My 'hopes are built on the free mercy of God, and the 'rich merit of Chriſt; and I do believe that if I am 'taken out of the world, I ſhall only change my 'place: I ſhall neither change my company nor 'communion. And as for you, Sir, I beg the Lord 'Jeſus to be with you.'

He died *June* 8, 1685, Aged above 32.

The eldeſt ſon of Mr *Thomas Shepard*, the ever memorable Paſtor of the church of *Cambridge* in *New England*, was Mr *Thomas Shepard*, Paſtor of the church of *Charles Town*; whoſe only ſon, and ſucceſſor likewiſe in the church of *Charles Town*, was this Mr *Thomas Shepard*.

CI. Mr JOHN ELLIOT.

HE was born in *England* in the year 1604, and went to *New England* in *November* 1631.

The wife of his youth lived with him till ſhe became the ſtaff of his old age, and died but three or four years before him. Mr *Elliot*, who was then above fourſcore, and rarely wept, ſhed tears before a great number of people who were come to her funeral, and ſaid,—'Here lies the body of my dear, faithful, 'pious, prudent, prayerful wife. I ſhall go to her, 'and ſhe not return to me.'

By her God gave him ſix worthy children. His eldeſt ſon was a lively Preacher, both to the *Engliſh*

and *Indians*. But as he was ſoon ripe for a better world, he was ſoon removed to it: And among other precious things he ſaid, on his death-bed;—'My 'dear friends, there is a dark day coming on *New* '*England*; and in that dark day, how will you pro-'vide for your ſafety? My counſel to you is,—Get 'an intereſt in the bleſſed Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and that 'will carry you to the world's end.'

And in all his offspring there appeared ſuch evidence of their converſion to God, that the good old man ſometimes ſaid,—'I have had ſix children; and 'I bleſs God for his free grace, they are all either 'with Chriſt or in Chriſt, and my mind is now at 'reſt concerning them. My deſire was, that they 'ſhould have ſerved Chriſt on earth; but if God 'will chooſe to have them rather ſerve him in heaven, 'I have nothing to object to it. His will be done.'

It was ſurely with him, as *Gregory Nazianzen*, in a diſcourſe he delivered on the death of his brother, ſaid it was with his aged father, who was then alive and preſent;—'My father having laid up in a better 'world a rich inheritance for his children, hath ſent 'a ſon of his before, to take poſſeſſion of it.'

He was much and mighty at the throne of Grace: And when any remarkable difficulty lay before him, he took the way of prayer in order to encounter and overcome it; being of Dr *Preſton*'s mind, —'That 'when we would have any great things to be accom-'pliſhed, the beſt policy is to work by an engine 'which the world ſees nothing of.'

He could ſay as the pious *Robertſon* did on his death-bed,—'I thank God, I have loved faſting and 'prayer with my whole heart.'

When he heard any conſiderable news, he uſually ſaid,—'Let us turn all this into prayer.' And when he came to a houſe where he was intimately acquainted, it was frequent with him to ſay,—'Come, 'let us not have a viſit without a prayer. Let us, 'before

'before we part, pray for the bleſſing of heaven on 'your family.' And he was much in ejaculatory prayer every day.

A pious woman, who was vexed with a wicked huſband, and bad company frequently infeſting her at home, aſked him what ſhe ſhould do?—'Take, 'ſaid he, the holy Bible into your hand when the 'bad company comes, and you will ſoon drive them 'out of the houſe.'

Being once on a viſit to a Merchant, and finding him in his compting-houſe, where he ſaw books of buſineſs only on the table, and all his books of devotion on the ſhelf, he ſaid to him,—'Sir, here is 'earth on the table, and heaven on the ſhelf. Pray 'don't think ſo much of the table, as altogether to 'forget the ſhelf. Let not earth by any means thruſt 'heaven out of your mind.'

His liberality for pious uſes, both public and private, went much beyond the proportion aſſignable to the little eſtate he had in the world. Many hundred pounds he freely beſtowed on the poor; and like the worthy and famous *Engliſh* General, he could not perſuade himſelf that he had any thing but what he had given away.

When his great age had unfitted him for almoſt all employment, being aſked how he did; he ſometimes anſwered,—'Alas, I have loſt every thing. 'My underſtanding leaves me; my memory fails 'me; my utterance fails me; but, I thank God, 'my charity holds out ſtill; I find that rather to 'grow than to fail.'

When he heard any Miniſter complain, that ſome in his flock were too difficult for him, his anſwer was,—'Brother, learn the meaning of thoſe three little 'words,—*Bear*, *forbear*, *forgive*.'

He was admitted into ſingular familiarity with the Holy One of *Iſrael*. If he ſaid of any affair,—'I 'cannot bleſs it,' it was a bad omen. But ſometimes,

times, after he had been with God about a thing, he ſaid,—'I have ſet a mark upon it. It will do well.'

Concerning the unhappy war between *England* and *Holland*, which all ſenſible Proteſtants had ſorrowful apprehenſions of, Mr *Elliot* being privately aſked, what news we might look for next? anſwered, to the ſurpriſe of the inquirer,—'Our next news will be 'a peace between the two Proteſtant nations. God 'knows, I pray for it every day; and I am per-'ſuaded we ſhall hear of it ſpeedily.' And it came to paſs accordingly.

Another thing of this kind very remarkable was, one Mr *Foſter*, a godly Gentleman of *Charles Town*, was, with his ſon, taken by *Turkiſh* enemies; and the bloody Prince, in whoſe dominions he was become a ſlave, was reſolved that in his life-time no captive ſhould be releaſed: So that Mr *Foſter*'s friends, when they had heard the ſad news, concluded their hope was loſt. Upon this, Mr *Elliot*, in ſome of his next prayers before a great congregation, addreſſed the throne of grace in the following very plain language.

'Heavenly Father, work for the redemption of 'thy poor ſervant *Foſter*. And if the Prince who 'detains him will not, as they ſay, diſmiſs him as 'long as himſelf lives; Lord, we pray thee, kill 'that cruel Prince; kill him, and glorify thyſelf 'upon him.'

And in anſwer to this wonderful prayer, Mr *Foſter* quickly returned from captivity; and brought an account, that the Prince who had detained him had come to an untimely death; and that by that means he had been ſet at liberty.—'Thus we knew, ſays 'Dr *Cotton Mather*, that a Prophet had been among 'us.'

Mr *Elliot* was well ſkilled in *Hebrew*, concerning which language, in one of his books we have the following paſſage; —'O that the Lord would put it 'into the hearts of ſome of his religious and learned 'ſervants,

'ſervants, to take ſuch pains about the *Hebrew* lan-
'guage, as to fit it for a univerſal uſe! Conſidering,
'that above all languages ſpoken by the lip of man,
'it is moſt capable of being enlarged, and fitted to
'expreſs all things, that our human intellect is capa-
'ble of in this mortal life; conſidering alſo, that it is
'the invention of God himſelf. And what one is
'fitter to be the univerſal language, than that which
'it pleaſed our Lord Jeſus to make uſe of when he
'ſpake from heaven to *Paul?*'

His way of preaching was plain and very powerful. He was a *Boanerges* againſt vice; and there was always much of Chriſt in his diſcourſes. The Lord Jeſus Chriſt was the loadſtone with which he touched all his ſermons. And in his advice to young preachers, he always ſaid,—'Pray let there be much of 'Chriſt in your miniſtry.'

He often ſaid, when he heard a ſermon with any ſpecial reliſh of a bleſſed Jeſus in it,—'O, bleſſed be 'God, that we have Chriſt ſo much and ſo well 'preached in poor *New England!*'

'I have been preſent, ſays Dr *Mather*, when he 'hath ſaid to a Preacher, juſt come home from the 'aſſembly with him,—Brother, there was oil re-'quired for the ſervice of the ſanctuary; but it was 'to be beaten oil. I praiſe God that I ſaw your oil 'ſo well beaten to day. The Lord help us always, 'by good ſtudy, ſo to beat our oil, that there may 'be no knots in our ſermons left undiſſolved; and 'that ſo clear a light may be given in the houſe of 'God.'

And yet he looked for ſomething in a ſermon beſide and beyond the meer ſtudy of man. He was for the breathing of the Spirit of God in it and with it; and uſed to ſay,—'Tis ſad when that one thing, 'the Spirit of God, is wanting in a ſermon.'

The type on the ſeal of the *Maſſachuſet* colony, which was a poor *Indian*, from whoſe mouth falls a label,

ſabel, with a—*Come over and help us*, was ſuggeſted by Mr *Elliot*.

'Tis impoſſible to relate the prodigious pains he took in the laudable work of civilizing and converting the *Indians*. He learned their language, tranſlated the whole Bible and ſeveral treatiſes of practical divinity into it, and gathered ſeveral churches among them. And ſome of the converted *Indians*, under his inſtructions, were ſo enlightened and quickened, that they became Teachers of their countrymen.

An idea may be formed of the toils of this good man among them, from the following paſſage in a letter of his to the honourable Mr *Winſlow*:—'I have 'not been dry night nor day, from the third day of 'the week to the ſixth, but ſo travelled; and at 'night have pulled off my boots, wrung my ſtock-'ings, and on with them again; and ſo I continue: 'But God ſteps in and helps. I have conſidered the 'word of God in 2 *Tim.* ii. 3—*Endure hardſhip as 'a good ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt.*'

When his great age and infirmities had cut him off from all employment, he ſometimes ſaid, with an air peculiar to himſelf,—'I wonder for what the Lord 'Jeſus Chriſt lets me live. He knows that now I can 'do nothing for him.'

While he was making his retreat out of this evil world, his diſcourſes from time to time ran upon the coming of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Of this he talked, of this he prayed, for this he longed. And when any bad news arrived, he uſually ſaid,—'Behold 'ſome of the clouds on which we muſt look for the 'coming of the Son of Man.'

He fell at laſt into ſome languiſhments, attended with a fever; which, in a few days, brought him into the pangs, or rather joys of death. And while he lay in them, Mr *Walker* being come to him, he ſaid,—'Brother, thou art welcome to my very ſoul.

'Pray

'Pray retire to my ſtudy for me, and give me leave 'to be gone.'

In thoſe languiſhments, ſpeaking about the work of the goſpel among the *Indians*, he expreſſed himſelf in the following manner:—'There is a cloud, ſaid 'he, a dark cloud on the work of the goſpel among 'the poor *Indians*. The Lord revive and proſper 'that work, and grant that it may live when I am 'dead. 'Tis a work which I have been doing much 'about. But what have I ſaid? I recal that word. 'My doings! Alas, they have been poor, and ſmall, 'and I'll be the man that ſhall throw the firſt ſtone 'at them.'

Juſt before death, he ſaid,—'Welcome joy.' And he departed with the words,—'Pray, pray, pray,' to thoſe about him,

One thing muſt not be forgot. When any came to him, ſaying,---'Sir, ſuch a one is dead: What 'ſhall we do?' lamenting the loſs of a good man. He uſually anſwered,---'Well, but God lives; the 'old Saviour of *New England* yet lives, and he will 'reign till all his enemies are made his footſtool.'

He died in the year 1690, Aged 86.

CII. Mr RICHARD BAXTER.

HE was a native of *Shropſhire*, born *November* 12, 1615.

The early opening of his mind, and the great capacity with which God had bleſſed him, were evident preſages of his future uſefulneſs to the church of Chriſt. The learned author of the abridgment of his life and times ſays,---'That though he had no ex-'ternal advantages to raiſe and diſtinguiſh him, but 'as many difficulties to break through as moſt men, 'yet hath his perſonal merit advanced his reputation

'to

'to that height, that it will outlive the calumnies of 'all his detractors.'*

He was unhappy in his education on many accounts, but chiefly from the ignoranee of the perſons concerned in it; yet by the divine bleſſing upon his extraordinary diligence, his ſacred knowledge was in that degree of eminence as few in the univerſity ever arrive at.

Intending for the miniſtry, he was earneſtly deſirous of that knowledge that was neceſſary to qualify him for it. Indeed, he was more indefatigable in the purſuit of it than can be imagined. He continued a while at *Dudley*, having accepted of a Maſterſhip of a free-ſchool that had lately been erected there; in which time God fitted him for great ſervice in his church, by bringing him to more than ordinary ſerioufneſs.

At about fourteen years of age he was under more than uſual convictions of ſin, and God was pleaſed thoroughly to awaken his ſoul, and ſhew him the inexpreſſible weight of eternal things.

Some time after this, being in expectation of death by a violent cough, with ſpitting of blood, of two years continuance, he was awakened to be yet more ſolicitous about the everlaſting ſtate of his ſoul. He apprehended himſelf to fall ſo ſhort of that ſerioufneſs which a matter of that infinite weight required, that he was long in doubt about his ſincerity, and fearful that he was yet a ſtranger to the true ſpiritual and divine life.

This ſpiritual trouble was greatly recompenſed by the after-fruits of it. It kept him humble, and made pride deteſtable to him. It reſtrained him from levity and vanity. It made him the better reliſh the doctrine of redemption, and rendered the thoughts of Chriſt the more ſerious and affecting. It made the

* See *Abridgment of his Life*, by the Reverend Dr *Calamy*, Vol. I. Page 2.

world ſeem to him as a carcaſe, without either life or lovelineſs. It ſet him upon the moſt advantageous method of ſtudy. It cauſed him firſt to ſeek God's kingdom and his righteouſneſs, and moſt to mind the *one thing needful*; to determine firſt his ultimate end, by which he was engaged to chooſe and proſecute all other ſtudies but as means to that end. And therefore he ſtudied practical divinity firſt in the beſt books, aiming in all primarily at the informing and reforming his own ſoul: So that he had read over and digeſted all the practical treatiſes he could meet with, before he meddled with any conſiderable body of divinity; by which means his affections were carried on with his judgment, and he proſecuted all his ſtudies with unweariedneſs and delight.

Having the great happineſs and benefit of an early converſion, and finding his own ſoul under ſerious apprehenſions of the matters of another world, he was very deſirous to communicate thoſe apprehenſions to ſuch ignorant, careleſs, preſumptuous ſinners as the world abounds with; and therefore, having duly weighed and conſidered the importance of the work, he enters upon the miniſterial employ, having been examined and ordained by the Biſhop of *Worceſter* at about the age of twenty-four *.

We muſt now leave him for a courſe of many years, in which there were many remarkable events of providence both to the nation and the church of God. How he acted for the intereſt of both, and how his faith and patience, his holy ſubmiſſion and chriſtian courage were exerciſed, the hiſtory of his life and times muſt inform us; to which I ſhall at preſent refer, and accompany him to thoſe years of manifold temptations that at length brought him to his chamber of confinement, and his bed of ſickneſs and death.

Dr *Calamy*'s *Abridgment*, Chap. I. Page 2—11.

* Few

'Few ever had more weakneſs and bodily illneſs 'to imbitter life than this good man; and this was a 'means of cheriſhing the peculiar ſerioufneſs of his 'ſpirit. But once, being under an unuſual di-'ſtemper, which put him upon the preſent expecta-'tion of his change, going for comfort to the pro-'miſes of the covenant as he uſed to do, the Tempter 'ſtrongly aſſaulted his faith, and would have 'drawn him into infidelity. Before his entrance into 'the miniſtry, his apprehenſions of the hardneſs of 'his heart, and doubting of his ſincerity, gave him 'the moſt diſturbance: But, in after-life, his temp-'tations were to queſtion the truth of ſcripture, and 'the life to come. Theſe temptations did not aſſault 'him as they do melancholy perſons, with vexing 'importunity, but with a ſhew of ſober reaſon.'

Hereupon he endeavoured to examine the founda-tion of his religion, by moſt accurately looking into the principles and reaſons of it;—'That ſo his faith 'might be his own. And at laſt he found, that 'nothing is ſo firmly believed, as that which hath 'been ſome time doubted of. In a ſtorm of this 'temptation, he queſtioned whether he were indeed 'a Chriſtian or an Infidel, and whether faith could 'conſiſt with ſuch doubts as his? Dr *Jackſon*'s de-'termination in the caſe, ſatisfied and much ſup-'ported him:—That as in the very aſſenting act of 'faith there may be ſuch weakneſs as may make us 'cry,—*Lord, increaſe our faith: We believe*; *Lord, help our unbelief.* So when faith and unbelief are 'in conflict, it is the effects muſt ſhew us which of 'them is victorious; and that he that hath ſo much 'faith as will cauſe him to *deny himſelf*, *take up his croſs*, and forſake all the profits, honours, and 'pleaſures of this world, for the ſake of Chriſt, and 'the love of God, and the hope of glory, hath a 'ſaving faith, how weak ſoever. For God cannot 'condemn the ſoul that truly loves and ſeeks him;

'and thoſe that Chriſt bringeth to perſevere in the 'love of God, he bringeth to ſalvation.'

His great relief under theſe trials and temptations was,—'That the being and perfections of God were 'ſo clear to him, he being to his intellect like the 'ſun to his eye, by which he ſaw itſelf and all things. 'It helped him to conſider that God ſtood related to 'us as our Owner, our Governor and Benefactor, as 'well as our Creator; and that we ſtood related to 'him as his creatures, his ſubjects, and the partakers of his bounty; from whence ariſe our various 'obligations and duties to him: So that godlineſs is 'a duty founded in the nature and reaſon of things, 'and nothing but unreaſonableneſs can contradict it.'

But his greateſt relief was from the goſpel revelation, where—'He ſaw an admirable ſuitableneſs in 'the offices and deſigns of Chriſt, to the ends of God 'and the felicity of man. How wonderfully faith 'was fitted to bring men to the love of God, when 'it is nothing elſe but the beholding his amiable attractive love and goodneſs in the face of Chriſt, 'and the promiſes of heaven, as in a glaſs, till we 'ſee his glory. He had withal felt much of the 'power of his Word and Spirit upon himſelf, doing 'that which he found muſt be done. He could not 'queſtion his Phyſician, when he had done ſo much 'of the cure, and recoverd his depraved ſoul ſo much 'to God.'

And as his faith had theſe aſſiſtances, he was very diligent in farther ſearching into the divine word, that he might be more ſtedfaſt and immoveable as to the truths of it, and more zealous as to the practice of it:—'For it is the belief of the word of God, and 'the life to come, that is the ſpring that ſets all 'grace on work, and with which it riſes or falls, 'flouriſhes or decays, is actuated or ſtands ſtill; and 'that it is from unbelief, ariſes the love of the world, 'boldneſs with ſin, and neglect of duty.

'He

'He found the temper of his mind alter ſomething 'with the temper of his body. When he was young, 'he was more fervent, vigorous, and affectionate in 'preaching, conference, and prayer, than he could 'ordinarily be in his advanced age: But then he 'found his judgment more fixed and ſolid. In his 'younger years his trouble for ſin was moſt about his 'actual failings in thought, word, and deed; but 'afterwards he was much troubled for inward de-'fects, and the omiſſion or want of the vital duties 'or graces in his ſoul. His daily trouble was moſt 'for his ignorance of God, and weakneſs of belief, 'and want of greater love to God, and ſtrangeneſs 'to him and the life to come, and for want of a 'greater willingneſs to die, and longing to be with 'God in heaven. Had he all the riches of the world, 'he would have given them for a fuller knowledge, 'belief, and love of God and everlaſting glory. His 'defects here were the burden of his life. Though 'he was greatly convinced of the need of heart-ac-'quaintance and employment, yet he ſaw more need 'of an higher work, and that he ſhould look oftener 'upon God, and Chriſt, and heaven, than upon his 'own heart. At home he could find diſtempers to 'trouble him, and ſome evidences of his peace; but 'above, he found he muſt ſee matter of delight and 'joy, love, and peace itſelf.'

After a variety of other inſtances, in which there appeared an apparent difference between his younger and elder life, my author goes on to obſerve the many remarkable deliverances he met with in ſeveral in-ſtances; and ſays,—'That he was from firſt to laſt 'very obſervant of providence, and took great notice 'of God's dealing with him. And that he had many 'remarkable anſwers of prayer, which he has particu-'larly noted and ſpecified.*'

* See his Life, &c. Chap. XV. Page 399—402.

'He continued his public work as long as he was 'able, which was much longer than either he or any 'one elſe could have imagined. After his ſettlement 'in *Charter-Houſe-Yard* with Mr *Silveſter*, he conti-'nued about four years and an half, and then was 'altogether diſabled by his growing weakneſs for 'public ſervice. But like one whoſe ſoul was ſtrong 'and lively, and filled with an ardent zeal for God and 'the good of ſouls, he opened the doors of his own 'houſe morning and evening, every day, to all that 'would come to join in family worſhip with him; 'to whom he read and expounded the ſcriptures with 'great ſerioufneſs and freedom.' But at length his indiſpoſition increaſed; he was forced to retire to his chamber, and was ſoon confined to his bed, and he felt the approaches of death, which uſually reveals the ſecrets of the heart.

'But Mr *Baxter* was the ſame in his life and 'death. His laſt hours were ſpent in preparing 'others and himſelf to appear before God. He ſaid 'to his friend that viſited him,—You come hither to 'learn to die. I am not the only perſon that muſt 'go this way: I can aſſure you that your life, be it 'never ſo long, is little enough to prepare for death. 'Have a care of this vain deceitful world, and the 'luſts of the fleſh. Be ſure you chooſe God for your 'portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for 'your end, his word for your rule, and then you 'need never fear but we ſhall meet with comfort.'

He was greatly reſigned to the will of God. And even when in extremity of pain he had earneſtly deſired a releaſe by death, he would check himſelf, and ſay,—'It is not fit for me to preſcribe. When thou 'wilt, what thou wilt, how thou wilt.'

Being aſked by his friend, how it was with his inward man, he replied,—'I bleſs God, I have a well-'grounded aſſurance of my eternal happineſs, and 'great peace and comfort within.'

But

But it was his trouble, he could not triumphantly expreſs it by reaſon of great pain. He ſaid,—'Fleſh 'muſt periſh, and we muſt feel the periſhing of it. 'And that though his judgment ſubmitted, yet ſenſe 'would ſtill make him grone.'

He gave excellent counſel to young Miniſters that 'viſited him, and earneſtly prayed to God to bleſs 'their labours, and make them very ſucceſsful in con-'verting ſouls unto Chriſt; and expreſſed great joy in 'the hopes that God would do a great deal of good 'by them, and bleſſed God that they were of mode-'rate and peaceful ſpirits. He often prayed,—'That 'God would be merciful to this diſtracted world; 'and that he would preſerve his church and intereſt 'in it.'

Towards the cloſe of life, he was aſked how he did? His anſwer was,—'Almoſt well.' And at laſt he ſlept in Jeſus, *December* 8, 1691. Aged 76.

CIII. Mrs MARY DOLITTLE.

SHE was wife to the Reverend Mr *Thomas Do-little*, and ſaid in her laſt ſickneſs,—'I look to 'ſincerity and uprightneſs of heart as a ground of 'comfort; but I do not put them in the room of 'Chriſt my only Saviour.'

When the free grace of God in Chriſt were diſ-'courſed of before her, ſhe ſaid,—'Why then may 'not ſuch a one as I be accepted by free grace in 'Chriſt, and hope to be made capable of bleſſedneſs 'in heaven as well as others? *This is a faithful ſaying, 'and worthy of all acceptation, that Chriſt came into the 'world to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief.* I have 'reſigned myſelf to God in covenant again and again; 'and I bleſs the Lord who hath enabled me to give 'up myſelf to be his. Lord, I am thine; accept

'and ſave me. I have had ſuch converſe with God 'and communion with him, as I would not part 'with for the whole world.'

When her huſband and ſon had been praying for her as ſhe lay on her bed of languiſhing, ſhe ſaid,—'O what a mercy is it, what a mercy is it, that I 'have ſuch relations to plead with God for me! O 'love the Lord, all ye ſaints. Love the Lord, ye 'my children. Love him and fear him. I have 'often prayed to God for you, when you could not 'pray for yourſelves.'

Having paſſed a night without ſleep, ſhe ſaid the next morning,—'I thought this would have been a 'comfortable night to me; but ſo it hath, ſaid ſhe, 'correcting herſelf, for it is a mercy I am out of 'hell, when ten thouſands are caſt into the bottom-'leſs pit, who never ſinned as I have done. O how 'comfortable is death, when ſin is pardoned and 'God reconciled! O that I may entertain kind and 'good thoughts of God, and truſt him though he 'ſlay me.'

When ſpoke to about her recovery, ſhe would ſay, —'I do not hope it; and, bleſſed be God, I do not 'deſire it.'

Being obſerved to be thoughtful, ſhe was aſked, What ſhe was thinking of? She anſwered,—'Three 'things; a deceitful heart, a painful death, and a 'tempting Devil.' For ſhe feared a hard death, and yet ſaid, —'I ſubmit to the will of God, who will 'not lay upon me more than he will enable me to 'bear.'

On reading to her the xviith chapter of St *John*'s goſpel, in which are thoſe remarkable words of Chriſt, —*Father, I will that they alſo whom thou haſt given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory*, &c. Though ſhe could hardly ſpeak, ſhe made a ſhift to ſay, alluding to thoſe words,—'O excellent, 'excellent!

'excellent! expreſſing her faith, and hope, and joy, as far as her weakneſs would permit.

'O what a mercy is it, ſaid ſhe, that ſuch a one 'as I ſhould have hopes of heaven, of the pardon of 'ſin, and of an intereſt in Chriſt!'

Some of her own godly expreſſions being uſed in prayer by thoſe who aſſiſted her in it, ſhe deſired that no ſuch words of her ſhould be mentioned to God.—'For, ſaid ſhe, my frame is not equal and always 'alike. I cannot think and ſpeak the ſame things at 'one time which I do at another.'

'How long, ſaid ſhe, O Lord, how long? If my 'work be done, come and deliver me. I look, I 'long, I hope. O when will the hour come? Muſt 'I tarry and endure another night? Come, Lord 'Jeſus, come quickly. Haſt thou no bowels for 'me? While thou wert on earth, thou wert full of 'compaſſion to poor ſinners. And art thou not the 'ſame in heaven?'

And thus, in faith and love, ſhe called on the Lord to the very laſt. She died *December* 16, 1692.

See her funeral ſermon, by Mr John Showers.

CIV. Mr ROBERT FLEMING.

HE was born in the year 1630, at *Bathens*, the ſeat of the Earls of *Twedale*; where his reverend father, Mr *James Fleming*, was long a Miniſter of the goſpel.

His converſion to God was early and diſtinguiſhing. It was but a little while that he had dwelt in this world, before God dwelt in him, and he in God; and that ſo remarkably in the exerciſe of chriſtian graces, that clearly evidenced his being born of God.

Of his own life he ſaid,—'That it was one made 'up of ſeeming contrarieties; great outward trouble,

'and

'and great inward comfort; and that he never found 'more conſolation, than when he was under moſt 'affliction.'

He was a careful obſerver of that apoſtolical injunction, *Titus* iii. 2. *Speak evil of no man*, &c. And with regard to which, he ſaid to Dr *D. H.* of *London*, his intimate friend,—'I bleſs God, in fifteen years 'time I have not given any man's credit a thruſt be-'hind his back: But when I have had grounds to 'ſpeak well of any man, I have done ſo with faith-'fulneſs; and when I have wanted a ſubject that 'way, I have kept ſilence.'

When he fell into his laſt ſickneſs, he ſaid to thoſe about him,—'O friends, ſickneſs and death are ſe-'rious things!'

In his illneſs he ſaid to a friend, whom he had deſired to remember him at the throne of grace,—'What freedom do you find in prayer for me? Doth 'God ſeem to hearken to your petitions? Or does 'he bind you up, and leave darkneſs on your mind? 'I have, added he, this way often known the mind 'of the Lord.'

To which his friend having replied,—'That he 'had been under darkneſs in the caſe; he ſaid,—'Well, I know your mind. Trouble not yourſelf 'for me. I think I may ſay, that I have been long 'above the fear of death.'

While his grones and ſtrugglings in his ſickneſs were plain indications that his body was in no ſmall pains and diſorder, his account of himſelf ſhewed that the irons did not enter his ſoul: For his anſwer to his friends, who aſked him from time to time how he did, was always,—'I am very well;' or,—'I was 'never better;' or,—'I feel no ſickneſs.'

But finding in himſelf little or no ability for wonted meditation and prayer, he ſaid to ſome about him,—'I have, in a manner, been unable to form one 'ſerious thought ſince I fell ſick, unable to apply 'myſelf

'myſelf to God as I ought: But though I have not 'been able to apply myſelf to God, he hath applied 'himſelf to me; and one of his manifeſtations hath 'been ſuch, that I could have borne no more.'

On his opening his eyes after a long ſleep, one of his ſons aſked him, How he did? To which he anſwered,—'Never better.'—'Do you know me?' aſked the ſon. He replied with a ſweet ſmile,—'Yes, yes, dear ſon, I know you.'

About an hour after, he cried earneſtly,—'Help, 'help, for the Lord's ſake.' And ſoon after that he yielded up his precious ſpirit. This was on *July* 25, 1694.

In his diary, the rich treaſure of his experiences, were found ſome things of ſo extraordinary a nature, ſo far out of the common road of chriſtian obſervation, that it hath been thought adviſeable to keep them private.

Auguſt 16, 1685, he writ thus:—'I found ſome 'ſweet acceſs to the Lord in the morning, in the 'lively actings of grace.' And,—'O the ſweet 'evening of this day! Thoſe great confirmations, 'which, I truſt with aſſured confidence, were the 'voice of my Beloved. The time is now come, 'and it ſhall linger no more. Rejoice and be glad, 'O my priſoner of hope; for the time of thy releaſe 'is come.'

Auguſt 17. This evening I got, firſt, great acceſs 'to my God in confeſſion and the ſenſe of his peace, 'which was lively and ſweet beyond expreſſion. And 'now, this morning, *Auguſt* 18, I had ſome lively 'exerciſe of the ſame nature. How clear an evidence 'hath God himſelf this Saturday given me of the 'work of grace in my ſoul, in ſome moſt lively act-'ings thereof; ſo as to enable me to rejoice in him 'alone as my portion, and to ſay,—He only is my 'ſalvation and my defence; my all, in whom I de-'ſire to boaſt and triumph. And with what a ſweet

'in-

'in-breaking from himſelf was this accompanied, 'when he ſaid thus to my ſoul:—I will deliver thee 'in a way thou knoweſt not; and when all means 'fail, then is the time I chooſe. I know thou haſt 'none to look to but me. It is not for thee to ſee 'now: But bleſſed are they that believe; for there 'ſhall be a performance of things promiſed. Re-'member the words,—*Hope maketh not aſhamed, be-'cauſe the love of God is ſhed abroad in thy heart.* 'Thou haſt been long trading with the talent of the 'croſs, but now I will give thee a talent of comfort. 'O how remarkable hath this week been, which I 'may call a moſt ſolemn confirming week! And 'now, in its cloſe, had I moſt near and ſweet acceſs 'to my God in prayer. And I hope I may own 'theſe immediate confirmations as from himſelf.'

Again,—'O my ſoul, never forget this ſolemn 'Wedneſday night, nor the laſt Monday night. 'What ſolemn viſits I had from the Lord, after ſo 'ſerious a work of trial, about the warrant of my 'hope! In how marvellous a way did our deareſt 'Lord, I hope, bear evidence to the great aſſurance 'he had formerly given me! O let my ſoul bleſs 'and adore the Lord for his ſweet and marvellous 'viſit, which my deareſt Lord, I hope, hath given 'his poor ſervant when ſo near ſinking! and, I 'hope, ſaid to my ſoul,—Fear not, I forget thee 'not; for I have graven thee on the palms of my 'hands, *&c.* I look on thee with delight, and the 'time is come when I ſhall give thee an account of 'thy prayers and tears, of thy many grones and thy 'long waiting. Have I not ſpoken, and will I not 'do it, O thou afflicted, toſſed with tempeſts, in an 'acceptable time have I heard thee. Truſt thou in 'the Lord, for I will make thee a ſign to this ge-'neration. I am leading thee right, and thy ſtrength 'is to ſit ſtill. Is the Lord's hand ſhortened, that 'it cannot ſave?

'O

'O how ſhall I entertain this marvellous day; this 'marvellous appearance of my deareſt Lord to his 'poor ſervant! O wonderful condeſcenſion this morn-'ing, after ſo ſweet an evening! That he ſhould 'pleaſe to give ſo near an approach of himſelf! O, 'I hope it was his voice:—I am come, I am ſurely 'come, my ſervant, in the fourth watch of the 'night, to bring forth my priſoner and ſet him at 'liberty, who hath ſtayed ſo long for me. I em-'brace thee as an overcomer. Rejoice, for great is 'thy reward in heaven. I am now entering thee on 'a day of rejoicing. Be not doubtful, it is I who 'comforts thee.

'And when I had ſaid,—O how ſhall I manage 'ſuch a wonderful enlargement! How diſcernibly 'was it returned, I hope from himſelf,'—'I will ma-'nage it for thee. Thou haſt ſtayed for me, but 'thou haſt got the victory, and the day ſhall be 'thine; and thou ſhalt know what I have been do-'ing with thee and for thee.'

'O let me never forget the 25th of *December* at 'night, when after ſixty years under the Lord's ſpe-'cial conduct, he gave me ſo ſweet and remarkable 'a viſit, never to be forgotten. O what a night was 'it, when I went home preſſed to ſing the 103d '*Pſalm!*'

Almoſt every day was a communion day between God and him. The following is a copy of what he intitled, *A ſhort index of the great appearances of the Lord, in the diſpenſations of his providence to his poor ſervant.*

'I. How near I was brought to death in my in-'fancy! Yet even then, I was God's choice; and 'in a moſt ſingular way reſtored.

'II. That remarkable deliverance on receiving a 'blow by a club, when a child; which was ſo near 'my eye, that it indangered both my ſight and 'life.

'III. That ſolemn and memorable day of the communion at the *Gray Friers*, in the beginning of the year 1648; where I had ſo extraordinary a ſenſe of the Lord's preſence, and whence I can date the firſt ſealing evidence of my converſion, now forty years ſince.

'IV. The Lord's gracious and ſignal preſervation and deliverance given me at *Dunbar* fight.

'V. Thoſe ſolemn times and near approaches of the Lord to my ſoul: The firſt at the *Elve*, when I went there; and the other a little after my father's death, in the high ſtudy.

'VI. Thoſe two great deliverances at ſea, in my paſſage to *Dundee*.

'VII. That extraordinary dream and marvellous viſion I had twice, with the inexpreſſible joy which followed.

'VIII. The Lord's immediate and wonderful appearance for me in my firſt entrance on the miniſtry, with that extraordinary ſtorm on the day of my ordination, and the amazing aſſault which followed it, wherein Satan's immediate appearance againſt me was ſo viſible.

'IX. The great and conſpicuous ſeal given to my miniſtry from the Lord, in the converſion of ſeveral perſons; with that marvellous power which accompanied the word on the hearts of the people.

'X. My deliverance from ſuch imminent hazard of my life in my fall from my horſe at *Kilmarnock*.

'XI. The Lord's marvellous aſſiſtance and countenance at the two communions of *Cathcart* and *Dillop*, with that great enlargement I had at the laſt of theſe places at the laſt table.

'XII. As my entry to my charge was with ſo bright a ſunſhine, ſo no leſs did the Lord appear at my parting from that place, when all things concurred in a remarkable manner to make it both honourable and comforting.

'XIII. The

'XIII. The dream at *Bonſy*, wherein I had ſuch 'expreſs warning with reſpect to my wife's removal; 'and the Lord's marvellous preſence with me the '*Thurſday* after at St *John*'s *Town*.

'XIV. Thoſe great and ſignal confirmations given 'me at my wife's death, and that extraordinary voice, 'ſo diſtinct and clear, which I heard a few nights 'after her death.

'XV. Thoſe ſpecial confirmations given me at 'my firſt leaving my country, at *Weſtminſter*, *Ridſ-* 'dale, and *Stanton*; and the firſt at ſea from the '*Sheils*.

'XVI. Thoſe ſolemn paſſages to confirm my faith, 'from *Hebrews* xi, and *Exodus* xxxiii, as at other 'times at *London*, ſo the night before I came away.

'XVII. Thoſe extraordinary and ſignal times I 'had at my firſt coming to *Rotterdam*.

'XVIII. The marvellous ſign given me of the 'ſtate of my family, in what happened as to the ſud- 'den withering of a tree, and its extraordinary re- 'viving, at my firſt entrance into my firſt houſe in '*Rotterdam*.

'XIX. That moſt ſolemn providence and wonder 'of my life, my fall under the *York* coach in *Auguſt* '1674, when the great wheel ſo went over my leg, as 'if it had been carried over it in a juſt poiſe, to let 'me ſee how providence watched over me.

'XX. The remarkable event of a warning I was 'forced to give, that ſome preſent ſhould be called 'away by death before the next Lord's day.'

CV. Mr GILES FIRMIN.

HE was educated under the famous Dr *Hill*, Maſter of *Imanuel* college in *Cambridge*. He went to *New England*, and was made Secretary to the aſſembly

aſſembly of Divines there. In his return from thence he was ſhipwreck'd; when happily getting upon a plank, he was by that means ſafely caſt on the coaſt of *Spain*. *Firmus in ſe, firmus in Chriſto*, was his Motto. He was the author of that valuable and well known treatiſe, *The Real Chriſtian*; and uſed to plead earneſtly with God for the following appearances of the Holy Spirit in his own heart, and the hearts of all who attended his miniſtry:

'I. As a ſavingly teaching and inlightning Spirit.

'II. As a heart-breaking, a heart-melting, and 'humbling Spirit.

'III. As a whole man-renewing and ſanctifying 'Spirit.

'IV. As the acting Spirit of all duties and graces.

'V. As the conqueror of all temptations and ob-'jections.

'VI. As a faith-comforting and ſtrengthening 'Spirit.

'VII. As the reviver and quickener of deadneſs 'and dulneſs.

'VIII. As a luſt-mortifying and ſin-deſtroying 'Spirit.

'IX. As the powerful applier of redemption.

'X. As the deareſt Chriſt-uniting Spirit.

'XI. As a pardon and peace-ſealing Spirit.

'XII. As a perſevering Spirit.

'XIII. As a death-bed comforting Spirit.'

About three days before he died, he repeated all theſe particulars diſtinctly, and ſaid at the cloſe of each,—'This God hath wrought in me:' Enjoying the precious and triumphant comfort of them all in his laſt hours.

He was a ſkilful and very uſeful Phyſician, as well as a learned and pious Divine. And his death, which was on *April* 17, 1697, and in the thirty third year of his age, was much lamented by Chriſtians of all denominations.

'A ſincere

'A ſincere Chriſtian, he ſaid, wills what God 'wills, loves what God loves, and hates what God 'hates. The deſires of a ſincere Chriſtian, he ſaid, 'are, that God would give him himſelf in all his 'promiſes, Chriſt in all his offices, and his Spirit in 'all ordinances: That he would give him a heart to 'love and keep all his commandments: That his 'will may be a throne for Chriſt to rule in, and his 'thoughts and fancies galleries for Chriſt to walk in.'

CVI. Mrs B A I L Y.

'I Find, ſays Dr *Cotton Mather*, in the diary of my 'dear, and reverend, and excellent friend, Mr '*John Baily*, a wonderful paſſage concerning his 'eminently pious wife, who died at our *Water Town*, 'which I will here tranſcribe.

'*April* 14, 1691. She was dying all day. To-'ward ſun-ſet ſhe ſaid, to me eſpecially, and alſo to 'others,—That we had done her the greateſt diſkind-'neſs that ever ſhe had met with ſince ſhe was born, 'in keeping her back, and not delivering her up 'to God in Chriſt, whom ſhe loved above all, and 'longed to be with. She begged as for her life, 'that we would take off our love wholly from her, 'and give our all to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, as ſhe had 'often done, and was now willing again to do. She 'would never be quiet, till I had promiſed before all 'the witneſſes preſent, which were many, and before 'the holy Angels, who ſhe deſired would ſeal it with 'their golden ſeals, that I would be willing to part 'with her, and let her go; and that I would give my 'all up to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, herſelf, and every 'thing elſe; which, in the name of Chriſt, I pro-'miſed to labour to be willing, and I would be 'willing to do.

'This gave her ſome content. And then ſhe ſaid, '—That God had appeared to her, that ſhe was full 'of the joys of the Holy Ghoſt, and that ſhe had 'whole floods of the love of God in her ſoul, and 'could not ſtand under it. She often ſaid,—That 'ſhe had rivers of joy; and that all this was to her, 'the worſt of ſinners; and that it was not only un-'deſerved, but alſo unexpected. She deſired every 'one to take heed of ſlighting the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; 'and ſhe aſſured them, that if they entertained him, 'they ſhould be as full of joy as ſhe was. And ſhe 'adviſed them to give up all to God; for there was 'none like him; and that as long as ſhe had a tongue, 'or breath, ſhe would praiſe him. She deſired us all, 'that if we would not or could not praiſe him on our 'own accounts, we would do it on hers. She ſaid, '—Death had no terror at all in it, but ſhe could as 'freely die as ever ſhe went to ſleep. She ſaid,—I 'deſerve none of this love; but if Chriſt will give it, 'who can hinder it? Go to him; he has love and 'grace enough for you all. I cannot bear it, it is ſo 'weighty. Ay, ſaid ſhe, my poor huſband, tho' 'a diſconſolate man, Jeſus Chriſt will fill him with 'all this love before he dies. She ſaid,—Concerning 'myſelf, if any body ſhall want me, this poor man 'will; yet, as well as I love him, and I now love 'him better than ever, and ſhall bleſs God through 'all eternity for him, yet I would not be hired by 'millions of worlds to live a day or an hour with him 'from Chriſt; and yet, if God would have me to 'live, I would live. This hour is the happieſt hour 'that ever I had. There was never ſuch an inſtance 'of free grace as I, I am perſuaded, ſince the world 'began. Let all take notice, to the glory of free 'grace, that I go off the ſtage nobly and honourably.

'She ſaid, — She was going to the Lord, and if 'thouſands of devils ſhould tell her otherwiſe, ſhe 'would not believe them. God had now made her

'amends

'amends for all the troubles ſhe had met with in the 'world.

'She then deſired, that we would ſing ſome pſalm 'of praiſe for the riches of free grace; but our harps 'were hung on the willows, and we did it not: 'Yet there was melodious ſinging at that time. I 'heard it myſelf, but intended never to ſpeak of it, 'till the nurſe *B.* and *M. S.* ſpoke of it. They 'went to the fire, thinking it was there; but they 'heard it beſt when within the curtains. God, by 'his holy Angels, put an honour upon my dear wife, 'and by it reproved us; that ſeeing we would not 'ſing, they would.'

Dr *Cotton Mather*'s *Hiſtory of* New England.

CVII. Mr JOHN BAILY.

HE was Miniſter of the goſpel in *New England*, and was born *February* 24, 1643, near *Blackbourn* in *Lancaſhire*, of a very pious mother; who dedicated him unto the ſervice of the Lord.

On the annual return of his birth-day, he uſed to take notice of the goodneſs of God towards him, and make humble and uſeful reflections thereon. —'Once particularly, ſays the pious hiſtorian, I 'find him thus entertaining himſelf.—This is my 'birth-day; I am ready to ſay of it, as *Job* doth of 'his: But I forbear any unadviſed words about it. 'Only I have done little for God, and much againſt 'him; for which I am ſorry.'

When this day laſt returned, he thus writ: —'I 'may ſay with a great ſigh, — This was my birth-'day. O how little good have I done all this while! 'O what reaſon have I to ſtand amazed at the riches 'of God's forbearance! Much may happen this year! 'Lord carry me through it!'

From a child he *knew the holy ſcriptures*, and from a child he was wiſe unto ſalvation; giving great and conſtant evidence of it by his habitual fear of God, and the practice of daily prayer. There was one very remarkable effect of it. His father was a man of a very licentious converſation. The mother of this choſen veſſel one day took him while he was a child, and calling the family together, made him to pray with them. His father coming to underſtand at what rate the child had prayed with his family, it ſmote his ſoul with great conviction, and proved the beginning of his converſion.

This hopeful youth was educated under two worthy Tutors in claſſical learning; and at about the age of twenty-two, he entered on the public preaching of the goſpel. He began at *Cheſter*, but afterwards went over to *Ireland*, where, with frequent labours, he gave a great wound to his health, which was never perfectly recovered. He ſpent about fourteen years of his life at *Limeric*, and ſaw ſo many ſeals of his miniſtry, that he ſeemed rather to fiſh with a net than with a hook, for the kingdom of God.

He patiently ſuffered long and hard impriſonments from thoſe men, concerning whom a Divine of the church of *England* very truly ſays,—'That they were 'Atheiſts, with the inventions of ceremonies habited 'like Chriſtians, for the ſervice of the Devil, to cor-'rupt and deſtroy true Chriſtianity.'

He no ſooner began to preach, but his fidelity was tried; and he ſuffered an hard impriſonment becauſe his conſcience could not conform to human inventions in the ſacred ſervice of heaven. While he was a young man, he often travelled far by night in the winter, to enjoy the ordinances of the goſpel purely adminiſtred in the churches of the ſaints; and was ſometimes laid in *Lancaſhire* jail for being found there.

When he was at *Limeric*, the attendance of a perſon of great quality, and his Lady (who were related

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to the Duke of *Ormond*, the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland)* upon his miniſtry, provoked the Biſhop to complain to the Lord Lieutenant. This Gentleman then offered Mr *Baily*, that if he would conform, he would procure his being made Chaplain to the Duke, and the having a deanry immediately, and a biſhopric upon the firſt vacancy. But he, from a truly noble, diſintereſted ſpirit, diſdaining worldly things, when they ſtood in competition with Chriſt, and the purity of his worſhip, refuſed them all.

Mr *Baily* went on in the exerciſe of his miniſtry, not purſuing any factious deſigns, but endeavouring the real converſion of ſouls to Chriſt and holineſs. And now, though he was ſo blameleſs in his whole converſation, that he was always much beloved wherever he came, yet he ſuffered another long impriſonment, while the Papiſts in the neighbourhood had all manner of liberty and countenance. When he was before the Judges, he ſaid to them,—'If I 'had been drinking, and gaming, and carouſing at 'a tavern with my company, my Lords, I preſume 'that would not have procured my being thus treated 'as an offender. Muſt praying to God, and preaching of Chriſt with a company of Chriſtians, who 'are as peaceable and inoffenſive, and as ſerviceable 'to his Majeſty and the government as any of his 'ſubjects; muſt this be a greater crime?'

The Recorder anſwered,—'We will have you to 'know, it is a greater crime.'

His flock often prayed and faſted for his releaſe, and likewiſe made humble applications for it to the Judges at the aſſizes; but no diſcharge would be granted him, without ſecurity that he ſhould depart the land within a time limited, which was but ſmall.

Not long after, a ſtroke of wrath to the uttermoſt fell upon the city, which had thus perſecuted this faithful Miniſter of God. And that perſon particularly, who had been the chief inſtrument of the per-

ſecution againſt him, was, within a while, on other accounts, himſelf thruſt into priſon; where he cried out with horror of the wrongs he had done to Mr *Baily*, and then, falling diſtracted, died miſerably.

But *New England*, that place of refuge for perſecuted Non-conformiſts, hereupon afforded to Mr *Baily* an opportunity of labouring near fourteen years more in the work which he loved above all things in the world, the work of turning the ſouls of men from darkneſs to light, from Satan to God. In which, for ſome time, his younger, and godly, and ſweet-natured brother, Mr *Thomas Baily*, who went over with him, was his affectionate and beloved aſſiſtant till his (Mr *Thomas Baily*'s) death, which happened on *January* 21, 1689; and on whoſe death Mr *John Baily* made the following note in his diary:—'He died well, 'which is a great word; ſo ſweetly, that I never 'ſaw the like before.'

Mr *John Baily* was a man of great holineſs, and of ſo tender a conſcience, that if he had been at any time but innocently pleaſant in the company of his friends, it coſt him afterwards ſome ſad reflections, through fear that unwarily he had *grieved the Holy Spirit of Chriſt*.

The deſire of this holy man was, as himſelf expreſſed it,—'To get up to patience under the cala-'mities of life, and to earneſt longings for the life to 'come.'

On a certain occaſion he thus expreſſed himſelf:—'O that I might not be of the number of them that 'live without love, ſpeak without feeling, and act 'without life! O that God would make me his 'humble, and upright, and faithful ſervant!'

On receiving ſome valuable preſents, he thus writ in his diary:—'I have my wages quickly. But, O, 'that God may not put me off with a reward here! 'O that God may be my reward!'

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The holy word of God was very dear to him, as it is to every holy man; and as an evidence of his tender attention to it, we have the following paſſage in his diary:—'*January* 11. I finiſhed the reading of 'the Bible in my family as formerly. O 'tis a dear 'book; 'tis always new. At the beginning of every 'chapter 'tis good to ſay,—Lord, open my eyes, 'that I may ſee wonders out of thy law! And when 'we ſhut it up, to ſay,—I have ſeen an end of all 'perfection, but thy law is exceeding broad. O 'how terrible are the threatnings, how precious are 'the promiſes, how ſerious are the precepts, how 'deep are the prophecies of this book!'

In his diary are frequently found ſuch expreſſions as theſe:—'O that I may glorify God with all I am 'and have, even with all the faculties of my ſoul, 'all the members of my body, and in all the capa-'cities and relations I ſtand in, as man, maſter, mi-'niſter, huſband, kinſman, and neighbour. O, I 'ſtand in need of Chriſt both for juſtification and 'ſanctification. When ſhall I ſenſibly find Chriſt 'ſwaying his ſcepter in my ſoul!'

When he removed to a new dwelling, it was his manner to dedicate it to God in prayer. On ſuch a removal he writ the following paſſage in his diary:—'I could not but leave my old houſe with a prayer 'in every room of it for pardoning mercy.'

When one of his children was to be baptized, he thus writ,—'I ſpent ſome time in offering up myſelf 'and my child unto the Lord, and in taking hold of 'the covenant for myſelf and him. It is actually to 'be done to-morrow in baptiſm. I prayed hard this 'day, that I might be able in much faith, and love, 'and new covenant-obedience to do it to-morrow. 'It is not eaſy, though common, to offer a child 'unto God in baptiſm. O that is a ſweet word,—*I 'will be a God to thee, and to thy ſeed after thee.* No

'marvel *Abraham* fell on his face at the hearing 'of it.'

On his parting with the greateſt enjoyment he had in this world, he thus writ in his diary:—'If I can 'but exchange outward comforts for inward graces, 'tis well enough. O for an heart to glorify God in 'the fire!'

On another occaſion he writ thus:—'I did not 'watch my tongue as I ought, which coſt me much 'trouble afterwards, and made me walk heavily. 'Tis a mad thing to ſin.'

On a like occaſion he writ as follows:—'That is 'a ſerious word methinks, in *Epheſians* iv. 30.—I 'have *grieved the Holy Spirit* by my unedifying com-'munication. O that in ſpeaking I might admini-'ſter grace to the hearer! O that honey and milk 'were under my tongue continually!'

After his laſt attendance at the Lord's table, he writ the following paſſages:—'I was encouraged to 'carry my late bad frame to the croſs of Chriſt, and 'to bewail there my late prayerleſneſs and unthank-'fulneſs. Of late it hath troubled me, to think how 'little I have admired Chriſt for bringing me out of 'ſome late plunges of temptation. I now come to 'him for two things, namely, for pardon and for 'double power; power, both to receive him, and 'to ſhew forth his praiſes.'

At one time:—'Being of late in an ill frame, I 'ſpent ſome time in ſeeking the face of Jeſus Chriſt; 'and I did on purpoſe addreſs myſelf to him, who 'is the moſt admirable Saviour. I left myſelf with 'him; my mind, heart, mouth, and eſpecially my 'conſcience. O how many wonders are to be 'wrought in me! I know the loving and wonder-'working Jeſus can do them all.'

December 15, 1691.—'I reſolved, through the 'grace and ſtrength of Jeſus Chriſt, even in the midſt

'of

'of all my ſorrows and ſinkings, deſpairings, and 'diſtractions, to keep as much of this day as I could 'in thankſgiving; which I did, but could not go 'through with it by reaſon of bodily faintings. I 'ſpent five hours ſomewhat comfortably, but after 'that I flagged. I reſolved to do three things: 'Firſt, to ſpend ſome time in praiſing God for his 'excellencies. God was with me, I hope, in that 'part of it; and I ſpent myſelf ſo much therein, 'that I was diſabled for the reſt. To help it for-'ward, God brought to hand Mr *Burroughs of the* '*nature of God:* I bleſs God for it. After that, I 'went to prayer, labouring to exalt God. It was a 'good time. Secondly, After that, I ſet myſelf to 'bleſs God for his benefits and kindneſſes to me. 'But being ſpent, I did not much; only going to 'prayer, I made mention of ſome mercies, ſuch as 'theſe; namely, for Chriſt, his covenant of grace, 'and the promiſes of it; alſo my education, my 'manifold preſervations by land and ſea, eſpecially 'that in *Ipſwich* bay, and in manifold tedious ſick-'neſſes ſince; for the long day of God's patience, 'notwithſtanding many ſins; for my comfortable pro-'viſions all along; for preſerving his great name, 'that I have in nothing openly diſhonoured it; for 'my ſucceſs and acceptance in my work; for my 'dear wife, that I had her ſo long; and that my 'brother and my dear wife died both of them glori-'fying God (they are in heaven, and I am out of 'hell;) that I have hitherto been kept from diſtrac-'tion and deſpair, and kept to my work; that I 'have any friends in this ſtrange land, and any in 'my family to mind me and tend me; that I have 'work here, and opportunity of ſervice; for my ſore 'croſſes and loſſes of late, afflictions, and tempta-'tions; hoping they may work for good. Thirdly, 'I conclude all with a chearful acceptance of Chriſt, 'and devoting myſelf to his ſervice; to do for him,

'that

'that had done all this for me, ſaying,—If God 'would help me to ſtudy, he ſhould have all the 'glory of it.' Thus did he walk with God.

Concerning his temptations and ſore conflicts, he thus writes:—'I was almoſt in the ſuburbs of hell 'all day; a meer *Magor Miſſabib*. I ſaw death and 'ſin full of terror. I thought I never ſaw the glory 'of God. Ah, what a matchleſs wretch am I! O 'that I could love above all things, and ſeek the 'glory of God, and live contentedly on him alone! 'O that I could ſee the blood of Chriſt on my ſoul, 'and at the bottom of my profeſſion! O for a view 'of the myſtery and majeſty of the grace and love of 'Jeſus Chriſt, ſo as that all other excellencies might 'fall down before it!'

At another time:—'I am in a woful frame; far 'from ſaying with Dr *Avery*,—Here I lie, not know-'ing what God will do with me. But though I thus 'lie, God doth not terrify me, either with my ſin, 'or with my death, or with myſelf.'

At another time:—'If God ſhould yet ſave my 'ſoul, and his work in my hand, it would be ama-'zing. There is a may-be. If theſe inward trou-'bles hold, I ſhall be forced to lay down my work. 'O Lord, ſtep in for my relief. O the worth of the 'ſenſe of God's love in Chriſt!'

At another time,—'I am oppreſſed to death, and 'filled with the angry arrows of God. It ariſeth not 'at preſent from any particular cauſe, but the ſenſe 'of my woful eſtate in general. O that the iſſue may 'yet be peace; and that I may not fetch comfort to 'myſelf, but by faith in Jeſus Chriſt!'

At another time:—'O that Jeſus Chriſt would 'undertake for me! If God marvelouſly prevent not, 'I ſhall lay down my work. O Lord appear! O 'for one ſaving ſight of the love and lovelineſs of 'Jeſus Chriſt! I wiſh I could ſay as my dear Tutor 'Dr *Harriſon* ſaid, whoſe words were,—That he

'could

'could not live a day without a freſh manifeſtation of 'God to his ſoul!'

At another time:—'I was now ſupported by the 'thoughts of a precious Jeſus. I ſhould for ever 'ſink but for him. When I look backward or for-'ward, upward or downward, I ſink, I die; but 'when I look at the ſweet Jeſus, I live. I may re-'ſolve with Dr *Preſton* (O that I could!) and ſay,— 'I have often tried God, and now I'll truſt him. 'Tis 'a good reſolution: Lord help me to it!'

At another time:—'I would gladly think that God 'is my father. And if he is ſo, O what glory is due 'to the riches of free grace! O how glorious is that 'grace; and how will it ſhine through all eternity! 'If I ſhall ſee myſelf ſafe at laſt, I muſt for ever cry 'out,—I am wonderfully ſaved.'

In his diary, a little before his end, he wrote thus: —'I do more ſee into the great myſtery of our juſti-'fication by faith, meerly of grace. There is no 'reſpect in it to this or that; but Jeſus Chriſt hav-'ing wrought out a redemption for us, and by his 'active and paſſive obedience procured a ſufficient 'righteouſneſs, and made a tender of it in the goſpel, 'it becomes mine by my acceptance of it, and rely-'ing on it alone for ſalvation. And ſhall I refuſe it? 'God forbid. I ſee there are two things wherein I 'cannot eaſily exceed, namely, in aſcribing to the 'grace of God, the freeneſs and riches of it, man's 'ſalvation; and in aſcribing to the righteouſneſs of 'Chriſt man's juſtification.'

He much repleniſhed his diaries with ſuch a remark as this:—'I have heard a good word to day.' Thus at one time:—'I heard a very good word,—*Are ye* '*not carnal?* Ah, Lord, I am carnal. The Lord 'give me his Spirit to make me ſpiritual! I was in 'many things juſtly reproved. Let me take it, and 'be wrought into the likeneſs of this good word.'

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At another time :—'To day I heard a moſt pre-
'cious word, with which I was much edified and re-
'freſhed; namely, *Chriſt is all.* O that I might
'never forget it! O that it might be written upon
'the table of my heart! Let my ſoul feed upon it
'for ever. It was very ſeaſonable. Though it was
'a day intolerably cold, yet it heartily warmed me.
'I need Chriſt: O that I could get him and keep
'him for ever! I would make him my all, and
'count him my all. I need a whole Chriſt. O that
'I may prize a whole Chriſt, and improve a whole
'Chriſt! I have of late thought that this may be
'one evidence of my right to glory, that Chriſt is
'more precious to me than ever.'

His laſt words were (ſpeaking of Chriſt:)—'O
'what ſhall I ſay? He is altogether lovely. O, all
'our praiſes of him are poor and low things!' And then added,—'His glorious Angels are come for
'me!' Upon the ſaying of this, he cloſed his own eyes on the Lord's day, about three in the afternoon, *October* 16, 1697.

CVIII. Mr WILLIAM BURKITT.

HE was the ſon of Mr *Miles Burkitt*, and born *July* 25, 1650, at *Hitcham* in *Suffolk*.

At *Cambridge* he had the ſmall pox, which proved an happy correction, as it iſſued in his real converſion; concerning which he thus writ in his diary:—
'While I continued at ſchool in *Cambridge*, it pleaſed
'God to viſit me with the ſmall pox; but very fa-
'vourably, and, as I hope, in great mercy: Laying
'the foundation of my ſpiritual health in that ſick-
'neſs; and working, as I hope, a prevailing thorough
'change in the very frame and diſpoſition of my ſoul.
'May my ſoul, and all within me, bleſs thy name,
'O Lord,

'O Lord, that this ſickneſs hath, by the bleſſing of 'thy Holy Spirit, opened my blind eyes; ſickneſs, 'which hath ſhut and cloſed the eyes of ſo many in 'death and darkneſs. O happy ſickneſs, that ends 'in the ſoul's recovery!'

He entered on the miniſtry early, and was ordained by biſhop *Reynolds*. He was firſt ſettled at *Milden* in *Suffolk*, and in 1692 he removed to *Dedham* in *Eſſex*. Theſe were the ſtages of his pilgrimage. He is juſtly famous for his uſeful *Expoſition on the New Teſtament* in folio, which hath had many editions, and is much eſteemed.

In his laſt ſickneſs God ſo ſhone upon him, that no fear diſturbed him, and his hope flouriſhed. The Spirit of God witneſſed with his ſpirit his adoption, and he went with full ſail to heaven, as one of his much-valued friends, a witneſs of it, expreſſed it; to whom, in this ſickneſs, ſpeaking of the high pleaſures of the Lord's Supper, in which they had often joined, and calling the wine in the ſupper the wine of the kingdom, he ſaid,—'But what will it be 'to drink the wine of the kingdom in the kingdom!'

He had lived in the comfortable hopes of God's love to his ſoul, and his title to glory, for ſeveral years. While he lay on his death-bed, there was a ſweet calmneſs and ſerenity upon his ſpirit; and he often expreſſed his glorious hope. The following are his words to his dear friend Mr *Parkhurſt*, on his taking a ſolemn leave of him:—'I ſhall leave you; 'but may the preſence of Father, Son, and Holy 'Ghoſt, be with you. May the preſence of the 'whole Trinity be with you. I hope to ſee you 'again with joy at the reſurrection of the juſt.' Adding,—'What you have ſeen in me that is good and 'imitable, follow; but what you have obſerved that 'is not ſo, let not your affection and love to me ſway 'you to do it.'

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When his friends about him bewailed the great loſs, which they feared was coming upon them by his departure, he deſired them not to be too much concerned for him ;—'*For to me*, ſaid he, *to live is Chriſt, and* '*to die is gain*,' Adding,—'That God would pro-'vide for them.'

Being told by ſeveral perſons who viſited him in his laſt ſickneſs, that, under God, he had been the inſtrument of their converſion, it put him into an extaſy of joy.

His patience through all that time of ſuffering was very exemplary. He ſaid,—'That God made his 'ſick bed eaſy to him ; and that as he had preached 'patience, and writ of patience, he was bound to 'practiſe patience.'

A little before he expired, he prayed in theſe words,—'Come, Lord Jeſus, make a ſhort work 'of it!'

He died on the Lord's day morning, *October* 24, 1703, Aged 53.

See a large account of this truly exemplary life, by N. Parkhurſt, *M. A. and Vicar of* Yoxford in Suffolk.

CIX. Dr PHILIP JAMES SPENER.

ABout a fortnight before his death, when he entered upon his ſeventy firſt year, he ſuppoſed the Lord would be pleaſed to make the day he was born into this world, the day of his departure into the other. When the clock ſtruck five in the afternoon, being the hour of his birth, with a loud voice he praiſed the Lord for all the favours conferred on him ; at the ſame time ſhedding abundance of tears, and making a moſt tender confeſſion of all his ſins, the pardon whereof he moſt earneſtly implored.

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'That which moſt affected me, ſays my author, 'was to hear him expreſs how unprofitable a ſervant he had been, and how ſmall a part of his life 'he had conſecrated to the ſervice of God. This 'made by ſo much a deeper impreſſion upon my 'heart, by how much the better I knew how willingly 'he offered up himſelf as a daily ſacrifice to be ſpent 'in doing the will of God.'

Some days before his death, he gave order that nothing of black ſhould be in his coffin;—'For, 'ſaid he, I have been a ſorrowful man theſe many 'years, lamenting the deplorable ſtate of Chriſt's 'church militant here on earth; but now, being 'upon the point of retiring into the church triumphant in heaven, I will not have the leaſt mark of 'ſorrow left upon me; but my body ſhall be wrapped 'up all over in white, for a teſtimony that I die in 'expectation of a better, and more glorious ſtate of 'Chriſt's church to come, even upon earth,'

The day before he died, he cauſed the ſeventeenth chapter of St *John*'s goſpel to be read to him three times together, it being one of his favourite chapters. On the ſame day he ſpoke much of *Simeon*'s departure; and though weak and low, he did not forbear to bleſs all thoſe that came to ſee him. Towards evening he fell into a ſweet ſlumber, which continued for the moſt part till next morning, the 5th of *February*, 1705. When he awoke, he ſaluted thoſe that were about him; after which, at his own requeſt, he was ſet up in a chair; but in a little while, as they were endeavouring to put him into his bed again, the thread of his life ſnapt aſunder, and he ſuddenly expired in the arms of his lady. His funeral text was, *Romans* viii. 10.

He left a numberleſs ſpiritual offspring behind him, amongſt whom his name is as fragrant ointment.

See Profeſſor Frank's Pietas Hallenſis, *Page* 235.

CX. Mr JOHN HOWE.

HE was born at *Loughborough* in *Leiceſterſhire*, *May* 17, 1630. His father was appointed to the ſpiritual charge of that pariſh by archbiſhop *Laud*, who afterwards diveſted him of it for ſiding with the puritans.

Mr *Howe*'s firſt ſettlement in the miniſtry of the goſpel was at *Great Torrington* in *Devonſhire*, where his labours were bleſſed with great ſucceſs. From *Torrington* he was removed in the following remarkable manner: Being, during *Cromwel*'s government, in *London*, and once out of curioſity attending as a hearer at the chapel at *Whitehall*; *Cromwel*, who was then there, and generally had his eyes every where about him, ſpied out Mr *Howe*, and knowing him by his garb to be a country miniſter, and thinking he diſcerned ſomething more than ordinary in his countenance, ſent a perſon to him to let him know that he deſired to ſpeak with him when the ſervice was over. Mr *Howe* preſenting himſelf accordingly, *Cromwel* deſired he would preach before him the Lord's day following. Mr *Howe*, ſurpriſed with ſo unexpected a motion, modeſtly deſired to be excuſed: But *Cromwel* told him, it was in vain to deſire it, for he would take no denial. Mr *Howe* pleaded,—'That 'having diſpatched what buſineſs he had in town, 'he was obliged to haſten homeward, as he could 'not be longer abſent without inconvenience.' *Cromwel* aſked him,—'What damage he was like to ſuſtain 'by tarrying a little longer?' Mr *Howe* replied,—'That his people, who were very kind to him, 'would be uneaſy; and think he neglected them, 'and ſlighted their reſpect.' Whereupon *Cromwel* promiſed to write to them himſelf, and to ſend down one

one to ſupply his place; and actually did ſo: And Mr *Howe* ſtaid and preached as he was deſired. And when he had preached three times, *Oliver*, admitting of no excuſe, appointed him his houſhold Chaplain; telling him,—'He would take care his place ſhould 'be ſupplied at *Torrington* to the full ſatisfaction of 'the people.' And thus Mr *Howe*, with great reluctance on his own ſide, calling up his family from *Torrington*, was ſettled at *Whitehall*.

When *Oliver* died, and his ſon *Richard* ſucceeded him as Protector, Mr *Howe* continued houſhold Chaplain, and held that capacity under *Richard* till the return of King *Charles* II; and then Mr *Howe* returned to his people at *Torrington*, but was followed by trouble and perſecution, till the act of uniformity in 1662; with the terms of which Mr *Howe* being diſſatisfied, he quitted his ſtation for Non-conformity, but continued for ſome time in *Devonſhire*, preaching in private houſes among his friends and acquaintance as he had opportunity.

In 1671, he went, on earneſt invitation by a perſon of quality, into *Ireland*; where he was treated with great reſpect, and made very uſeful by his miniſtry for five years; at the end of which time he returned to *London*, and made a peaceable uſe of King *Charles*'s indulgence, preaching to a conſiderable and judicious auditory. But on the clouds gathering again very thick over the heads of the Diſſenters, many ſevere proſecutions being ſet on foot againſt them, he accepted of an invitation from lord *Wharton* to accompany him in his travels: In the courſe of which, Mr *Howe* had the ſatisfaction of converſing freely, not only with a number of learned Papiſts, but likewiſe ſeveral Proteſtant Divines, both *Lutherans* and *Calviniſts*. And not having any encouragement from the poſture of affairs to return home, he at length, in the year 1686, ſettled at *Utrecht*; where he met with Mr *Matthew Mead*,

Mr *Woodcock*, and Mr *Croſs*, and took his turn with them of preaching at the *Engliſh* church in that city. And there, during their reſidence together, they kept frequent days of ſolemn united prayer, on account of the threatning ſtate of affairs in their native country.

While Mr *Howe* continued in *Holland*, the late King *William*, of glorious and immortal memory, then Prince of *Orange*, did him the honour to admit him ſeveral times into his preſence, and to diſcourſe very freely with him, and ever after retained a particular reſpect for him.—'I well remember alſo, ſays 'Dr *Calamy*, that he (Mr *Howe*) himſelf once in-'formed me of ſome very private converſation he 'had with that Prince, upon his ſending for him not 'long before his death. Among other things, the 'King then aſked him a great many queſtions about 'his old maſter *Oliver*, as he called him; and ſeemed 'not a little pleaſed with the anſwers that were re-'turned to ſome of his queſtions.'

In 1687, King *James* II. having publiſhed his declaration for liberty of conſcience, and Mr *Howe*'s flock in *London* on that occaſion preſſing earneſtly for his return to them according to his promiſe, he readily complied, and from that time continued in great uſefulneſs till he died.

He had been declining in his health for ſome time, when being at the Lord's table, he was tranſported in ſpirit with ſuch a view of the love of Chriſt, that both he himſelf, and they who communicated with him, were apprehenſive of his expiring in the very ſolemnity.

He was ſometimes very pleaſant in his laſt illneſs, converſing freely with ſuch as viſited him; and they were many of all ranks. Among them, *Richard Cromwel*, who was then old, and had lived many years retired from the world, hearing that he was going off the ſtage, made him a reſpectful viſit; and

there

there was a great deal of ſerious diſcourſe between them.—'Tears were freely ſhed on both ſides, and 'the parting was very ſolemn, as I have been in-'formed, ſays Dr *Calamy*, by one that was preſent 'on the Occaſion.'

Having been very bad one evening, and being by the next morning unexpectedly recruited, he was viſibly chearful; which being taken notice of by thoſe that were about him, he ſaid,—'He was for feeling 'that he was alive, and yet was moſt willing to die, 'and lay that clog (as he called his body) aſide.

Of his entire willingneſs to die, there is farther proof, as he once told his wife,—'That though he 'loved her as well as it was fit for one creature to 'love another; yet if it were put to his choice, whe-'ther to die that moment, or to live that night, and 'the living that night would ſecure the continuance 'of his life for ſeven years to come, he declared he 'would chooſe to die that moment.' Being at laſt quite worn out, he finiſhed his courſe with joy, *April* 2, 1705, Aged 75.

He was interred in the church of *Allhallows Bread-ſtreet*, and his funeral ſermon was preached by Mr *John Spademan*, from 2 *Tim.* iii. 14.

The following is a copy of the precious and celebrated memoir which Mr *Howe* writ, and left on a ſpare leaf in his Bible.

December 26, 1689.—'After that I had long, ſe-'rioufly, and repeatedly thought with myſelf, that 'beſides a full and undoubted aſſent to the objects of 'faith, a vivifying ſavoury taſte and reliſh of them 'was alſo neceſſary; that with ſtronger force, and 'more powerful energy, they might penetrate into 'the moſt inward center of my heart, and there be-'ing moſt deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life; 'and that there could be no other ſure ground where-'on to conclude and paſs a ſound judgment on my 'good eſtate God-ward: And after I had, in my

'courſe of preaching, been largely inſiſting on 2 *Cor.* 'i. 12.—*This is my rejoicing, the teſtimony of a good* 'conſcience, &c. this very morning I awoke out of a 'moſt raviſhing and delightful dream, that a won- 'derful and copious ſtream of celeſtial rays, from 'the lofty throne of the divine Majeſty, did ſeem to 'dart into my open and expanded breaſt. I have 'often ſince, with great complacency, reflected on 'that very ſignal pledge of ſpecial divine favour 'vouchſafed to me on that noted memorable day, 'and have, with repeated freſh pleaſure, taſted the 'delights thereof. But what of the ſame kind I ſen- 'ſibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my 'God, and the moſt pleaſant comforting influence 'of the Holy Spirit, on *October* 22, 1704, far ſur- 'paſſed the moſt expreſſive words my thoughts can 'ſuggeſt. I then experienced an inexpreſſibly plea- 'ſant melting of heart, tears guſhing out of my eyes 'for joy that God ſhould ſhed abroad his love abun- 'dantly through the hearts of men; and that, for 'this very purpoſe, my own ſhould be ſo ſignally 'poſſeſſed of and by his bleſſed Spirit, *Romans* v. 5.'

His laſt will and teſtament opens in the following manner:—'I, *John Howe*, Miniſter of the goſpel of 'Chriſt, in ſerious conſideration (through God's 'mercy in preſent health) of my frail and mortal 'ſtate, and chearfully waiting, bleſſed be God, for 'a ſeaſonable unfeared diſſolution of this my earthly 'tabernacle, and tranſlation of the inhabiting ſpirit 'into the merciful hands of the great God, Creator, 'Lord of heaven and earth, whom I have taken to 'be my God, in and with his only begotten Son Je- 'ſus Chriſt, who is alſo over all, *God, bleſſed for* '*ever*; and my dear and glorious Redeemer and 'Lord, with and by the Holy Spirit of Grace, my 'light, life, and joy; relying intirely and alone 'upon the free and rich mercy of the Father, vouch- 'ſafed on the account of the moſt invaluable ſacrifice

'and

'and perfect righteouſneſs of the Son, applied unto 'me, according to the goſpel covenant, by the Spi-'rit, for the pardon of the many ſeriouſly repented 'ſins of a very faulty fruitleſs life, and the accept-'ance of my perſon, with my ſincere though weak 'deſires and endeavours to do him ſervice in this 'world; eſpecially as my calling, wherewith he 'graciouſly honoured me, did more particularly re-'quire, in promoting the welfare and ſalvation of the 'precious ſouls of men, *&c.*'

See Memoirs of the Life of Mr John Howe, *by Dr* Edmund Calamy.

CXI. Mr THOMAS HALYBURTON,

Some time Profeſſor of Divinity in the Univerſity of St *Andrews*.

HE was born at *Duplin* in the pariſh of *Aberdalgy*, near *Perth*, *December* 25, 1674. His father had been Miniſter of that pariſh, but was, in the year 1662, ejected, with about three hundred Miniſters more, for refuſing ſubmiſſion to epiſcopal government.

In the year 1682 his father died; ſoon after which, his mother, with her ſon-in-law and his wife, withdrawing on account of the epiſcopal perſecution to *Holland*, ſhe took him along with her, and put him to *Eraſmus*'s ſchool. They continued in *Holland* till *Auguſt* 1687, when they returned to *Scotland*, narrowly eſcaping ſhipwreck.

On his return he was again put to ſchool; from whence, in due time, he was ſent to the univerſity; where having finiſhed his ſtudies, he was received as Chaplain into a noble family. In the year 1699 he was licenſed to preach, and was appointed, the year after, Miniſter of the pariſh of *Ceres*; in which pariſh

he has lived but a few years, when his health fell under ſo great an impairment, that he was hardly able to go through his miniſterial work.

In the year 1710 he was appointed, by patent from Queen *Anne*, Profeſſor of Divinity in the new college of St *Andrews*; and on *September* 23, 1712, at ſeven in the morning, he fell aſleep in the Lord, *and him will the Lord bring with him.* The following is an account of ſome of his laſt words.

On *Wedneſday*, *September* 17, 1712, a friend being come in the morning to ſee him, and having aſked him how he had paſſed the night? He anſwered,—'Not well. I was laſt night ſorely toſſed with the 'thoughts of eternity; but I dare not ſay they were 'diſtracting. My evidences are indeed much clouded. 'I have been thinking on the *Terribilia Dei* (the ter-'rible things of God) and all that is difficult in death 'to a ſaint. All my enemies have been about me. 'I have had a great conflict, and faith had like to 'have failed. O that I may be kept in this laſt trial, 'now coming on, from being an offence to God's 'people.'

In the afternoon, ſome of his brethren in the miniſtry being come to ſee him, he ſaid to them,—'I 'am young, and have but little experience; but 'this death-bed makes me old: And therefore I uſe 'the freedom to exhort you to faithfulneſs in the 'Lord's work. You will never repent it. He is 'a good Maſter. I have always found him ſo; and 'if I had a thouſand lives, I ſhould think them all too 'little to employ in his ſervice.' All that day, as he had likewiſe been for ſome days before, he was in darkneſs and deſertion.

On *September* 18, being aſked by a friend in the morning how he did? He replied,—'O what a 'terrible conflict had I yeſterday! But I can now 'ſay,—*I have fought the good fight, I have kept the 'faith.* He hath now filled my mouth with a new

'ſong,

'ſong, *Jehovah-jireh, in the mount of the Lord it ſhall* 'be ſeen. *Praiſe is comely for the upright.* I ſhall 'ſhortly get a different ſight of God from what I 'have ever had, and ſhall be more meet to praiſe 'him for ever. O the thoughts of an incarnate God 'are ſweet and raviſhing! And O how I wonder at 'myſelf that I do not love him more, that I do not 'admire him more! What a wonder that I enjoy 'ſuch compoſure under all my bodily pain, and in 'the view of death! What a mercy, that having 'the uſe of my reaſon I can declare his goodneſs to 'me!'

On this occaſion he ſaid to his wife,—'He came 'to me in *the third watch of the night, walking upon* 'the waters; and ſaid to me,—*I am Alpha and* 'Omega, *the Beginning and the End. I was dead, and* 'am alive, *and live for evermore, and have the keys of* 'hell and of death. He hath ſtilled the tempeſt, and 'there is a ſweet calm in my ſoul.'

Being attended by the Phyſician, he ſaid to him, —'The greateſt kindneſs I am now able to ſhew 'you, is to commend religion to you. There is, 'Doctor, a reality in religion. This is an age that 'hath loſt the ſenſe of it. But *he hath not ſaid to the* 'ſeed of Jacob, *Seek ye my face in vain.* I bleſs the 'Lord, I have ſeen that holineſs yields peace and 'comfort in proſperity and adverſity: Therefore *I* 'am not aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt, *becauſe it is* 'the power of God unto ſalvation to every one that be-'lieveth. I am ſo far from altering my thoughts of 'religion on account of the oppoſition it meets with, 'and the contempt with which it is treated, that 'theſe things indear it the more to me. For the 'ſimplicity of goſpel worſhip, many muſt have 'now-a-days the pomp and parade of devotion. This 'is an evidence of the decay of religion: For when 'people have not the power and ſpirituality of it in 'their hearts, they muſt have ſomething to pleaſe

'their ſenſes. This is my judgment, and I ſpeak 'the words of *truth and ſoberneſs*: Every one *that is* '*in Chriſt Jeſus is a new creature.* He hath union 'with Chriſt, and a new nature. This is the ground-'work of the matter. The Chriſtian religion is little 'underſtood by moſt of us.

'Get acquaintance with God. 'Tis good to have 'him to go to, when we are turning our faces to the 'wall. *He is known for a refuge in the palaces of Sion,* 'a very preſent help in trouble. But, O, the ſtrange 'hardneſs in the heart of man! I believe there are 'few who are come to maturity, but when they ſee 'others dying, fall under a conviction that they 'themſelves muſt die; but they are not duly affected 'with it. What they ſee is like one riſing from the 'dead. *They have Moſes and the Prophets; if they* 'hear not them, neither will they be perſuaded though 'one roſe from the dead. We muſt have an ear from 'God before we can hear.'

On that day he had, at his own deſire, one of Mr *Rutherford*'s letters read to him. Whereupon, addreſſing himſelf to thoſe about him, he ſaid,—'That is a book I would commend to you all. There 'is more practical religion in that letter (the 139th 'to Mr *John Mein*) than in ſome large volumes on 'the ſubject.'

One of his brethren in the miniſtry having reminded him of the Lord's goodneſs to Principal *Anderſon*, in taking him away before the heart-breaking providences came on, which had taken place ſince his death; he replied,—'I know that things will have a 'good iſſue. The cauſe that is now down will not 'abide down. I have ſaid it, and will ſtand to it, 'and venture my ſoul on it: *Say to Sion, Thy God* 'reigneth. Kings and their Miniſters, who for the 'ſupport of their ſtates build and fortify on the ruins 'of *Sion*, ſhall together with all their works, be 'ruined and periſh; and their memorial ſhall periſh

'with

'with them. I will tell you, brother, what I have 'long thought. I am no Prophet. I pretend to 'know nothing more than what appears from the 'word of God. My judgment on the taking off the 'ſervants of God at this time is, that there is no 'ſtop to be put to the torrent; and that 'tis probable 'it will overflow, not only this, but all the reformed 'churches.'

Being attended by the Apothecary, a young man, he ſaid to him,—'The Lord ſhew you mercy. 'Study religion in your younger years; and remem-'ber, that you will, on a death-bed, have no comfort 'without it. And I ſolemnly warn you, that if you 'ſhall become hardened by the frequent ſight of 'perſons in my circumſtances, you will be in danger 'of loſing all ſenſibility of conſcience, and of being 'hardened for ever.'

To three of his brethren in the miniſtry, he ſaid,—'When I have been diligent in ſtudy and medi-'tation, I have ever found the Lord ſhining upon me, 'and teſtifying his approbation. There is nothing 'to be had with a ſlack hand. It was the delight of 'my heart to preach the goſpel, inſomuch that it 'made me ſometimes neglect a frail body. I have 'ever thought, that if I could contribute to the ſaving 'of a ſoul, it would be a ſtar, a crown, and a glorious 'crown. I know that this was the thing I aimed at. 'I deſired to decreaſe, that the Bridegroom might 'increaſe; and to be nothing, that he might be all; 'and I rejoice in his highneſs. I was fond enough 'of books; but I muſt tell you, that in the courſe 'of my miniſtry, what the Lord let me ſee of my bad 'heart, and of what was neceſſary againſt it, was of 'more avail than all my books.'

Afterwards, to two other Miniſters he ſaid,—'The work of the miniſtry was my deliberate choice. 'And were my days to be much lengthened, and the 'times at hand as troubleſome as they are like to be,

'I would

'I would rather be a contemned Miniſter of God 'than the greateſt Prince on earth. I preached the 'goſpel with pleaſure; for I loved it, as the ſalvation 'of my own ſoul was upon it; and I have not changed 'my thoughts of it ſince. I exhort you to be very 'diligent. There may be hard conflicts.' We are 'all good untried. But we have need to watch and 'be ſober, and to have on us continually *the whole 'armour of God.*'

To a certain Gentleman who was on a viſit to him, he ſaid,—'Follow the example of Jeſus Chriſt, and 'be converſant with the word of God. Be careful 'not only to read the word (you may ſoon be tired 'of that) but likewiſe to pray for the Spirit of the 'Lord to quicken it. For when this ſhall be granted, 'you will purſue the word as the child does the 'breaſt, who cannot live without it. And, withal, 'be diligent in your attendance on ordinances.'

On the ſame day, he ſaid to another perſon,—'Let not the ſcorn and contempt which are thrown 'on religion, induce you to give it up. You have 'found it not in vain to ſeek the Lord. The ſcrip-'tures of truth are writings contemned of men, but 'they *are able to make you wiſe to ſalvation.* You 'will find your account in converſing with them. 'The courſe I have weakly followed hath been at 'leaſt to ſide with them that are for God: And now 'tis come to a puſh, I have peace. I have always 'wiſhed to have God for my God, and to have the '*heritage of his choſen.* And I have heard ſome of 'them, who have walked contrary to him, and for-'ſaken him, when they were brought to extremities 'cry out, each for himſelf,—Shame on the way in 'which I have run.'

The next night, finding ſome ſweat on his face, he ſaid,—'I fancy it is an indication of a greater 'change. But I know not how it comes to paſs, 'that one who hath met with ſo much of God as I 'have,

'have, ſhould be ſo diſingenuous as in the leaſt to 'doubt him for what is to follow. O what an evil 'heart of unbelief, curſed unbelief, have I; O how 'much hath God honoured me! O that I ſhould 'yet have ſuch an enemy in my boſom as an evil 'heart!'

The ſame night, after the reading to him, at his own deſire, of ſome comforting paſſages in the word of God, he ſaid,—'Now there it is all. I was under 'an heavy damp, but God hath delivered me, and 'filled me with peace. And I hope he will deliver 'me, even from that which I have feared in death. 'I hope the God of peace will ſo bruiſe Satan under 'my feet ſhortly, as that he ſhall get up no more; 'and give me the victory over a cunning world and 'a deceitful heart. O many a weary day I have had 'with my unbelief.'

On *September* 19, in the morning, being deſired to lie ſtill, and try if he could not ſleep, he replied, —'Should not I employ the laſt remains of my 'ſtrength to ſet forth his glory?' Then, lifting up his hands, he ſaid,—'Lame hands, and lame legs; '(his hands and legs being greatly ſwelled) but ſee a 'lame man leaping and rejoicing.'

Finding himſelf, before noon, very weak, he took leave of his wife and children, ſaluting and ſpeaking particularly to each. His words on this occaſion to his wife were, —'A kind and affectionate wife 'you have been. The Lord bleſs you; and he will 'bleſs you.'

After this, having his ſervants called together, he ſaid to them,—'My dear friends, make religion your 'main buſineſs, and mind that above all things. I 'charge you all, beware of graceleſs maſters, and 'endeavour to live with thoſe that fear God.'

He then ſaid,—'Here is a demonſtration of the 'reality and power of faith and godlineſs. I, a poor 'weak, and timorous man, once as much afraid of

'death

'death as any one; I, who was many years under 'the terrors of death, come, in the mercy of God, 'and by the power of his grace, compoſedly and 'with joy to look death in the face. I have ſeen it 'in its paleneſs, and all the circumſtances of horror 'that attend it. I dare look it in the face in its moſt 'ghaſtly ſhape, and hope to have, in a little time, 'the victory over it.'

Some Miniſters being come to ſee him, he ſaid to them among other things,—'Well, Sirs, what ſhall 'we ſay of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? He is altogether 'lovely. O ſtudy the word. Obſerve the accom-'pliſhment of it. 'Tis the thing I have loved all 'my days, and it is ſweet to the laſt.'

Afterwards, exhorting ſome to think of death, he ſaid,—'To think of death is a profitable thing. But 'this is not done by going into churchyards, and 'viſiting tombs; but by getting under the impreſſions 'of death in its firſt appearance and cauſe, and in its 'different iſſues and conſequences, with a view to 'both covenants; that of works, by which it was 'brought into the world, and that of grace, by which 'believers are delivered from it.'

Soon after, at his own deſire, a large writing was read over, which he had dictated ſome days before, and which contained his ſolemn declaration and teſtimony in defence of the faith of the goſpel, together with advice to his family. This being done, he declared that he had dictated the whole, and deſired all who were preſent to remember and atteſt it. This being by far too long to inſert here, I muſt refer the reader to the memoirs of his life.

Afterwards, among other things, he ſaid,—'I 'know that a great deal of what is ſaid by a dying 'man will paſs for canting and roving: But I bleſs 'God, he hath ſo preſerved the little judgment I 'had, that I have been able to reflect with compo-'ſure on his dealings with me. I am ſober and 'compoſed,

'composed, if ever I was sober. And *whether men* 'will forbear, or whether they will hear, this is a te-'stimony.

'Am not I a man wonderfully upheld of God un-'der affliction and death? The death of the saints 'is made a derision in our day. But if I am laughed 'at, I can laugh again; and I think I have most 'reason. When such people shall come to my pass, 'they will not dare to laugh. *I will rejoice in my* 'God, and joy in the God of my salvation. I want 'death to complete my happiness.

'O what a care hath God of me! He is hiding 'me from the evil to come. I pity, I pity you that 'stay behind. I am no Prophet. I do not pretend 'to prophesy: But I am persuaded a storm is com-'ing on the church. But the day must break: And 'I hope, I hope the Lord will arise, and the church 'be made a wonder.'

September 20. Among many other heavenly and very affecting things, spoken in the like spirit of faith and joy with those already inserted here, he said to those about him,—'You will meet with difficulties 'and discouragements; but this may encourage you, 'that God owns his servants: And now I find, that 'he meets them who rejoice and work righteousness: 'Glory, glory to him. O what of God do I see! I 'have never seen any thing like it. The beginning 'and end, Sirs, of religion are wonderfully sweet. '*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright*, &c. 'Not that I call myself perfect: The Lord knows I 'am far from it. I have found corruption stirring 'since you came in this morning.' After which, a friend having said to him,—'The Lord's dealing 'with you hath been very uncommon:' He replied, —'Uncommon indeed, if you knew all that I know. 'But in this is the glory of the Lord, that he makes 'the weak strong; and so the excellency of the power 'is more plainly seen.'

Afterwards,

Afterwards,—'I long for his ſalvation. I bleſs 'his name, I have found him. I am taken up in 'bleſſing him. I am dying rejoicing in the Lord.'

September 21, being the Lord's day, he ſaid,—'Shall I forget *Zion?* Nay, *let my right-hand forget* 'her cunning, *if I prefer not Jeruſalem above my chief* 'joy. O, to have God returning to this church, 'and his work going forward in the world! If all 'the drops of my blood, all the particles of my 'body, and all the hairs of my head were men, they 'ſhould for this go all to the fire.

'O, Sirs, I could not have believed that I ſhould 'bear, and bear chearfully as I have done, this rod 'which hath laid on me ſo long. This is a miracle: 'Pain without pain. And this is not the fancy of a 'man diſordered, but of one who is fully compoſed. 'O bleſſed be God that ever I was born. I have a 'father and a mother, and ten brethren and ſiſters in 'heaven, and I ſhall be the eleventh. O bleſſed be 'the day that ever I was born! O that I were where 'he is! And yet, were God to withdraw from me, 'I ſhould be as weak as water. All that I enjoy, 'though it be miracle on miracle, would not ſup-'port me without freſh ſupplies from God. The 'thing I rejoice in is, that God is altogether full; 'and that in the Mediator Chriſt Jeſus is *all the ful-'neſs of the Godhead*, and it will never run out.'

September 22. He ſaid, among other things,—'I 'awoke in a ſort of carnal frame, and thought I had 'loſt my jewel; but now I hope he will ſtand by me 'to the end. If ever I was of clear judgment and 'memory in my life, it hath been ſince he laid his 'hand on me. What ſhall I render to him? My 'bones are tearing through my ſkin, and yet all my 'bones are praiſing him. Glory to God, that a vile 'worm, the chief of ſinners, is ſingled out to be a 'monument of his grace and a trumpeter of his 'praiſe. I liſtened to unbelief ſince I came to this

'bed,

'bed, and it had almoſt killed me; but God re-
'buked me. I ſought the victory by prayer, and
'God gave it me. He is the hearer of prayer.'

After ſtruggling with a deſluxion in his throat, he ſaid,—'The Lord hath ſent another meſſenger for 'me to haſten me home.' And ſome perſons preſent fixing their eyes on him with looks expreſſive of a wonderful attention, he ſaid to them,—'Why look 'you ſo ſtedfaſtly on me, as if by my might and power 'I were as I am? *Not I, but the grace of God in me.* 'Tis the Spirit of God that ſupports me.'

Afterwards he ſaid,—'What cannot grace do? 'You ſee a man dying a monument of the glorious 'power of aſtoniſhing grace; and generations to 'come ſhall call me bleſſed. Follow my advice. 'Study the power of religion. 'Tis the power of 'religion, and not a name, that will give the com-'fort I find. There is telling in this providence, 'and I ſhall be telling it to eternity. If there be 'ſuch a glory in his conduct towards me now, what 'will it be to ſee the Lamb in the midſt of the throne! 'The Lamb that was ſlain in the midſt of the throne! 'My peace hath been like a river.'

To ſome of his brethren in the miniſtry he ſaid,—'What a demonſtration hath God given to you and 'myſelf of the immortality of the ſoul by the vigour 'of my intellectuals, and the lively efforts of my 'ſpirit towards God, and the things of God, now 'when my body is ſo low and ſo pained.'

At night he became very weak, and after a ſore ſtruggle ſaw *Ebenezer*. Some time after which he ſaid,—'When I ſhall be ſo weakened as not to be 'able to ſpeak, I will give you, if I can, a ſign of 'triumph when I am near to glory.'

A good while after, having made ſome efforts to vomit, he ſaid,—'I am effectually choked:' And lifting up his eyes, ſaid,—'Pity, pity, Lord.' Then ſpeaking to his wife and thoſe about him, he ſaid,—

'Be

'Be not diſcouraged. The Lord's way is the beſt 'way, and I am compoſed. Whether I go away in 'a fit of vomiting or fainting, 'tis all one. I did 'not know whether I was up or down.'

Soon after, one of thoſe about him having ſaid,—'You are now putting your ſeal to that truth,—That '*Great is the gain of godlineſs*:' He replied,—'Yes 'indeed.' Then ſaid another,—'And, I hope, you 'are encouraging yourſelf in the Lord.' On which, not being able to ſpeak, he lift up his hands and clapped them. And quickly after, he departed to the land *where the weary are at reſt*.

CXII. Mr RICHARD TAYLOR.

HE had his education at the univerſity of St *Andrews* in *Scotland*.

In *July* 1686, he accepted of an invitation from the church in *London*, of which the Reverend Mr *Brooks* had been a Paſtor.

He was a worthy contender for the *faith which was once delivered to the ſaints*, a ſteddy aſſertor of free and effectual grace in converſion, of the righteouſneſs of Chriſt alone for our juſtification; and of all the other points of Chriſtian doctrine which ſtand connected with theſe. Nor did he neglect, but on the contrary, warmly and conſtantly require and exhort to goſpel holineſs and new obedience.

And as he lived in the faith he had preached, ſo he died in it and deſired his friends might know what on his death-bed he declared;—'Which was, ſays 'Mr *Neſbit*, in a funeral ſermon he preached and 'publiſhed on Mr *Taylor*'s death, as I have it deli-'vered to me, in theſe words:—I am exceedingly 'well ſatisfied in the defence I have been enabled to 'make of the truths of the goſpel in my time, and

'now

'now am full of the comforts of them. And if it 'were poſſible for me to live a thouſand years longer 'than I have done, I would continue to preach thoſe 'truths as I have done, and be more earneſt in the 'defence of them.'

He died, not only in the Lord, but with abundant ſatisfaction entered into his Maſter's joy, in *September* 1717.

Two volumes in octavo of his excellent diſcourſes were publiſhed after his death.

CXIII. Mr JOHN TERRY.

OF the laſt hours of this remarkable convert, we have the following account by Mr *Henry*.

'The firſt time, ſays Mr *Henry*, he unboſomed 'himſelf to me, was in his chamber, after he was in 'bed. He deſired me to go to prayer with him. 'When that was done, he ſaid,—Sir, I have matters 'of great moment to talk to you about. Where-'upon he took me by the hand, and with tears in 'his eyes told me ſome paſſages of his former life. I 'muſt own, I did never ſee plainer ſigns of a ſincere 'contrition of heart for ſin, than I ſaw in him. It 'was extremely affecting to obſerve, with what ſelf-'lothing and abhorrence he ſpoke of ſome things he 'had formerly taken delight in. After he had re-'covered himſelf from a flood of tears, he ſaid to 'me,—I am perſuaded, Sir, that God, for my 'good, ſeeing my work is done, removes me from 'this world, that I might not be again intangled in 'the ſnares and temptations of it. The Lord well 'knew how eaſily I was drawn into ſin; and I am ſa-'tisfied he takes me hence, to prevent my falling 'into ſome grievous wickedneſs: So that I am ſure 'what others may eſteem my loſs, will prove my

'gain: I ſhall find my account in it at laſt. My 'chief concern is now about the eternal ſalvation of 'my ſoul; I muſt beg you therefore to anſwer me 'ſome queſtions.

'Sir, ſaid he, ſince the ſoul by ſin is obnoxious 'to the wrath of God; that is, as I take it, liable to 'the ſentence of that law which we have broken: 'How is it freed from the guilt of ſin?

'When I had anſwered,—That we are *juſtified 'freely by the grace of God, through the redemption that 'is in Chriſt Jeſus*; and that *being juſtified by faith, 'we have peace with God through our Lord Jeſus 'Chriſt*; he aſked me,—By what means are we freed 'from the pollution and ſtain of ſin? I told him,—'There was a fountain opened for ſin and for un-'cleanneſs, and ſhewed what that fountain was. I 'added, that *Chriſt had purchaſed Redemption for us*, 'and was gone to prepare the manſions of glory, 'and that he ſends forth his Spirit to *make us meet 'for the inheritance of the ſaints in light*.

'Here he looked upon me with an eager concern. '—But, Sir, ſaid he, how can I enjoy the comfort 'of the pardon of ſin in this world, even ſuppoſing 'my ſins to be actually pardoned? I anſwered,—*The 'Spirit itſelf beareth witneſs with our ſpirit that we are 'the children of God*; and therefore you ought ear-'neſtly to pray, that God would give you the *Spirit 'of adoption*, to enable you to cry, *Abba, Father*; 'that he would give you the earneſt of the heavenly 'inheritance in your heart; and that he would ſay to 'you,—*Son, be of good chear, thy ſins are forgiven 'thee*; fear not, I am thy ſalvation.

'Now, Sir, he proceeded, I find the diſadvantage 'of not hearkening to your former counſels. Alas, 'how juſtly may I take up a lamentation over my-'ſelf! For though I find a willingneſs to pour out 'my ſoul to God in prayer, yet I find myſelf very 'much at a loſs for want of the gift of prayer.

'When

'When he either heard or recollected the paſſages 'that happened in the untimely death of ſome young 'Gentlemen, he uſed to ſay,—That God might 'have taken him away in the courſe of ſin as well as 'others. And this made him often bleſs God, that 'he had given him not only time, but a heart to 'improve it; and to ſay,—Had my ſoul been in 'their ſouls ſtead, what a miſerable caſe had I been 'in! Thou haſt ſnatched me as a brand out of the 'burning.

'Some time after, when I had been at prayer with 'him, he deſired me, with an extraordinary chear-'fulneſs in his countenance, to ſit down on his bed-'ſide; which, when I had done, he took me by the 'hand, and preſſing it very hard, ſaid,—Sir, I can 'tell you now, it is no fiction, but what I have from 'comfortable experience, it is good for me that I 'have been afflicted; for before I was afflicted I 'went aſtray, but now, but now I have kept God's 'word.

'Theſe words he repeated an hundred times, and 'more, in his illneſs; laying a peculiar emphaſis on 'the particle *now*. He added,—Now, Sir, I can 'aſſure you that death hath loſt his ſting as to me. 'He is ſo far from being a King of terrors, that he 'is a meſſenger of peace. O happy day, when ſin 'and ſorrow ſhall ceaſe for ever! Now I can lift up 'my head; for my redemption draws nigh. I feel 'the powerful influences of the love of God warming 'my ſoul with ardent deſires after him. Will he 'give ſuch taſtes of his love where he deſigns not 'fully to ſatisfy the deſires of the ſoul that longs after 'him? O my ſoul, be glad in God thy Saviour; 'rejoice in the rock of thy ſalvation. *The lines are 'fallen unto me in pleaſant places; I have a goodly 'heritage.*'

'And here his raptures of praiſe and expreſſions 'of joy did ſo ſenſibly touch me, that I could not

'forbear breaking out into praiſes aloud alſo; which 'moved the family below to enquire the occaſion.

'At three o'clock on a Lord's day morning, 'when it was thought he was dying, I was called to 'him. When I came, he whiſpered to me,—That 'though he was ſatisfied to die, and had a comfort-'able proſpect before him, yet now he was engaged 'in it, he found dying to be hard work; and there-'fore, ſaid he, help me with ſuitable expreſſions to 'raiſe my heart to God while I remain in the body: 'For tho' my ſoul be on the wing, yet through my 'preſent weakneſs, I find ſomething that deadens 'my thoughts.'

'He deſired me to tell his dear mother, who lay 'pining away upon a bed of ſorrow, it was his laſt 'and expiring requeſt to her, that ſhe would not 'grieve for him. He likewiſe charged me with a 'letter ſealed, to deliver into his brother's hands; 'one part whereof, which is as follows, his brother 'communicated to me:—Brother, I leave this as 'my laſt advice to you; If you would live eaſy and 'die happy, fear God; avoid idle drinking compa-'ny, and likewiſe women.

'Some of his laſt words were,—I believe in God, 'I believe in God, I believe alſo in Chriſt Jeſus. 'Come, Lord Jeſus; come quickly. Why are his 'chariots ſo long a coming? *Whom have I in heaven 'but thee, and there is none on earth I deſire beſides 'thee.* Death is welcome, come as ſoon as it will. 'I hope you don't think I am afraid to die; the 'ſooner the better.

'After which words, he died in a few minutes, '*May* 29, 1720, Aged 18.'

CXIV. Dr COTTON MATHER.

DOctor *Cotton Mather* was born at *Boſton* in *New-England*, *February* 12, 1663.

His father, Dr *Increaſe Mather*, and his grandfather Mr *Richard Mather*, were both very eminent Miniſters of the goſpel in *New England*. And, by his mother's ſide, he was grandſon to the renowned Mr *John Cotton*, a man of exalted piety and uncommon learning; after whom he was named *Cotton*.

His progreſs in human literature was great and ſpeedy; but it was a much brighter part of his character, that, like another young *Timothy*, he *knew the holy ſcriptures from a child*. He grew in wiſdom and knowledge above moſt of equal years, as appears by his early hatred of ſin, and the ſolemn tranſactions of his ſoul with God.

His marriages were theſe: The firſt was with Mrs *Abigail Philips*, daughter of the honourable Colonel *Philips*, of *Charles-Town*. She was his agreeable conſort till 1702, when ſhe died. His ſecond marriage was in the year 1703, with a widow Gentlewoman, Mrs *Elizabeth Hubbard*, daughter of Dr *John Clark*. They lived together in perfect harmony for ten years, ſhe dying *November* 8, 1713. In his fifty-third year he married the widow of Mr *George* (a worthy Merchant) daughter of the learned Mr *Samuel Lee*. With her the Doctor was bleſſed to the end of his life.

He had in all fifteen children, namely, nine by his firſt wife, and ſix by his ſecond; but only two ſurvived him; a daughter by the firſt wife, and a ſon by the ſecond.

His method was excellent in the education of his children; but he laboured moſt to inſtruct them in

religion: And it was his uſual way, to pray for each of them ſeparately and by name.

He laid down ſpecial rules for his own government in converſation, which he ſtrictly adhered to.

He was ſo careful to redeem his time, that to prevent the tedioufneſs of viſits, he writ over his ſtudy-door in capital letters,—Be Short.

In his account of one year, it appeared that he had preached ſeventy-two public ſermons, beſides many private ones; that not a day had paſſed without ſome contrivance to do good, and in which ſome part of his income had not been dealt out to charitable and pious uſes; that in that one year he had compoſed and publiſhed fourteen books, and had kept ſixty faſts, and twenty-two vigils. And yet, notwithſtanding his amazing diligence in improving his time, his diary abounds with cenſures upon himſelf. For inſtance, at the end of one year he writes,—'Time ſo 'miſpent, as to render it unfit to be called life.'

Another year he calls,—'A year of a forfeited 'life.'

On the review of another year he ſays,—'Another 'year of my ſinning againſt my precious Redeemer. 'Alas, my unfruitfulneſs!'

Another year he calls,—'A year whiled away in 'ſin and ſloth.'

He began to preach when he was about eighteen, and was choſen Co-Paſtor with his father before he was quite twenty years old.

It appears by ſome paſſages in his diary, writ about that time, how apprehenſive he was of danger from temptations to pride; particularly by the following:—'The apprehenſion of curſed pride (the ſin of 'young Miniſters) working in my heart, filled me 'with inexpreſſible bitterneſs and confuſion before 'the Lord. In my early youth, when ſome others 'of my age were playing in the ſtreet, I was preach-

'ing

'ing to large aſſemblies; and I was honoured with 'great reſpect among the people of God. I feared '(and thanks be to God that he made me fear) leſt 'Satan was hereby preparing a ſnare and a pit for 'ſuch a novice. I therefore reſolved, that I would 'ſet apart a day to humble myſelf before God for 'the pride of my own heart, and to ſupplicate his 'grace to deliver me from that ſin. And I ſaw rea-'ſon to fear, that I had been guilty of it more eſpe-'cially in theſe two reſpects: Firſt, by applauding 'myſelf in my own thoughts; as when I had either 'prayed or preached with Enlargement, or anſwered 'a queſtion readily and ſuitably: And, Secondly, by 'an ambitious affectation of preeminence above what 'could reaſonably belong to my age or worth. I 'endeavoured therefore to humble myſelf with the 'following conſiderations.

'I. What is pride, but the very image of Satan 'on the ſoul? The more any man has of Chriſt in 'him, the more humble will he be, the more low 'and vile in his own eyes, and the more empty of 'himſelf. When God renews his image in us, he 'pulls down our proud thoughts. 'Tis true, pride 'is a natural ſin, but grace will ſubdue it. Alas 'then, how little grace have I! How unlike am I 'to him, who could ſay,—*I am lowly.* Let me for 'this cauſe abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes.

'II. Do I not by pride offend God? Pride is a 'breach of his holy command, and he has often de-'clared his abhorrence of it. His Holy Spirit is 'grieved by it, upon whoſe influences my ſoul does 'live, and by whom I am *ſealed to the day of re-'demption.*

'III. Is not my pride moſt unreaſonable folly and 'madneſs? For have I any juſt occaſion of glory-'ing in myſelf? What have I done that is ſingular 'and excellent? Am not I, in moſt attainments, 'exceeded by moſt of my calling and ſtanding?

'And, O, have I not a curſed nature in me? And 'hath not the Lord heretofore left me to commit 'ſome follies, the remembrance of which ſhould 'make me go ſoftly all my days? Lord, I am viler 'than a beaſt before thee. Or why ſhould I ſeek ho-'nour? It is not ſeemly for ſuch a fool. Am I fit 'for the ſervice I am called to? Am I not rather as 'unſavoury ſalt, fit for nothing but the dunghil? 'What am I better than the leaſt of all ſaints? If in 'any outward circumſtances and honours I am raiſed 'above any of them, I am thereby more expoſed to 'temptation and ſin. Lie then, O my ſoul, in the 'duſt before the Lord.'

'IV. How dangerous, how deſtructive an evil is 'this pride! How does it provoke the God of hea-'ven to take away from me every one of thoſe idols 'which in my fond pride I dote upon! And if the 'Lord ſhould deprive me of my capacities and op-'portunities, into what a horrible pit of ſorrows and 'miſeries ſhould I then fall! But what ſhall I do for 'the cure of this diſeaſe? In the firſt and chief place 'I would carry my diſtemper'd heart to the Lord 'Jeſus Chriſt, and put it into the hands of that all-'ſufficient Phyſician that he may cure it. Secondly, 'I would be daily watchful againſt my pride, *&c.* 'Thirdly, I would ſtudy much the nature, the 'work, and the aggravations of this evil; and the 'excellency of the grace that is contrary to it. 'Lord, what ſhall I do for the cure of this diſeaſe, 'my pride? Have I not heard that ſaying to my 'ſoul, ſtung with ſin and ſwoln with pride,—*Look 'unto me, and be ſaved?* And ſo, by thy grace, I 'will do. Chriſt calls for my heart; and though 'it is a proud heart, I am to bring it to him. O 'Lord, I bring it becauſe it is proud. Though I 'cannot overcome this pride, he can.'

He had rules for his conduct in the exerciſe of his miniſtry, ſuch as theſe:—'To exerciſe himſelf unto

'godlineſs.

'godlineſs.—To endeavour to ſuffer injuries and 'abuſes, and bury them in ſilence, rather than main-'tain a conteſt with any man.—To endeavour to 'maintain a high opinion of the perſonal worth of 'the more valuable perſons in his flock, and of the 'unſpeakable worth of the ſouls of all of them.—To 'pray for direction in the choice of his text and ſub-'ject.—To conſider the caſes and circumſtances of 'his hearers, as means of direction to the ſubjects he 'ſhould preach on.—To have much of Chriſt in his 'ſermons.—To keep a liſt of all the members of 'his Church, and to go over it by parcels at a time 'in his ſecret prayers.—To viſit the families of his 'flock for their edification, and to propoſe ſome 'edifying queſtions to the younger branches of them 'from time to time.

'What, ſays he, in one paſſage, have I been do-'ing ſince I came into the world, about the great 'errand on which God ſent me into it? And if God 'ſhould now call me out of the world, what would 'become of me throughout eternal ages? Have I 'ever yet by faith carried a periſhing ſoul to the Lord 'Jeſus for righteouſneſs and ſalvation?'

In the firſt year of his miniſtry he had reaſon to believe he was made the inſtrument of converting at leaſt thirty ſouls.

It was conſtantly one of his firſt thoughts in a morning,—'What good may I do to day?' He reſolved this general queſtion into many particulars.

His queſtion for the Lord's day morning conſtantly was,—'What ſhall I do as a Paſtor of a church, for 'the good of the flock under my charge?'

His queſtion for Monday morning was,—'What 'ſhall I do for the good of my own family?' In which he conſidered himſelf as a huſband, a father, and a maſter.

For Tueſday morning,—'What good ſhall I do 'for my relations abroad?' Sometimes he changed his

his Tueſday morning meditation for another, namely, —'What good ſhall I do to my enemies? And how 'ſhall I overcome evil with good?' For it was his laudable ambition to be able to ſay,—'He did not 'know of any perſon in the world, who had done 'him any ill office, but he had done him a good 'one for it.'

His queſtion for Wedneſday morning was,—— 'What ſhall I do for the churches of the Lord, and 'the more general intereſts of religion in the world?'

His queſtion for Thurſday morning was,—'What 'good may I do in the ſeveral ſocieties to which I 'am related?'

The queſtion for Friday morning was,—'What 'ſpecial ſubjects of affliction, and objects of com-'paſſion, may I take under my particular care? 'And what ſhall I do for them?'

And his Saturday morning queſtion, relating more immediately to himſelf, was,—'What more have I to 'do for the intereſt of God in my own heart and life?

He was an illuſtrious imitator of his glorious Pattern; and the whole aim and labour of his life was to do good. His application, and the labours he went through, are almoſt incredible. He writ and publiſhed three hundred and eighty two books, reckoning eſſays and ſingle ſermons; and ſeveral of the books are of conſiderable ſize.

He had the honour of an epiſtolary correſpondence with ſeveral perſons of eminent character for piety and learning in other countries; as the late Lord Chancellor *King*, the late reverend and celebrated Dr *Franck*, Profeſſor of divinity in the univerſity of *Hall* in *Saxony*, and many others.

We ſhall now proceed to farther inſtances of the power of religion in the heart of this excellent perſon.

He hath left the following memorial of his ſecret tranſactions with God on one of his faſt days:—'In

'the

'the former part of this day I humbled myſelf before
'the Lord, with inexpreſſible agony of ſoul, for all
'the filthineſs of my heart and life. I did with tears
'bewail my ſinfulneſs; and I ſubmitted myſelf to
'the ſovereignty and to the righteouſneſs of God,
'which might uncontrollably make me a veſſel of
'diſhonour, and a dreadful monument of divine
'diſpleaſure. While I was in the midſt of diſconſo-
'late reflections, the Spirit of the Lord cauſed me to
'behold the obedience, the ſacrifice, and the ſureti-
'ſhip of my precious Redeemer, as provided by the
'Father for the relief of my diſtreſſes: And that
'good Spirit cauſed me to rely upon it. So that I
'ſaid with tears of joy before the Lord,—'Now I
'know that all my debts are paid. My God will
'now make no demand of me, but that I love him,
'and praiſe him, and glorify my bleſſed Saviour for
'ever. I know it. I know it. And now I will do
'ſo for ever. I can do no other.'

Farther, he writes,—'The thoughts of Chriſt are
'become exceeding frequent with me. I meditate
'on his glorious Perſon as the eternal Son of God in-
'carnate; and I behold the infinite God as coming
'to me, and meeting with me in this bleſſed Medi-
'ator. I flee to him on multitudes of occaſions every
'day, and am impatient if many minutes have paſſed
'without ſome recourſe to him. I find that where
'Chriſt comes, a wondrous light, life, and peace
'come with him, together with ſtrength to go thro'
'ſervices and ſufferings. The holineſs and happineſs
'to which I am introduced by this way of living is
'better to me than all the enjoyments of this world.
'All the riches of this world appear contemptible
'things to me, while I have the unſearchable riches
'of Chriſt. In the perſon of Chriſt my Saviour, I
'behold the infinite God aſſuming the man Jeſus
'into ſuch an intimate and conſcious union with
'himſelf, as to conſtitute a glorious God-man, or a

'man

'man who hath the *fulneſs of the Godhead* dwelling 'perſonally in him.

'That I may have my Jeſus not only doing for 'me, but alſo dwelling in me, and enabling me 'perpetually to feed and live upon him; this will 'be enough. I care not if I am ſtript of every 'thing elſe, if I may but enjoy this felicity. He is 'the ſubſtance, and all the creatures are but ſhadows 'of him. From hence I am wonderouſly reconciled 'to my approaching death; for I conſider it as my 'going from creatures here, to him, in whom I 'ſhall find all that I leave, and infinitely more. 'When I now find any thing amiable or comfort-'able in any creatures, I commonly flee away, 'as it were from them, to my Chriſt, my Saviour; 'and I think how great is his goodneſs and his 'beauty.

'As for the delights of the world, I know of none 'comparable to thoſe which I take in communion 'with my Saviour.

'As for the riches of this world, I uſe no labour 'for them. In my Saviour I have unſearchable 'riches; and in my fruition of him I have a full 'ſupply of all my wants.

'As for the honours of this world, I do nothing 'to gain honours for myſelf. To be employed in 'the Lord's work, for the advancement of his king-'dom, is all the honour that I wiſh for.

'I find the thoughts of my Saviour for ever 'ſweetning the bitter waters of *Marah* to me. I find 'him the Comforter that always relieves my ſoul 'when I have him near to me. I dare not let my mind 'be idle as I walk in the ſtreets. I rebuke myſelf, 'and make my moan to heaven, if I have gone many 'ſteps without one thought of my Saviour.'

On another of his days of prayer and faſting, he writes,—'It was a day full of aſtoniſhing enjoyments;

'a day

'a day filled with reſignation, ſatisfaction, and hea-
'venly aſtoniſhments. Heaven has, as it were,
'been opened to me this day. Never did I ſo long
'to die, and fly away to heaven. I have ſeen and
'felt unutterable things. I have taſted that the Lord
'is gracious. I can by no means relate the com-
'munications of heaven to which I have been ad-
'mitted. I am now ſure that the great God is my
'God; that I ſtand before him in the righteouſneſs
'of Chriſt; that no good ſhall be withheld from me;
'that God will uſe me to glorify him greatly; and
'that I ſhall be an object for the everlaſting triumphs
'of infinite grace.

'I was ſcarce able to bear the extaſies of divine
'love into which I was raptured. They exhauſted
'my ſpirits; they made me faint; they were inſup-
'portable: I was forced to withdraw from them,
'leſt the raptures ſhould make me ſwoon away.'

We omit ſeveral other things of note concerning this excellent man, and come to his ſickneſſes and death.

In one of his ſeaſons of ſickneſs he writes thus: —
'When I was pouring out my ſoul in prayer to the
'Lord, I mentioned the further lengthening out of
'my life, that ſo I might enjoy and improve more
'opportunities of glorifying him in this world. And
'I humbly acknowledged before him two other ob-
'jections which my fleſh had made againſt my dying;
'but which, through his grace, I had now ſilenced
'and conquered.

'Firſt, my fleſh pleaded, that earthly comforts
'were things too agreeable to be eaſily forſaken.
'But my faith is ſatisfied, that the delights of hea-
'ven are ſweeter than the comforts of earth; and
'therefore, I can freely leave all the entertainments
'of this evil world, that I may be with Chriſt, which
'is far better than them all.

'Secondly,

'Secondly, My fleſh pleaded,—What will become 'of my offspring when I am gone? But my faith is 'ſatisfied that God will be a Father to my fatherleſs 'children; and that my Lord Jeſus Chriſt, whom I 'have ſerved without ſeeking to gain worldly por-'tions for my children by my miniſtry, will be their 'Guardian, and will not ſuffer them to want any 'good thing. My mind being thus eaſy on theſe 'two accounts, I am ready to die; and yet I beſought 'the Lord that he would pleaſe to ſpare my life, that 'I might do him a little more ſervice in his church 'upon earth, before I enter on his promiſed reſt.'

While he was expecting death, in a fit of ſickneſs ſome time before his laſt, he expected it not only without terror, but with full aſſurance of hope.—'Lord, ſaid he, thou art with me, and doſt enable 'me to ſing in the dark *valley of the ſhadow of death.* 'I perceive the ſigns of death upon me, and am I 'not affrighted? No, not at all. I will not ſo 'diſhonour my Saviour, as to be affrighted at any 'thing that can befal me while I am in his bleſſed 'hands.'

To ſome Gentlemen who viſited him, he ſaid,—'I hope I ſhall not be found a fool, though here I 'lie and ſing,—*Soul, take thine eaſe; thou haſt goods* '*laid up for many years*; yea, for endleſs ages: But 'they are another ſort of goods than thoſe which this 'vain world puts off its idolaters with.'

From the beginning of his laſt ſickneſs, which was about ſix weeks before he died, he had the ſentence of death in himſelf, as appears by a note he ſent to one of his Phyſicians; in which he told him,—'My laſt enemy is come; I would ſay, my beſt 'friend.'

When one of his church aſked him, whether he was deſirous to die? he anſwered,—'I dare not ſay 'that I am, nor yet that I am not. I would be in-'tirely reſigned to God.'

When,

When, at another time, he was mentioning ſome matters hs had on the carpet, and which he would willingly have lived to finiſh, he checked himſelf for harbouring any deſire of life, and ſaid,—'But if the 'God of my life hath ordered otherwiſe, I deſire to 'have no will of my own.'

When the Phyſicians hinted to him, that his ſickneſs was like to be unto death, he lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and ſaid,—'*Thy will be done on 'earth, as it is in heaven.*'

And a few hours before he died, he ſaid,—'Now 'I have nothing more to do here: My will is intirely 'ſwallowed up in the will of God.'

To a young Miniſter, his nephew, he ſaid,—'My 'dear ſon, I bleſs you. I wiſh you all manner of 'bleſſings. May you be ſtrong in the grace with 'which our Lord Jeſus Chriſt will furniſh you. And 'may you be an inſtrument of diſplaying his beauties 'and glories to others. Let it be your ambition to 'bring forth much of that fruit by which our hea-'venly Father is glorified. May you be fruitful in 'good works. You have been intimately acquainted 'with my poor manner of living: Follow whatever 'you have ſeen in it that is agreeable to the pattern 'of a glorious Chriſt. My dear ſon, I do with all 'poſſible affection recommend you to the bleſſing of 'our dear Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Take my hand, with 'my heart, full of bleſſings.'

To his own ſon he ſaid,—'You have been a dear 'and pleaſant child to me, and I wiſh you as many 'bleſſings as you have done me ſervices, which are 'very many. I wiſh and pray, that the God of '*Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob* may be yours; and that 'his bleſſing may reſt upon you. I wiſh, that as 'you have a proſpect of being ſerviceable in the 'world, you may be conſiderable and great as the 'Patriarchs were, by introducing Chriſt into the

'world. *The grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with*
'*you.* Amen.'

Dr *Mather* died *February* 13, A. D. 1727-8, Aged 65.

CXV. Mrs HOUSMAN.

MRS *Houſman*, late of *Kidderminſter*, was born of religious parents, who early inſtructed her in the things of God.

By her diary it appears, ſhe was brought under lively impreſſions of divine things at thirteen years of age. From *April* 1711, where her diary begins, to *October* 1735, the time of her death, her life may be truly ſaid to be a walk with God.

The following account of her laſt illneſs and death was drawn up by a perſon that attended her throughout.

From the time of her firſt ſeizure, which was in the evening of *October* 26, ſhe was exerciſed with very violent pains, without any intermiſſion, till her death; ſuch as, ſhe would often ſay, ſhe thought ſhe could not have borne:—'But, ſaid ſhe, God is good; 'verily he is good to me. I have found him a good 'and gracious God to me all my days.'

Again, when recovering out of extreme pain,—'God is good; I have found him ſo; and *though he* '*ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him.* Theſe pains make 'me to love my Lord Jeſus the better. O they put 'me in mind what he ſuffered for me, to purchaſe 'ſalvation for my poor ſoul.

'Why me, Lord? Why me, the greateſt of ſin-'ners? Why me, that ſtood it out ſo long againſt 'the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invita-'tions of the goſpel? How many helps and means 'have I enjoyed more than many others; yea, above

'the

'the moſt! I had a religious father and mother, and 'I had acceſs to a valuable Miniſter, to whom I 'could often and freely open my mind. I have lived 'in a golden age. I have lived in peaceable times, 'wherein I have enjoyed great advantages and helps 'for communion with God, and the peace of my 'own mind; for which I owe my gracious God and 'Father more praiſes than words can expreſs. Bleſs 'the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me 'bleſs his holy name. *Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, 'and forget not all* or any of *his benefits.*'

She would often ſay,—'She could not find words 'to expreſs the goodneſs of God to her, it had been 'ſo great and manifold. O let all know I am not 'afraid of death, but the pains of dying may be ter-'rible: I know not yet what that will be.'

When any were weeping and mourning over her, ſhe would ſay,—'Weep not for me. It is the will 'of God; therefore be content. It is the will of God. 'If it may be, for his honour and glory, he will 'ſpare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly re-'ſigned to the will of God. I am content to ſtay 'here, as long as he has doing or ſuffering work for 'me; and I am willing to go, if it is my Father's 'good pleaſure. Therefore be content, and ſay,—*It 'is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good.*'

To a Gentlewoman that came to ſee her, ſhe ſaid, —'Couſin, I think I ſhall be dead; and now what a 'comfort is it that I am not afraid of death! The 'blood of Chriſt cleanſeth me from all ſin. But 'miſtake me not, there muſt be a life and converſa-'tion agreeable to the goſpel, or elſe our faith in 'Chriſt is a dead faith. Secure Chriſt for your 'friend; ſet not your heart on things below. Riches 'and honours, and what the world calls pleaſures, 'are all fading periſhing things.'

She then threw out her hand, and ſaid,—'O if I 'had thouſands and ten thouſands of gold and ſilver

'lying by me, what could they do for me now I am 'dying? Therefore take the advice of a dying friend 'that wiſhes you well. Do not ſet your affections 'on riches, or any thing here below. Get Chriſt 'for your friend, and then you need not be afraid of 'death. Remember death will come, whether you 'are ready or unready, willing or unwilling, in a 'little while. I commend you to God. I wiſh you 'well; and hope in a little while we ſhall meet again 'in heaven, that place of perfect happineſs, pleaſure, 'reſt, and joy. To live well is the way to die well. 'I can look back on former experiences, and fetch 'comfort thence, now in my dying moments. It 'is worth while to be religious; to be ſeeking early 'after Chriſt and grace. And for your comfort 'know, he ſtands ready even now to receive you, if 'you are but ready to cloſe with him on the terms 'of the goſpel; then he will be your Lord and Sa-'viour. Live in love with your huſband; walk to-'gether in love, and put each other on to get ready 'for death. Farewel, for I am going the way of all 'the earth.'

To the perſon that attended her, having hold on her hand, ſhe ſaid,—'Keep cloſe to God. I think 'I ſhall not be long with you, but take my dying 'advice; Keep cloſe to God, and go on in the way 'you have begun; and the Lord keep thee from 'falling. I think we ſhall not be long converſing 'together here. Get ready for death, that when it 'comes it may find you ready, come when it will; 'that in the other world we may meet again with 'comfort. O live well.'

Throughout her whole time of ſickneſs ſhe was in a chearful thankful frame. When ſhe was cold, and had ſomething warm given her, ſhe would ſay,—'Bleſſed be God for all his mercies; and bleſſed be 'God for this comfort in my paſſage through this 'wilderneſs world.'

When

When the above-mentioned perſon that attended her warmed a piece of flannel, and put it round her cold hands, ſhe thanked her for it, and ſaid,—'O 'how many mercies have I! I want for nothing. 'Here is warm flannel: Here is every thing I can 'wiſh for. I can ſay, I never wanted any good 'thing. I want nothing but an eaſy paſſage to glory. 'It was free grace that plucked me from the very 'brink of hell, and it is the power of divine grace 'that has ſupported me through the whole of my 'life. Hitherto I can ſay,—The Lord is gracious. 'He hath been very merciful to me in ſupporting 'me under all my trials. It is, if need be, that 'God, my good God, doth afflict me: It is not be-'cauſe he delights to afflict his children, but it is at 'all times for our profit. I can ſay,—It hath been 'good for me to be afflicted; it hath enabled me to 'diſcern things, that when I was in health I could 'not; it hath made me to ſee more of the vanity 'and emptineſs of this world, and all its creature-'comforts; for at beſt they are but vanity: Vanity 'and vexation of ſpirit may be juſtly writ upon them 'all. I can ſay from own experience, I have found 'them to be ſo many a time.'

She ſeemed to have no diſtreſſing apprehenſions, but all was ſerene and chearful within. When ſhe was ſpeaking of the glories of the other world, ſhe ſeveral times expreſſed her longing deſires after the enjoyment thereof in theſe words:

'Nothing but glory can ſuffice
'The appetite of grace.
'I long for Chriſt with reſtleſs eyes;
'I languiſh for his face.

'O the glory, O the glory that remains for the 'people of God above! But what if after all I ſhould 'deceive myſelf and friends? Methinks the very

'poſſibility thereof were enough to make one tremble.

'But the Lamb's wrath they need not fear
'Who once have felt his love:
'And they that walk with God below,
'Shall dwell with God above.

'Rage earth and hell; come life, come death;
'Yet ſtill my ſong ſhall be,
'God was, and is, and will be good
'And merciful to me.'

To her huſband the day before ſhe died, ſhe ſaid,—'Dear, I think I am going apace; and I hope you 'will be ſatisfied, becauſe it is the will of God. You 'have at all times been very ſuitable, very loving and 'good to me; and I thank you for it kindly: And 'now I deſire you freely to reſign and give me up to 'God. Do it now. Go, I deſire you now, and 'give me up freely. If God ſees it beſt to prolong 'my ſtay here upon earth, I am willing to ſtay; or 'if he ſees it beſt to take me to himſelf, I am willing 'to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be 'moſt for God's glory.'

The evening before ſhe died ſhe found death ſtealing upon her, and feeling her own pulſe, ſaid,—'Well, it will be but a little while before my work 'will be done in this world. Then I ſhall have done 'with prayer. My whole employment then will be 'praiſe and love. Here I love God but faintly, yet, 'I hope, ſincerely; but there it will be perfectly, 'perfectly. I ſhall behold his face in righteouſneſs; 'for I am thy ſervant, Lord, I am thy ſervant, 'bought with blood, with precious blood. Chriſt 'died to purchaſe the life of my ſoul.'

And then, as in a rapture, ſhe repeated the following lines, though by reaſon of weakneſs ſhe could ſcarce bring out the words:

'Lord,

'Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
'My faith, my patience, and my love.

'What ſinners value, I reſign:
'Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine.
'I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
'And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

'This life's a dream, an empty ſhow.
'But the bright world to which I go
'Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere.
'When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

'O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
'I ſhall be near and like my God;
'And fleſh and ſin no more controul
'The ſacred pleaſures of my ſoul.

'My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound;
'Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
'And in my Saviour's image riſe.'

All this ſhe uttered in a moſt pathetic manner: And often ſhe repeated thoſe lines of Mr *Baxter*:

'My knowledge of that life is ſmall;
'The eye of faith is dim:
'But 'tis enough that Chriſt knows all,
'And I ſhall be with him.'

'A little while and I ſhall be ſinging that ſweet 'ſong,—*Bleſſing, and honour, and glory, and power 'be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the 'Lamb for ever and ever.*'

With ſmiles in her face, and tranſports of joy, ſhe would often ſay,—'*Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! 'Why are thy chariot wheels ſo long in coming? Why*

'*tarry*

'*tarry the wheels of thy chariot?* O bleſſed convoy, 'O come and fetch my ſoul to dwell with God, and 'Chriſt, and perfect ſpirits for ever and ever. When 'I get to that bleſſed ſociety above, my pleaſures will 'never end. O the glory, O the glory that ſhall be 'ſet on the head of faith and love! I long for the 'glorious convoy. Come, bleſſed Saviour, come 'and fetch my ſoul to glory. *Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly, come quickly. Why art thou ſo long?* 'I long to be with Chriſt; and hope in a little while 'I ſhall be with him where he is, to behold his face 'in righteouſneſs. Then ſhall I be ſatisfied when I 'awake in thy likeneſs.'

To the perſon attending her ſhe ſaid,—Look on 'me, and learn to die; for die you muſt, and turn 'to duſt. Death comes on gradually, but I am not 'afraid of its approaches. I can meet death in all its 'terrors with pleaſure, becauſe its ſting is taken 'away, and becauſe it will bring me to Chriſt, my 'living Head. I long to be with Chriſt to behold 'his glory.'

And then, with viſible marks of pleaſure, theſe lines dropped from her dying lips; for her fleſh was almoſt as cold four hours before her death as when ſhe was really dead:

'O the delights, the heavenly joys,
'The glories of the place,
'Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
'Of his o'erflowing grace.'

Then, after a little pauſe, ſhe ſaid, 'The pains 'of death are great; but what will glory be, if I can 'but get thither! Adding the following lines:'

'Sweet majeſty and awful love
'Sit ſmiling on his brow;
'And all the glorious ranks above
'At humble diſtance bow.

'Princes

'Princes to his imperial name
'Bend their bright ſceptres down;
'Dominions, thrones and powers rejoice
'To ſee him wear the crown.

'Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
'Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
'And lay their brighteſt honours down
'Submiſſive at his feet.

'This is the man, th' exalted man,
'Whom we unſeen adore:
'But when our eyes behold his face,
'Our hearts ſhall love him more.

'And while our faith enjoys this ſight
'We long to leave our clay;
'And wiſh thy fiery chariots, Lord,
'To fetch our ſouls away.'

'Come, ſweet Jeſus, come quickly; I long to 'ſee thy bleſſed face in glory.'

A little before three o'clock, being in great pain, ſhe was aſked where her pain was, to which ſhe replied,—'It is in my breaſt; it is a death-ſtitch; and 'I think it will not be long before this frail, painful 'life will be at an end: And I can ſay, if life and 'death were before me, and I might have my choice, 'I would not chooſe for myſelf, for I would not be 'my own carver. I leave even this, with all my 'other concerns, to infinite Wiſdom to determine; 'for I know that he will do what is beſt for me, and 'for all that truſt in him for help. Though my 'pains are great, I hope they are for my good; and 'I would bear them with all the patience I can; 'knowing that ere long they will be at an end: All 'ſorrow will ceaſe, and pain will ceaſe and be no 'more.

'more. Hold out, faith and patience, a little longer; 'for it will not be long before this weary ſoul will 'enjoy perfect reſt. One ſight of my bleſſed Saviour 'will amply make amends for all the pains I have 'endured. *Theſe light afflictions, which are but for 'a moment*, will iſſue in *a far more exceeding and eternal 'weight of glory.*'

At ſix o'clock, when ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have gone, ſhe ſaid, — 'Now it is ſix o'clock; come, 'Lord; come, my Lord; for I can ſay ſo with com-'fort and aſſurance: My Lord and my God, the God 'of my youth; and he will ſupport me in my dying 'moments; and therefore why ſhould I fear death? 'O come, my Lord, I long to be gone, I long to 'be gone, to ſee my Lord clearly. Here I can but 'ſee him thro' a glaſs, but I long for the time when 'I ſhall ſee him clearly as he is, face to face; when 'I ſhall dwell in his preſence, and ſerve him as I de-'ſire to ſerve him, and as he ought to be ſerved, and 'that is perfectly; but this cannot be, till I am '*abſent from the body and preſent with the Lord.*

'I do not hope for any thing as the fruit of my 'own merits and righteouſneſs, but of free grace, 'and through the merits of my dear Saviour, who 'hath bought me out of the hands of all my ſpiritual 'enemies that would do me any harm; and I can 'ſecurely truſt my ſoul in the hands of my dear Re-'deemer; for *I know whom I have believed*, and in 'whom I have put my truſt; and am confident that '*he is able to keep what I have committed to him againſt 'that day.*'

'My ſoul in thy ſweet hands I truſt;
'Now can I ſweetly ſleep:
'My body falling to the dūſt
'I leave with thee to keep.

'A boſom heaven will afford
'To thoſe that live unto the Lord.

'Come,

'Come, Lord Jeſus, come; for I long to be 'gone from the footſtool to the throne, where there 'will be no more death, nor ſorrow, nor crying, 'nor any more pain. O how ſweet will it be! It 'will be far better to depart and be with Chriſt for 'ever, for ever, than remain in the preſent ſtate of 'ſin and ſorrow. It is true, I love my huſband, I 'love my child, I love them dearly, and I love life; 'but I can chearfully die, and leave them all, to go 'and be with Chriſt, becauſe it will be far better. 'His arms are open to receive me, and bid me wel-'come, welcome to heaven, and all the glorious en-'joyments of it. O, I long to be gone, I long to be 'gone, to be with Chriſt, never, never to part more. 'Come, my dear Lord; I long to be diſſolved. O 'why, *O why are thy chariot wheels ſo long in coming?* 'Make no tarrying, O my God.'

She died at nine: And a few minutes before her departure, finding herſelf going, ſhe deſired to be lifted up, which was done; and then ſhe ſmiling ſaid: —'Farewel ſin, farewel pains.' And ſo finiſhed her courſe with joy, *October* 31, 1735.

See her Life, publiſhed by the Rev. Mr Richard Pearſall.

CXIV. Dr ISAAC WATTS.

HE was born at *Southampton*, *July* 17, 1674,* of parents who were eminent for religion, and were conſiderable ſufferers for conſcience ſake, in the perſecution of the proteſtant diſſenters, in King *Charles* the ſecond's reign. The early opening of his mind to receive knowledge, was a pleaſing indication of a large capacity and great uſefulneſs. He began to learn the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues betimes, in the knowledge of which, he ſoon made a very conſiderable progreſs.

* See his Funeral Sermon by the Revd. Dr Jennings.

progreſs. He was very early taken notice of for many excellent talents, and for his eminent and diſtinguiſhed piety: at the age of nineteen he joined in communion with the church of which his worthy tutor was paſtor. When he had finiſhed his ſtudies at the academy, he employed two years more in ſolemn preparation by *reading*, *meditation* and *prayer*, for the important work he intended to devote himſelf unto. He began to preach on his birth-day, 1698: and the year 1701, was called to the paſtoral office; and notwithſtanding the diſcouragements of that time, he was not intimidated, but chearfully and courageouſly engaged in that ſervice, and was ſolemnly ordained to it the 18th of *March* following.

But the joy of the church, together with his own, was ſoon after very much eclipſed: he was laid up for ſome time, with a very threatening illneſs, and from which he recovered by ſlow degrees. As it increaſed, he renewed his diligence, to fulfil his miniſtry: and this he did, to the great ſatisfaction, delight and edification of the church, both in public and in private. In this ſeaſon it was (ſays my author) that he formed a ſociety of the younger members of his church, for prayer and religious conference; to whom he delivered the ſubſtance of that excellent book, intitled, *A guide to prayer*. A noble deſign, evidently calculated to promote the life and power of real religion! Now he went on in his delightful work with great ſucceſs till the year 1712, when he was again viſited with a violent fever, which put a period to his public uſefulneſs, till the year 1716. Of which ſeaſons of affliction, he ſays, (with a truly elevated mind and thankful heart) he was not aſhamed to let the world know, —
'That amidſt thoſe ſinkings of life and nature,
'chriſtianity and the goſpel were his ſupport! Amidſt
'all the violence of my diſtemper, and the tireſome
'months of it, I thank God, I never loſt ſight of
'reaſon or religion, though ſometimes I had much ado

'to

'to preſerve the machine of animal nature in ſuch 'order as regularly to exerciſe either the man, or the 'chriſtian, eſpecially when I ſhut my eyes to ſeek 'ſleep and repoſe, and had not their aid to fence 'againſt the diſorderly ferments of natural ſpirits *.' The divine peace of conſcience he enjoyed under theſe trying circumſtances; and the rational and ſcriptural foundation of his hope and truſt in the divine goodneſs, together with his humble appeal to God on theſe ſolemn occaſions, are beautifully and juſtly expreſſed in his own devout ſoliloquy.

'Yet, gracious God, amidſt theſe ſtorms of nature,
'Thine eyes behold a ſweet and ſacred calm
'Reign through the realms of conſcience: all within
'Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wond'rous grace
'Keeps off thy terrors from this humble boſom,
'Tho' ſtain'd with ſins and follies, yet ſerene
'In penitential peace and chearful hope,
'Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
'Thy vital ſmiles amidſt this deſolation,
'Like heav'nly ſun-beams hid behind the clouds,
'Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
'Cleaving the gloom; the fair celeſtial light
'Softens and gilds the horrors of the ſtorm,
'And richeſt cordials to the heart conveys.

'O glorious ſolace of immenſe diſtreſs,
'A conſcience and a God! a friend at home,
'And better friend on high! This is my rock
'Of firm ſupport, my ſhield of ſure defence
'Againſt infernal arrows. Riſe, my ſoul,
'Put on thy courage: Here's the living ſpring
'Of joys divinely ſweet and ever new,
'*A peaceful conſcience and a ſmiling heaven.*

'My

* See his miſcellaneous Thoughts, p. 172.

'My God, permit a creeping worm to ſay,
'*Thy ſpirit knows I love thee.* Worthleſs wretch,
'To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
'And grace accepts. Thou ſeeſt my lab'ring ſoul.
'Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
'It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
'Conſtrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
'Has ſeiz'd, and holds me in almighty arms:
'Here's my ſalvation, my eternal hope,
'Amidſt the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
'*I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine* *.'

The power of religion was very evidently ſeen in him, at theſe important ſeaſons of languid and painful life. And after his recovery, what divine effects does it ſtill produce? How was his heart inlarged with love to God? And in what pathetic language does he pour out his Soul!

'Almighty pow'r, I love thee; bliſsful name,
'*My healer God*; and may my inmoſt heart
'Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
'To wait ſubmiſſive at thy holy throne,
'To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
'Thy frowns and ſilence with a patient ſoul.
'The hand of mercy is not ſhort to ſave,
'Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
'To mortal cries. It notic'd all my grones,
'And ſighs, and long complaints, with wiſe delay,
'Tho' painful to the ſufferer, and thy hand
'In proper moment brought deſir'd relief.'

After this divine aſpiration, or ſolemn thankſgiving, to his almighty healer; his ſoul (deeply affected with the mercies he had received) addreſſes his recovered body; deſiring to preſent it to God as a living and a holy ſacrifice, afreſh conſecrated unto him.

'Riſe

* See Miſcell. p. 175.

' Riſe from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
' Prove your new ſtrength, and ſhew th' effective ſkill
' Of the divine Phyſician; bear away
' This tott'ring body to his ſacred threſhold:
' There laden with his honours, let me bow
' Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,
' Pronounce ſalvation thro' his dying Son,
' And teach this ſinful world the Saviour's name.
' Then riſe, my hymning ſoul, on holy notes
' Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choiceſt ſongs,
' Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
' The ſolemn vows of my diſtreſsful hours,
' A thouſand friendly lips ſhall aid the praiſe.

' *Jeſus*, great Advocate, whoſe pitying eye
' Saw my long anguiſh, and with melting heart
' And pow'rful interceſſion ſpread'ſt my woes
' With all my grones before the father—God,
' Bear up my praiſes now; thy holy incenſe
' Shall hallow all my ſacrifice of joy,
' And bring theſe accents grateful to his ear.
' My heart and life, my lips, and ev'ry pow'r
' Snatch'd from the graſp of death, I here devote
' By thy bleſs'd hands, an off'ring to his name *.

This was the language of his heart, and this the evidence of the power of religion upon his mind. His *heart and his life* were a fair book, in which the ſeveral characters of a true chriſtian were plainly delineated: Where the love of God, faith in Chriſt, and diffuſive benevolence to men, together with the influence theſe principles ſhould have on the whole temper and conduct, were exhibited with a more engaging luſtre, than any deſcriptions could afford, even from a pen like his own †

And now, how amiable does he appear, when the ſhadows of the evening were ſtretching over him? In his

* *Vide* Miſcel. *p.* 182, 183.
† *Vide* Reflections on the fall of a great man, *p.* 33.

his laſt ſickneſs the active and ſprightly powers of his nature failed him, that is (ſays my author) they were gradually doing ſo for two or three years before his deceaſe; yet his truſt in God, through Jeſus the mediator, remained unſhaken to the laſt. He was heard to ſay,—'I bleſs God, I can lie down with comfort at 'night, not being ſollicitous whether I awake in this 'world or another.' And again,—'I ſhould be glad 'to read more, yet not in order to be more confirmed 'in the truth of the chriſtian religion, or in the truth 'of its promiſes; for I believe them enough to ven-'ture an eternity on them.' When he was almoſt worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he obſerved in converſation with a friend, that,—'he re-'membered an aged miniſter uſed to ſay, that the moſt 'learned and knowing chriſtians, when they come to 'die, have only the ſame plain promiſes of the goſpel 'for their ſupport, as the common and unlearned: 'And ſo, ſaid he, I find it. It is the plain promiſes 'of the goſpel that are my ſupport; and I bleſs God, 'they are plain promiſes, that do not require much 'labour and pains to underſtand them; for I can do 'nothing now, but look into my Bible for ſome 'promiſe to ſupport me, and live upon that *.'

When he has found his ſpirit tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he could only lead a mere animal life; he would check himſelf thus.—'The 'buſineſs of a chriſtian is to bear the will of God, as 'well as to do it.

'If I were in health, I could be doing *that*, and '*that* I may do now. The beſt thing in obedience, 'is a regard to the will of God, and the way to that 'is to get our inclinations and averſions as much 'mortified as we can.' With ſuch a calm and peaceful mind, with ſuch a bleſſed and lively hope, did this faithful ſervant of Chriſt wait for his maſter's ſummons.

* Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted Soul. YOUNG.

ſummons. The ſprings of life were unbending by degrees, till at length the earthly tabernacle fell quite to decay, and was *put off* by the immortal ſpirit. And after a life of eminent ſervice, both of God, and his generation, he fell aſleep in Jeſus, *November* 25, 1748, in the 75th year of his age *.

Thus died, one of the greateſt and beſt of men; for the accompliſhments of his mind, the purity of his heart, and the excellency of his life!

Great WATTS to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful ſtroke! diſtreſſing death!
A wound unmeaſurably wide:
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.

The muſe that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at WATTS's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and grones,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones;
And in deep ſounding numbers tell,
How *Sion* trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and *England* poor;
Nature herſelf, with all her ſtore,
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for death no more †.

* *Vide* Funeral Sermon by Dr JENNINGS.
† Elegy on the Revd. Mr *Gouge*.

APPENDIX.

AFTER ſo large a number of worthies, as is here preſented to our view, whoſe holy lives, peaceful and triumphant deaths, ſeem very powerfully to excite to the love and practice of real religion, addreſs every tender paſſion of our natures with ſilent but perſuaſive eloquence, and like an illuſtrious light going before us, directs to the path of happineſs, and charms

charms us to purſue it—I ſay, after ſuch an appearance of excellent perſons, we hope it may not be an unacceptable ſervice to cloſe theſe Memorials with ſome brief account of their Compiler.

He is now far beyond the cenſure or the applauſe of mortals; ſo it can be no matter of concern to him, with which his memory is treated. Thoſe that knew him did eſtimate his value, and greatly regarded him for the many good qualities that were found in him. True worth, in every ſphere of action, will ever be eſteemed by perſons of ſolid and diſcerning judgment; who, indeed, are only capable of making a juſt eſtimation; and they will always retain a grateful remembrance of ſuch who have been uſeful in life, in whatever circumſtances providence had placed them. I believe this is ſtrictly true concerning the pious perſon of whom I write; who is, and will be remembered by many with great eſteem.

'While his reward is with God in the regions of 'immortality, we are concerned, not more out of 'gratitude to him, than for our own ſakes, to per-'petuate his memory in the world, as a friend and a 'chriſtian, for the ſervice of his example.'

Mr RICHARD BURNHAM,

WAS born at *Guildford* in *Surry*, in the year 1711, of religious parents, who trained him up in the knowledge of thoſe things that tend to form the mind for uſefulneſs, and impreſs it with the worth and weight of real piety.

He had the benefit of an early converſion to God: It was ſufficient for him to know, that the divine Spirit had ſavingly converted him, though it might be in a very ſecret and imperceptible manner, like a gentle rain into a fleece of wool, or as the gentler drops of the morning dew upon the thirſty earth. That he was

was really influenced by religion, the whole of his converſation ſeemed greatly to evidence; for he was an *Iſraelite indeed, in whom was no* (allowed) *guile.*

He was of an agreeable temper, which, as improved by the ſpirit and temper of the goſpel, rendered him very uſeful to others; eaſy of acceſs, and communicative of all that aſſiſtance, both to ſoul and body, which was poſſible for him to be any way the inſtrument of. Touched with a tender ſympathy of the ſorrows which others often feel, with an affectionate addreſs, he would endeavour to alleviate their griefs, and by many conſiderations drawn from ſcripture and experience, to raiſe their hopes, to comfort and conſolate their ſouls.

Such was the prevailing diſpoſition of his mind, that he ſeemed to ſurvey all about him with a flow of good-will; and as a private chriſtian, in younger and elder life, he was imitating his divine Saviour, in going up and down, *doing good.*

But none had ſo large a ſhare in his tender care and affection as his afflicted conſort, whoſe long continued languors of nature he endeavoured to alleviate by the kindeſt ſympathy and conſtant benevolence; and who is the moſt intimate witneſs to the religious temper of his mind and conduct of his life; the loſs of whom, ſhe only can deſcribe, and the ſovereign God only can ſupply.

After ſeveral years of experience in the chriſtian life, and acquiring a conſiderable degree of knowledge in divine things from the ſacred ſcriptures, he applied himſelf to the ſervice of the ſanctuary; and, at the requeſt of a chriſtian ſociety, he joined the talent of preaching, with a moſt engaging and happy one of chriſtian converſation.

His motives to take upon him ſuch an important employ, were in no reſpects mean and ſelfiſh, but juſt and good. He was no negligent enquirer into the frame of his heart, and the ſprings of action there; and if he had found any motive or end that had not

been ſtrictly upright, the integrity of his mind was ſuch, he did not dare to purſue it. According to his genius, he had an increaſing thirſt after knowledge, and was as diligent in his application to attain it; giving himſelf up to *reading*, *meditation*, and *prayer*: And it is reaſonable to believe he gained more this way, than many with all the advantages of a liberal education do, where theſe are too much neglected.

After he was actually engaged in the work of the miniſtry, he took ſuch pleaſure in good books, and in the converſation of the judicious and pious, that they fully employed all his leiſure time. During the few years * he had the charge of that ſmall but affectionate flock, among whom he died, *they* knew how much he *watched for their ſouls as one that muſt give an account*; — how ardently he longed to ſee the divine life begun, and the divine likeneſs improved in their ſouls; how earneſtly he would addreſs the ſinner, to ſeek to the divine Spirit to awaken him out of his natural *ſtate of death in treſpaſſes and ſins*; — and how affectionately he would intreat the ſaint to look to the ſame Spirit for ſtrength, wiſdom, and holineſs, proportionable to the trials, duties, and circumſtances of every day. *They* know how he *preached, not himſelf, but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord*, and himſelf *as their ſervant for Jeſus's ſake*; — how he opened, as it were, the fountain of a Redeemer's blood, and the promiſes of pardoning mercy, to encourage and comfort the trembling backſliding chriſtian; — how he adapted his ſubjects and his converſe to their peculiar caſes, whenever he was ſo happy as to be acquainted with them; — *they* know what friendly viſits he made to them and their families, and how willing he was that every one (that prudently could) ſhould be the better for his company and converſe; and that he left no circumſtance untried, to promote their ſpiritual and

* About eight years.

and eternal intereſts. And may not many other chriſtians ſay, he was a comforter in diſtreſs, an inſtructer in righteouſneſs, a guide in doubtful ways, an interceſſor with God for his friends, and, in a word, a *miniſter of God for good* (as far as poſſible) wherever he came.

But his time and his uſefulneſs were ſoon to have an end; an everlaſting end on earth! Like a burning taper, of ſhort continuance, the brighter it burns the ſooner it expires.—This very naturally brings me to the time of his ſickneſs and death.

He was ſeized with a great indiſpoſition, which brought on a very violent fever, that in about nine or ten days ended his life, on *June* 4, 1752.

Death did not appear to him as an enemy, but as a friend. He had contracted a kind of intimacy with him beforehand, that he might not meet him at the appointed moment with any terror, but as wearing an angel's form.

I cannot forbear applying to him that beautiful paſſage in a very pious author:

'The chamber where the good man meets with death
'Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
'Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n. *

During his ſickneſs he often expreſſed the ſtrong conſolations he had in the near views of heaven, which carried him much above the love of life and the fear of death. The reader may judge of this, from the following pious and weighty expreſſions; which, tho' they were much interrupted and broken by the increaſe of his diſorder, yet they diſcover the true fame and temper of his ſoul.

When he was recommended to the advice of a Phyſician, he ſaid,—'Ah, what do they apprehend 'danger? I ſhould not have thought it! But why

* *Night Thoughts.*

'ſhould we ſeek to Phyſicians, my dear? (ſpeaking 'to his wife) I, that have through grace been de-'livered from the ſlaviſh fears of death, almoſt theſe 'thirty years, and why ſhould I fear it now?'

He then expreſſed his great ſatisfaction in the ability and care of the perſon that attended him; and, with a greater faith in the divine goodneſs, ſaid with holy *Job*,—*He will perform the thing that is appointed for me.**

'I'll truſt my great Phyſician's ſkill,
'What He preſcribes can ne'er be ill.'

After a little time, he ſaid again,—'My dear, it 'makes me ſmile, now you talk of a Phyſician. I 'have been very dead and ſtupid till now, but this 'rouſes my old ideas. I have been recollecting the '*Peniels* and *Bethels*; times of ſpecial communion 'with God and Chriſt.'

Then he went on to expreſs a deep ſenſe of the extraordinary kindneſs of God, which he had been favoured with beyond many others, notwithſtanding his great unworthineſs and ingratitude. He uttered may humbling expreſſions, which diſcovered the ſenſe he had of the divine greatneſs and his own meanneſs.

Some time after this, his mind ran much upon the great deliverance he ſhould have by death; as from the evil of ſin, and the evil of ſuffering: and ſeemed to intimate his fears of ſome heavy judgment awaiting a ſinful people.

He was enabled to take a delightful proſpect of the glorious employments and enjoyments of the upper and infinitely better world;—'There, ſaid he, we ſhall ſee 'God! God, in all his Perſons!' And then went on to deſcribe the company that would compoſe the heavenly ſociety; and particularly the antediluvian Fathers, the Prophets and Apoſtles, our chriſtian friends and relations who died in the Lord.'

Some

* *Job* xxiii. 14.

Some time before his illneſs, he would frequently converſe about the glories of heaven, as a kind of anticipation of them.—'I ſhall there ſee thoſe great and 'good men in their ſeparate ſtate, and converſe with 'them in the ſpirit whom I never knew in the fleſh.'

His mind had been much fitted for ſuch converſe, by reading the exemplary lives and triumphant deaths of ancient and modern worthies, from whom he was extracting the MEMORIALS now publiſhed. —'Since 'death, ſays he, is the only way to be admitted into 'their ſociety and enjoyments, why not now? As 'for me, I am little known, little owned, and little 'eſteemed; and that very juſtly.——I am a poor 'worthleſs creature, a meer cumberer of the ground.'

Theſe humble apprehenſions of himſelf made him infer, that the loſs of him could not be great.—'Tis 'true, ſays he, God has given me a deſire to build 'him an houſe, though he has not been pleaſed to 'favour me with much ſucceſs. Yet, bleſſed be his 'name, I hope he has not left me without witneſs; but 'as he ſaid to his ſervant *David*, *Inaſmuch as it was 'in thine heart to build me an houſe, it is accepted.*'

His dear companion, in a flood of tears, aſked him, —'How ſhe ſhould bear to part with him?' At which he was much affected, and ſaid (taking her by the hand)—'My dear, don't let us part in a ſhower, as a 'good man ſays. It will be but a little while, and 'we ſhall meet never to be parted more. This I 'doubt not of, through the riches of divine grace,— 'tis all of grace; perhaps not more than one win-'ter, or two at fartheſt.' But ſeeing her greatly affected, ſaid, —'Perhaps the Lord may ſpare me yet 'a little longer for your ſake. I don't know what the 'Lord is about to do with me; He hath not yet 'ſhewn it me.'

Upon being told, ſome chriſtian friends were met to pray for him, he ſaid,—'He was much obliged to 'them; but was ſorry they made ſo much ado to pray

'for

'for ſuch a worthleſs creature as he was: Pray go 'down, my dear, and deſire them not to pray for my 'life; for I have been making an eſtimate (of what 'would be for our trueſt intereſt*) and have twenty 'arguments to one againſt it. She anſwered,—'How 'can I do that?' He ſaid, —'However, let them 'not be importunate for it, but pray with ſubmiſſion 'to the divine will, whether for life or death.'

A friend aſking him, if he would have ſomething to drink; he ſaid, —'I am going to a full fountain, 'where I ſhall be ever drinking.' Another aſking him, how he did; he anſwered,—'As full as he could 'well hold of divine peace and joy.' One ſtanding by, ſaid, I need not aſk how you are, Sir; for all is well: He anſwered,—'All is well; all is well.' Another perſon aſking him, how he could leave them; eſpecially Mrs *Burnham*, whom he loved ſo tenderly? He ſaid, —'I do indeed love her very dearly: But 'do you make a compariſon? What is that love to 'the love of the Lord Jeſus!'

His diſtemper increaſing, he grew delirious; yet in ſeveral intervals he dropt many pious and weighty expreſſions: One was, —'O, that we were ſenſibly 'touched with the weight of eternal things! Eternal 'things! O, the weight of eternal things!' This he ſpake with great earneſtneſs and emphaſis, ſuitable to the grandeur and ſolemnity of the ſubject. —'O, 'ſaid he again, that young ones would not reſt ſatiſ-'fied without an intereſt in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. 'Some there are, who never felt the burden of ſin, 'and ſo are ſtout-hearted, and far from righteouſneſs, 'whoſe caſe is very dreadful. But the humble, peni-'tent ſoul, that is loaded with a ſenſe of his guilt and 'unworthineſs, and comes naked to a full Saviour, 'reſting on him for life and ſalvation; that ſoul is 'accepted of God, and ſhall be glorified.'

His

* This Parentheſis is added by the Editor to complete the ſenſe.

His ſoul ſeemed to be full of heaven. He would often repeat ſome of the excellent Doctor *Watts*'s hymns: The following ſtanza he recited with ſomething of a peculiar reliſh:

'Long nights of darkneſs dwell below,
'With ſcarce a glimm'ring ray;
'But the bright world to which we go
'Is everlaſting day!'

The laſt words he was heard to utter were,----'Be 'faithful to God. Be faithful all of you.'

Thus the pious Compiler, having almoſt finiſhed the foregoing Collection, ſealed it with his own dying teſtimony, and mingled with the world of ſpirits.

Now, may we not ſay with the Pſalmiſt? *Mark the perfect, and behold the upright*; *for the end of that man is peace*; and conclude, that his day of life muſt have been uſeful, the evening of which was cloſed with ſo much ſerenity and comfort.

He is now, we truſt, gone to that better world, where all is lovely, peaceful, and glorious. There may our thoughts and hearts aſcend; and there may we hope, in the appointed ſeaſon, to meet him. For the preſent we take our leave, withdraw a little, and ſay,

'Farewel, bright ſoul, a ſhort farewel,
'Till we ſhall meet again above,
'In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell,
'And trees of life bear fruits of love.

——'We leave thee to thy reſt,
'Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God,
'Till we, from bands of clay releaſt,
'Spring out, and climb the ſhining road.'

WATTS.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

HOW unreaſonable and unjuſt are all the ſneers and cavils of the Infidel and Profane! They dreſs up the Chriſtian as a ſubject of mockery; and ſport with him as a fool or a mad-man. But if the contents of theſe pages are true, Chriſtians are the beſt and the wiſeſt of men; and though others act ſo unwiſe a part, as to *ſay within themſelves, Theſe were they whom we had ſome time in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach; we accounted their lives madneſs, and their end to be without honour; yet they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the ſaints, And though they were puniſhed in the ſight of men; yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chaſtiſed, they are greatly rewarded: For God proved them, and made them worthy for himſelf* *.

* Wiſdom of Solomon, Chap. v. 3, 4, 5.—and iii. 4, 5.

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